
THE DIARY OF CHARLES FOTHERGILL 1805



THE DIARY OF CHARLES FOTHERGILL, 1805:
AN ITINERARY TO YORK, FLAMBOROUGH AND
THE NORTH-WESTERN DALES OF YORKSHIRE

EDITED BY PAUL ROMNEY • PRINTED FOR THE SOCIETY 1984

Recently discovered among the Fothergill Papers now preserved in the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto, Charles Fothergill's diary of his travels through Yorkshire in 1805 provides a remarkably vivid impression of the county at the height of the Romantic Movement. The spontaneous record of a young Quaker's impressions of his native Yorkshire, this 'itinerary' of visits from York to Flamborough and to the north-western dales was made in preparation for a never-completed 'Natural and Civil History' of England's largest county.

Charles Fothergill (1782-1840), the author of this diary, was himself a member of a distinguished and long-lived Wensleydale family. In an erratic career more notable for its reckless ambition than its practical success, he 'piled failure upon failure' before emigrating to Upper Canada in 1816: his voluminous papers, among which this itinerary is the outstanding item, now provide his most important memorial.

In his quest for the history, antiquities and customs of Yorkshire, there are few aspects of life in the county at the beginning of the nineteenth century which Charles Fothergill completely neglected. Although primarily a naturalist, and especially an ornithologist, it may be the author's comments on the contemporary social scene which give his diary its special fascination to the modern reader. Most intriguing of all is the interplay between Fothergill's personal sensibility and his vast subject — the past and present of Yorkshire. Here is a writer who imagines the society and scenery of the Yorkshire Dales as Turner painted them.

Dust jacket illustration:

Charles Fothergill's drawing of
'The Little Rail of Wensley'

(Thomas Fisher Library, University of Toronto)

£20.00



REDUCED MAP
TO
COUNTY

PLAN
OF
RIPON

WESTMORELAND

D U R H A M

N O R T H

W E S T

PLAN
OF
SHEFFIELD

L A N C A S H I R E

R I D



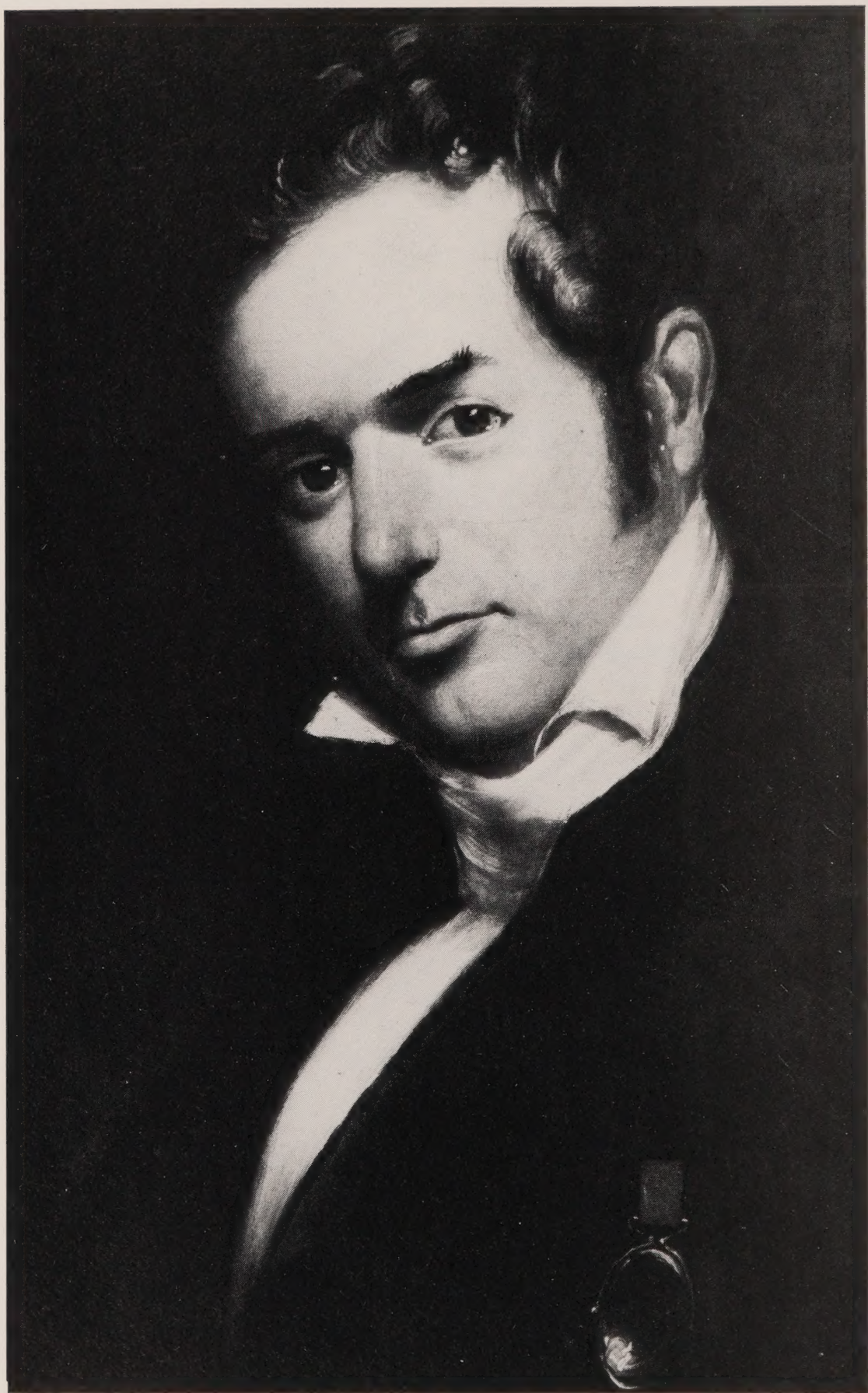


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Portrait of Charles Fothergill, c 1834,
by G. S. Gilbert: Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, Canada.

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ABBREVIATIONS

Baines	Edward Baines, <i>History, Directory and Gazetteer of the County of York</i> (2 vols, 1822–23)
CF	Charles Fothergill
DNB	<i>Dictionary of National Biography</i>
FP	Fothergill Papers, Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library, University of Toronto
Foster	Joseph Foster, <i>Pedigrees of the County Families of Yorkshire</i> (2 vols, 1874)
<i>Gent Mag</i>	<i>Gentleman's Magazine</i>
Hargrove	Eli Hargrove, <i>The History of the Castle, Town and Forest of Knaresborough . . .</i> (4th edn. 1789, 5th edn. 1798, 6th edn. 1809)
Metcalf and Metcalfe	Walter Charles Metcalfe and Gilbert Metcalfe, <i>Records of the Family of Metcalfe, formerly of Nappa in Wensleydale</i> (1891)
<i>PR Wensley</i>	<i>The Parish Register of Wensley, 1701–1837</i> , ed. H. Thwaite (Yorkshire Parish Register Society, vol. 130, 1967)
Sheahan and Whellan	J. J. Sheahan and T. Whellan, <i>History and Topography of the City of York, Ainsty Wapentake and the East Riding of Yorkshire</i> (2 vols, 1855–56)
<i>Sport Mag</i>	<i>Sporting Magazine</i>
Thistlethwaite	Bernard Thistlethwaite, <i>The Thistlethwaite Family: a Study in Genealogy</i> (1910)
<i>VCH(ER)</i>	<i>The Victoria History of the County of York, East Riding</i> (4 vols, 1969–79)
<i>VCH (Hunts.)</i>	<i>The Victoria History of the County of Huntingdon</i> (3 vols, 1926–36)
<i>VCH(NR)</i>	<i>The Victoria History of the County of York, North Riding</i> (2 vols, 1914–23)
<i>VCH (Yorks.)</i>	<i>The Victoria History of the County of York</i> (3 vols, 1907–13)
Whitaker, Richmondshire	Thomas Dunham Whitaker, <i>An History of Richmondshire . . .</i> (2 vols, 1823)

YAJ *Yorkshire Archaeological Journal*

YAS Yorkshire Archaeological Society

Yorkshire Village Marie Hartley and Joan Ingilby, *Yorkshire Village*
(1953)

PREFACE

The diary printed here occupies most of volumes 9, 9a, 10, 11 and 11a of the Fothergill Papers at the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto. Vol. 9 (pp. 11 to 63 below) is entitled 'Itinerary to York & Flamborough, 1805,' and vols 10 and 11 (pp. 68 to 194, and 194 to 242, below) 'Itinerary to the North-Western Dales of Yorkshire, Vol. 1st and Vol. 2nd.' Vols 9a and 11a (pp. 63 to 67, and 242 to 246, below) are loose leaves, probably torn from another notebook.

In editing the diary I have generally converted, where this would help to clarify the meaning, the dashes that constitute most of Fothergill's informal punctuation into the commas, colons or semi-colons that he more rarely used and also added further punctuation in places. I have divided the text into paragraphs, which Fothergill (probably to save space) rarely did, and extended contractions. Evident slips of the pen, as opposed to probable or obvious mis-spellings, have been rectified. Variant spellings of place-names, where I have detected them, are followed by the modern 'official' version in brackets. Footnotes are mainly limited to the identification of persons or of literary references. With one or two exceptions, I have resisted the temptation to comment on the accuracy or intelligence of Fothergill's historical and archaeological observations.

The resources of libraries such as the Library of Congress, the New York Public Library and the Widener Library of Harvard University did much to alleviate the difficulties involved in conducting research in local history at a distance of three or four thousand miles from the locality in question. I particularly enjoyed the atmosphere of informality and helpfulness that prevailed at my chief resort, the Library of the Peabody Institute in Baltimore. I am also grateful for the helpful assistance of the University of Toronto Photographic Services.

My thanks are especially due, for their always friendly help, to the head of the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library, Mr. Richard Landon, and his exemplary staff. Throughout my preoccupation (which still continues) with Charles Fothergill's biography, I have enjoyed the gracious co-operation of his grandson, Mr. George Fothergill of Toronto, and other of his descendants.

INTRODUCTION

I

The author of this diary belonged to the sixth generation of a family of Wensleydale yeomen which claimed ultimate descent from one of William the Conqueror's military companions. In 1667, the family's historical progenitor built a stone farmhouse at Carr End above Lake Semerwater, which, considerably enlarged, still stands. Both John Fothergill (d.1684) and his son Alexander (d.1695) suffered imprisonment for the civil disobedience their Quaker faith entailed, but still they prospered. Alexander's heir, another John (1675–1744), inherited at the age of twenty; but the young man made two trips to America to preach the faith before finally settling down to the life of a yeoman farmer and to bringing up the generation that left Wensleydale to achieve fame and fortune.¹ However, even his eldest son, Alexander Fothergill (1709–88), who inherited Carr End and lived there all his life, left the land in a sense; for he became an attorney and man of affairs. Perpetually energetic and a solicitor, steward and agent for local landowners, he was the obvious choice as surveyor for the eastern half of the Richmond to Lancaster turnpike, an office he filled from 1751 to 1774. He might well be summed up as 'steward of upper Wensleydale' for the local gentry.

While Alexander's fame, though real, was confined to the dales, that of his brother John Fothergill (1712–80) was international. Friend of Benjamin Franklin, correspondent of Linnaeus, physician to the great, his chief memorial is the school he founded at Ackworth, which still flourishes. His negotiations with Franklin in 1774 to resolve the growing quarrel between Great Britain and the American colonies (negotiations in which he took part as an unofficial representative of the government, being personal physician to the Colonial Secretary, Lord Dartmouth) would have given him a still wider claim to fame had they succeeded. As it was, the young Charles Fothergill was more than once flattered by recognition of his kinship with 'the great Dr. Fothergill'.

Comparatively little is known of the third brother, Joseph (1713–61), who moved to Warrington and, after early reverses, achieved considerable success in the iron industry. However, the last of the four brothers who attained maturity enjoyed a pan-Atlantic celebrity like the great doctor's,

though perhaps narrower in scope. After a commercial apprenticeship, Samuel (1715–72) pursued from Warrington a career in transatlantic trade; but his great fame was achieved as a Quaker preacher, in which capacity he journeyed widely in North America.

In the next generation, Carr End did not pass to the eldest son. John Fothergill (1743–1807) was apprenticed to his uncle Joseph and afterwards went into business on his own account: first as an ironmonger at Leeds and then (from 1778) at York, where he manufactured combs, toothbrushes and other products from ivory. It was William (1748–1837), Alexander's second son, who inherited the dale estate, where he could indulge both his taste for farming and his passion for natural history.² The third son, Thomas (1751–1822), followed his father's profession, becoming a solicitor in London.

Charles Fothergill (1782–1840), the author of the following diary, was the fourth son to reach maturity of John Fothergill the manufacturer. Perhaps his mother had the naming of him; for, coming after brothers called John, Alexander and Samuel, he was the first of his Christian name in the Fothergill family, bearing that of a maternal uncle. He was in fact his mother's favourite, but scarcely his father's pride and joy. John, Jr., had followed his father into the ivory manufacture; Sam was intent on gratifying the paternal wish for a son who would repeat the great Dr. Fothergill's success as a physician; of Alexander, who died at twenty, we know nothing. But Charles seemed destined to be the black sheep of his generation. During his teens he had travelled widely, representing the family business; but he disdained commerce and preferred to emulate, rather than his father, his great-uncle the Doctor and his mother's brother, James Forbes, F.R.S. (1749–1819), in the study of nature and man.³ It was not an ignoble ambition; but in pursuing it, Charles seemed in his early twenties to have overlooked one vital consideration. Even as they applied themselves to their science, Dr. Fothergill had made a fortune by his profession and James Forbes as an officer of the East India Company. Charles desperately wanted money, but he seemed unwilling to earn it by steady application and by preserving what he had. He wanted to live the life of a gentleman scholar without first preparing the way.⁴

The two years preceding the start of this diary perfectly reveal Charles's attitude to life. After living for several months

at Richmond Hill, Surrey, with two other young men of literary bent, he returned to York in May 1803, apparently to assume a legacy which his father had been holding in trust until he came of age. Charles rented a farm at Huntington, bought bloodstock from William Knapton, a wealthy innkeeper whose stud was nearby,⁵ and settled to a modestly dissolute existence. In April 1804, however, he had to flee to London under an alias to avoid arrest for debt, only to fly back to York within weeks to evade apprehension for his part in a street brawl. He was also facing arrest for debt in the capital; but in June he returned there, where it was easier to live incognito, and there he passed most of the eleven months preceding the start of this diary. His associates at this time included Jem Belcher, the pre-eminent prizefighter of the day, and Jem's equally brilliant brother Tom, whom Charles witnessed in combat three times during his stay.⁶ Jem was his guide to the world of 'the fancy' – the devotees of prize-fighting, cockfighting, dogfighting and related pastimes such as gaming. Somewhat more sober companionship was provided by one of his old Richmond Hill comrades, John Bristed, a recently qualified physician and prolific author who was reading for the bar,⁷ and by Charles's brother Sam, who was just setting up in medical practice. Charles also paid several visits to his other Richmond Hill cohabitant, Andrew Cowan, a Rousseauvian from the United States who offended his social sensibilities by marrying their former maidservant and living with her in squalor.

Charles's main purpose in London was to follow one of several more or less rash routes to fame and fortune. One was the theatre, and in its pursuit he rushed off in July to the west country. Finding himself stranded in Swansea without means, he had to de-camp from his hotel wearing two suits and an overcoat. In this attire he trudged back through the hot sun to Bristol, where he could wheedle money from a tradesman indebted to his father. After one last effort to go on the stage, he gave up the idea on finding to his horror that he could expect to spend several years playing stock parts for next to nothing before he might hope for stardom. This intelligence drove him back to London, where he advertised for a place as a commercial traveller but hinted at terms which prevented any interest in his services. Only after trying in vain to obtain a commission in the Royal Navy did he settle down at last to

the project that concerns us. James Forbes had just returned with his wife and daughter from eighteen months' captivity in France, where they had been trapped by the resumption of war in 1802. Forbes paid his scapegrace nephew to prepare his account of their captivity for the press; and Charles, thus provided for, set to work on the comprehensive 'Natural and Civil History' of Yorkshire that was his own most serious enterprise.

II

It was certainly a grand enterprise. 'Your remark on the extent of my work is just,' he wrote to Lewis Dillwyn, the Quaker naturalist,⁸ whom he had met in Swansea,

but I have so frequently had reason to lament the inefficiency of history as it is generally composed that I am very desirous of exhibiting to the world a plan entirely new and comprehensive of all that I conceive history should embrace which under the terms Natural and Civil in their most extensive acceptation may be given. I would class all that relates to nature such as the component parts, whether useful or decorative, of the universe, or more properly speaking of our earth, under the title of Natural; and all that relates to Man, his attributes, faculties and their effects, I would assign to the term Civil. These two heads must in proper course be sub-divided into their necessary classes.⁹

Fothergill's scheme seems, then, to have conformed to the then modern trend in 'histories of Counties' as defined by a contemporary observer (evidently quoting from a prospectus for a history of Yorkshire to be undertaken by Dr. Robert Townson, F.R.S.) who noted that, while such works had formerly given pre-eminence to antiquities and the records of property and of families, these topics were now yielding pride of place to 'Geology, Mineralogy, Natural History, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, with the Manners, Customs, and Language, so far as they are peculiar and characteristic'.¹⁰

Nevertheless, Charles had no intention of neglecting the traditional subjects of county history, a fact which is clearly evinced in this diary and had already influenced his research.

‘Considering it as a duty to go to the fountain head as much as possible of all antiquarian knowledge’, as he told Dillwyn, he had spent months at the British Museum, conning charter and patent rolls and certain of the Harleian manuscripts, and perusing old chronicles and descriptions of Britain, such as those of Leland, Holinshed and Verstegen. Dugdale’s *Visitation* he had excerpted in the Latin.¹¹

But the project had not only to be executed but sold, and its very grandeur impeded its sale, in advance of execution at any rate. Fothergill toured the London booksellers, trying to raise money by selling the copyright; but in vain. He could boast some credentials as an author. In 1799 he had put out an eleven-page folio catalogue of 301 species of British birds, and in 1803 two volumes of miscellaneous tales and essays, saturated in the debased sentimentalism of the age: professedly designed to illustrate the evil consequences of vice, these were spiced with a licentious fantasy which was at best peripherally relevant to that aim.¹² Such qualifications provided only a narrow basis, however, from which to persuade tradesmen to part with cash in advance of delivery, and Fothergill was reduced to soliciting subscriptions: this was a mode of getting into print well suited to topographical enterprise because the author could appeal to local magnates’ family pride by promising them a prominent place in the work. Accordingly, Fothergill sent a prospectus to every grandee in London who had even the slightest link with Yorkshire, along with a most deferential and flowery letter. These he followed up by personal visits.

Alas, the response of his targets was less flattering than his approach. William Wilberforce and Earl Fitzwilliam were most gracious and the Earl of Carlisle scarcely less so, but most of his intended patrons brushed him off with varying degrees of curtness. Their apathy may have been partly owing to the disgraceful failure of Dr. Townson’s project, to which many had subscribed, and partly to a suspicion (which they shared with the unhelpful London book dealers and at least one anonymous commentator on Fothergill’s prospectus) that the young entrepreneur was taking on much more than he could hope to achieve.¹³ Whatever the reason for Fothergill’s failure, it made his ‘lord-hunting’, as he called it, a thoroughly humiliating experience. When spring arrived, he was quite ready to leave the capital for the shire.

III

The document published here is Fothergill's diary of his adventures as he perambulated the county of Yorkshire between May 1805 and January 1806. It is the record of a young Yorkshire Quaker, of yeoman roots and bourgeois estate, in search of the history, antiquities, folklore, customs and other phenomena, both 'natural' and 'civil', of his native county. Much of the diary is therefore taken up with jottings relevant to those subjects: accounts of archaeological relics; scraps of local history; notes on economic life, and on local dialect and nomenclature; and, of course, descriptions of flora and fauna – for Fothergill was always a naturalist first and foremost, and above all an ornithologist.

Yet it is not these data, perhaps, that give the diary its chief interest. Most of them can be found elsewhere: in Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, the *Victoria County Histories* and a host of less ambitious works of topography, cultural anthropology and natural history. We may, then, feel grateful that, while the diary contains more than enough of such material to illustrate the range of Fothergill's interests, most of it found its way into special notebooks. Even the author's comments upon the transient contemporary scene are not what gives the diary its special appeal, interesting though it is to have Fothergill's account of the new-built Octagon Mill in Arkengarthdale (which modern experts have misdated by a hundred years) and the annual goose drives across the Pennines into Lancashire, or his thumbnail sketches of personalities such as John Hutton of Marske and Colonel Thomas Thornton.

None of the data the diary offers is as interesting as the interplay between the writer's sensibility and his subject: the past and present of Yorkshire. This interplay creates a whole that exceeds the sum of the parts, conveying to the reader a sense of the time and place which is almost novelistic in its immediacy. Indeed, the diary is almost novelistic in structure; for, as the scene shifts to and fro between York and the Ridings, and scenes of solitude and tranquillity alternate with those of society and bustle, our sense of both narrator and milieu expands, while the plot takes some surprising twists before accelerating gently but perceptibly to its bittersweet climax.

This is no accident. For one thing, the diary continues an earlier one, recounting Fothergill's doings since his first flight from York in 1804, which he himself described as material for his

‘confessions’. It thus reflects some of the tension between the Quaker and the profligate that marked Fothergill’s whole life. Secondly, it is imbued with its author’s essentially romantic vision. His fascination with the Metcalfe legend, his preoccupation with funeral garlands as emblems of idealized virginity, and his description of the landscape, all provide evidence of this. It is an idealistic vision, which may actually have limited his perception of reality. He swallows uncritically stories about the Metcalfes which the family’s most critical chroniclers dismiss with acid disbelief; he idealizes Agnes Gillbank’s ‘innocence’, omitting to assess it in the light of the ‘licentious’ custom he later observed at the fair at nearby Hawes. To take an example from his visit to Teesdale: could Wynch Bridge – even the rickety structure that Fothergill encountered in 1805 – ever thrill us as it did him?¹⁴ Fothergill, though no genius, imagined the dales as Turner painted them; and it is this hunger for romantic sensation which endues with vitality the writing of a diary that is in itself hardly brilliant. As we follow the young itinerant across dale, moor and fellside, and into inn, farmhouse and mansion, the country and its denizens come alive.

IV

The diary records what was, despite its unsatisfactory epilogue, an idyllic interlude in Fothergill’s life. In the dales he wandered amidst scenery sometimes picturesque, sometimes sublime, in a region to which the name of Fothergill was native. Here was none of the clamour, filth and expense of London, none of the claustrophobia and family strife of York. For a brief interval he had no questions to answer, no justifications to proffer, no explanations to make. The contrast with the general tenor of his life is striking. Later years would also bring occasional intervals of deep joy, of triumph, even perhaps of tranquillity, but his life as a whole was to be an almost unbroken tale of defeat and bitterness.

Seeds of disaster were sown (and this, surely, is tragic irony) at one of the most enchanting moments of his Yorkshire idyll, when he resolved to publish what he called his ‘Illustrations of British Zoology’, a work conceived on a scale to rival his history of Yorkshire. To this project he shortly added two others. Six months of 1806 he spent in Orkney and Shetland,

researching a 'natural and civil history' of the Northern Isles, and in 1807 he decided to write a work, also sufficiently large, on the nidification of birds. During the next five or six years he devoted much time to these works, to illustrate which he commissioned some of the leading engravers of the time, including Thomas Bewick. At the same time, rather than live frugally on the interest accruing from his patrimony, he squandered the principal in an effort to get rich quickly as a race-horse breeder. In 1811 he married Charlotte, daughter of Pim Nevins, a Leeds woollen-manufacturer.¹⁵ By then his finances were in ruins, and a disapproving father withheld Charlotte's dowry. At last, after flirting with the study of medicine at Edinburgh, Fothergill was forced to flee to the Isle of Man to evade his debtors. Here he lingered for three years, trying in vain to publish some of his researches and floating, on borrowed funds, a typically ill-considered farming venture which was engulfed in the agrarian crisis that followed the end of the war in Europe.¹⁶ After various emigration schemes – to Jamaica, the Cape of Good Hope and Pennsylvania – had been pondered and rejected by his alienated kinsmen, he left Britain in 1816 for the colony of Upper Canada.

Here he piled failure upon failure. His education and ostensible social standing, bolstered by funds supplied by his relatives and calculated citations of some of them (his brother Sam, uncle James Forbes and Forbes's son-in-law, the Baron de Montalembert), impressed the local administration sufficiently to win him a large land-grant and an appointment to the district magistracy. The man who in England had barely attained to the status of 'Charles Fothergill, Esquire', even in the pages of the *Sporting Magazine*, became in the colony an official (though minor) notable; but he failed to profit by these advantages. After coming to grief as a land speculator, he was appointed King's Printer of Upper Canada but conducted his office so incompetently that he alienated almost every important member of the provincial bureaucracy, not to mention the governor himself.

The desperation of continued pecuniary want, mingled with resentment of an official clique whom he thought his inferiors in both breeding and education, now drove Fothergill into politics. A 'populist' pitch, aimed at 'Yankee' farmers he secretly despised, carried him into the provincial legislature, where he led an attack on the government which caused his

instant dismissal from office. From 1825 to 1830 he played an important part in voicing the grievances of the province; but his essential conservatism, combined with a continuing (though never to be gratified) hunger for patronage, estranged him from an increasingly radical reform movement. In 1830 he was ousted from the legislature.

The succeeding decade saw another abortive effort at land development, probably based on the increase in value of hitherto worthless waste lands in his possession. He also tried to found a 'Literary and Philosophical Society of Upper Canada' and a grand provincial museum, neither of which came to anything. The political disruption that followed the abortive rebellion of December 1837 brought him fleetingly to the forefront as a spokesman for loyal British immigrants (now very numerous) who resented the provincial oligarchy, but he was soon superseded by younger and more convincing voices. No longer the vigorous and hopeful young author of this diary but an ailing, embittered failure, Charles Fothergill died at Toronto in 1840 on the day before his fifty-eighth birthday.

THE ITINERARY, 1805

I

Charles Fothergill's Return to York

FIRST DAY. MAY 18th.

Set off at 7 o'clock this morning for York. Saw the crow's nest built on the weathercock of Bow church Cheapside mentioned in the London papers; it is built to lee-ward and is consequently sheltered from any wind. Must be of the carrion species. A curious effort of instinct but not judicious, principally on the account of teaching the young birds to fly hence becoming a difficult task.

Today I observed a curious particular in the flight of the Magpie; when he is making a long flight he takes a slow stroke with his wings and two quick ones alternately still continuing a steady horizontal course. I am apt to confide in the belief that there is a specific difference between the hedge and tree Magpie but this requires much investigation.

A Passenger told me an anecdote of fighting-dogs upon which I might rely and as it agrees with what I have myself seen and heard I do not doubt it: about 7 years ago there was a desperate bull-baiting on Hounslow-heath; one of the best of the dogs was of the bull species and belonged to a butcher. This dog after having fought and pinned the bull for a considerable length of time was taken off by his owner who betted a large sum that the dog would bait and seize the bull after his legs were cut off: the bet and many others being made, the inhuman wretch who owned the dog cut off his fore-legs and set him at the bull; the brave dog ran for thirty yards on his stumps and fastening upon the bull's nose was carried by the enraged animal 'till the poor dog died through loss of blood.

SECOND DAY. MAY 19.

One of my fellow travellers was a Portuguese going to York to see his daughter who was at the nunnery. He was an agreeable, intelligent foreigner that could not speak good English but I was delighted by witnessing the accidental meeting between himself and daughter. The girls of the school were walking out up the mount: his daughter was amongst

them who, suddenly percieving her father's face in the coach, screamed with joy; her father returning it stopp'd the coach, jump'd out, flew to his daughter, caught her to his bosom, though in a public walk, and they remained for many seconds wrapt in silent extasy. Even the coachman called out that it was a pretty sight.

I arrived at York about 5 o'clock in the evening; my sensations on entering its well-known walls after all that has transpired were very melancholy. I found my brother and his family well and affectionate to a delightful degree; his infant John Alexander is a most lovely boy of 6 months' old. The same evening I saw my father; he had the piles and look'd and is ill; he received me affectionately.¹⁷

THIRD DAY. MAY 20.

This morning went with my brother to see the Craven volunteers commanded by Lord Ribblesdale reviewed by General Hutchinson.¹⁸ The infantry a fine and well disciplined body of men, the horse a mere armed multitude of barbarians. Dined with my father and Susan. I am sorry to see my dear Mary Ann look ill but still she is lovely.¹⁹ In the Afternoon went with my brother to see the race-horses take their exercise before the meeting which takes place tomorrow; not many horses. Drank excellent tea for 10^d. a head at the Grand Stand. Afterwards went upon the Walls to select some views for my work.

WEDNESDAY. FOURTH DAY. MAY 21.

Went this morning with Pears and Jackson to Dunnington-wood in search of a Nightingale's nest. They assured me again of the truth of what they once before told me concerning their finding a Cuckoo's nest and as a further proof that they were cuckoos they got the young ones when scarcely able to fly. They had made little or no nest but had deposited two darkly speckled eggs on the ground at the bottom of a whindbush [*sic*] near Tilmire; they flush'd the hen from the nest who flew to a neighbouring tree and begun to sing. There was not the smallest doubt of their being cuckoos. These men who are excellent ornithologists in their way declare that they have never met with a cuckoo's egg in another bird's nest and that they believe it to be a fiction. They also tell me that Land Rails stay till October but cease crying when the heat of incubation

is no more; these birds are very plentiful in the vicinity of York, caused I suppose by the quantity of grass land.

Judcocks and Snipes breed in Tilmire in considerable numbers but particularly the former.

Slingsby used frequently to relate that his father had found a swallow in a torpid state in his garden house and that upon being brought before the fire it revived and flew about the room.

The Bunting is a heavy sluggish bird and even its amorous play is for a bird what the rude gambols of the elephant are for a Quadruped. Instances of additional birds found with white on them: a Robin with a white wing in York, a white linnet the leader of a flock of some thousand, a pied blackbird. It is an extremely difficult matter to find a nightingale's nest with eggs: we sought for above 6 hours for one and could not find it though we were certain of being within a few yards of it by the conduct of the old ones. This day the 21st. I caught the fly N^o. I.²⁰

Coming out of the wood a considerable way in it we met with two snakes asleep; we killed them both and they proved to be male and female. The female measured 31½ inches long and the male 29½; the only difference I observed in their colour was that those of the male were more brilliant. We opened them and in each found a huge toad that had been swallowed head first that part being half digested though it seemed to have been crush'd previous to swallowing whilst the other parts remained entire. It is truly wonderful how so small an animal could swallow so large a one. I no longer doubt the truth of many of the tales related of the African and Asiatick snakes swallowing large Quadrupeds. In the female were 20 large eggs nearly ready for laying besides a number of small immature ones: they laid connected by a string nearly half the length of the body, were about an inch long each and of a bright yellow. The hearing as well as the sight of these animals appear to be very quick. Their food chiefly consists of Toads, Frogs and birds eggs; they are not unfrequently found coiled up in a bird's nest taking a nap after having devoured the eggs. They are very destructive and usually fall asleep immediately after a meal. The two above mentioned were unusually large. This species of the harmless kind is very rarely seen in a wood: I never knew one instance before. I consider the present one as extraordinary. Perhaps they might

have been driven into this in search of food as it is a very wet wood, abounding in amphibia.

Nightingales singing in a bag all the way home on the day of being caught, entirely through pride and revenge: these birds are seldom or never known to sing afterwards; very few birds ever become free in singing during confinement.

FIFTH DAY. MAY 22.

This morning I went to hunt for a nest and eggs of the common whitethroat. I succeeded. I have observed that most if not all birds cease to sing on being disturbed near their nests except the nightingale who frequently endeavours to draw you away by his singing as if conscious of his superior powers. I took a whitethroat's nest with five eggs and shot the hen. When hedges are cut down in the neighbourhood of York it is common to put a great part of the thorns cut along the bottom of the hedge on the field side as a security by preventing cattle from injuring the young shoots. In these thorns the whitethroat is delighted to build. Five is the usual number of their eggs tho' they sometimes lay but four. The egg is short and thick of a roundish form; the ground is a dirty white, in some eggs lightly tinged with brown; the thick end is covered over with spots varying from a dark lead-colour to black-brown and deep yellow and of various sizes all fading away both in colour and size to the small end which is nearly free from spot. The nest on the outside is composed entirely of dead straws and hay and in the inside is lined with horse hair, generally with black hair; the whole nest though neatly plaited is so light and thin that it is easily seen through in any part; the straws on the outside are left very long; I have measured many hanging down upwards of a foot long. The nest is very deep for so small a bird which occasions the female to sit in such a position that when discovered upon her nest her head and tail alone are seen sticking bolt upright. The nest is two inches and a half deep and the same in diameter. The eggs I got this day the 22nd were sitting. I believe they build twice.

Description of the cock-bird. Total length from the tip of the bill to the end of the tail 4½ Inches; breadth 8 Inches; bill not quite half an inch long and sharp pointed; the upper mandible of a brown or horn colour over hangs the under, half of which next the throat is of a dirty white the other half being of a light brown; the nostrils is surrounded by small hairs like

bristles; eyes rather large, round and of a shining black – irides bright hazel; can raise a crest and its ear feathers; throat of a dingy white; neck of a light reddish brown, ferruginous, in some parts quite red; breast a very dirty white tinged with brown; sides under the wings brown; thighs ferruginous brown; legs and toes brown. All the upper parts, head, back, wings and tail are of an olive brown; in some parts, such as the forehead, wing and tail coverts and remiges of the wing feathers, particularly the coverts, the colour changes to a light ferruginous brown. The under parts of the wings and tail of a light whitish brown and the pinions which are white are beautifully marked on the under side by a row of seven or eight brown spots. Weight scarcely 10 drams Averdupois. The hen has a peculiarly secret and silent method of gliding from her nest on being surprised sitting and is not often seen. The cock spends nearly the whole of the day at the distance of about twenty or thirty yards from the nest, singing his smart and lively notes as he dances upon the wing in a light fantastic manner peculiar to himself and well known to all observers of nature. These birds are very difficult to be seen except when singing as they run through the middle of thick hedges in a mouselike manner, always keeping some stump or thick bough betwixt its person and pursuer – it is not therefore an easy matter to shoot it. Flies and caterpillars are their chief food.

Description of a Lapwing. Total length 13½ Inches; breadth when stretched out 28½ Inches; Bill an inch long and black; the nostrils which are long and linear lie in a groove [*sic*] which extends two thirds of the upper mandible; eyes very large and of a sparkling black, the ears are also large; the forehead and crown of the head shining black changing to dark green; a black stroke extends under the broad white stroke which passes through the eye towards the back of the head; the throat and breast are shining black in some places inclining to green; sides of the neck white and the back of the neck white mottled with brown; the crest which is peculiarly elegant proceeds from the back part of the head and consists of about twenty black feathers, the smaller ones having some grey towards the base; the longest of these beautiful feathers is 4 Inches long, from this each two gradually lessens by about half an inch each two to the smallest which are about half an inch long; the head of this bird is angular; the forehead and

crown is very capacious and denote the capacity which these birds possess. The belly, sides, thighs, vent, under the pinions, under coverts of the secondary wing feathers and half the secondaries themselves are all of a pure white. Tips of the four first feathers of the wing are of a dirty brownish white. All the back wing and tail coverts are of a most brilliant and beautiful green, changing according to the different lights in which the bird is placed, to bright purple, red, blue and yellow; the under tail coverts are of a bright ferruginous colour; the primaries and half the secondaries are of a shining black; the tail which consists of twelve feathers is half black and half white, except the two outer feathers which are all white; the tail is $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long; there is an under tail which supports the upper; this is of a light ferruginous colour. Length of the leg, foot and naked part of the thigh is 4 Inches, the colour deep red. These birds are good waders, extremely sagacious, pugnacious; and all their actions are light and elegant, their wings being large in proportion to the weight of their body; their flight is peculiarly buoyant and when shot dead on the wing, they fall so slowly and steadily, that with a double gun it is no difficult matter to hit them a second time before reaching the ground.

The curring of a nightingale exactly resembles that of a toad – Jackson deceived by it.

The principal difference between the male and female whitethroat consists in the former having a considerably longer tail, higher crest and brighter colours than the latter.

SIXTH DAY. MAY 23.

Drew the whole morning. In the afternoon accompanied my brother and Rebecca to Huntington.²¹ I found my premises much improved – but what will not money do. 7 out of the twelve trees I planted a short time previous to my departure were destroyed. It pleased me much to recieve so hearty a welcome from the inhabitants who seemed much pleased at my arrival – this was very gratifying. My brother and I drank tea at Lazenby's whilst Rebecca did the same with Mrs. Howard;²² we visited Knapton's Stud and saw my Hambletonian colt.²³ I longed for him again as I am convinced of his racing powers. On our return we supped with my father who is now much better; conversed on Politics and my work: though my father was never guilty of praising or openly

admiring his children, I think that I can perceive he is pleased with my present pursuit. He, like most men of good natural abilities uncultivated, is very obstinate in his opinions.

SEVENTH DAY. MAY 24.

Drew in the morning and afternoon and in the evening walked to Dringhouses moor where I took a sedge-bird's nest with one egg upon which the hen was sitting because night was approaching fast. It was built in a low White thorn bush near a pond; the wall of the nest is very thick and composed of moss, bents, straw and grass, strongly and warmly platted, lined with soft grass and a little hair; egg a deep yellowish drab colour covered all over with spots of the same colour only a little darker. I shot at the hen but missed it. This day got the caterpillar N^o. 2 on Whin.

EIGHTH DAY. MAY 25.

Drew in the morning. In the afternoon sat with poor Brown who seems to be hastening apace to the grave; my brother was also present. To note in my great work the pride of the York gentry, who speak sometimes and not at others: to illustrate by Miss Salmon at Stanmore and others.²⁴ For my part though family descent and acquirements in a great degree fit me for good company I cannot enjoy it from poverty and this will hold good in respect to other individuals of my family: indeed I had rather mess with famish'd genius in her garret than the most affluent son of pride and gilded ignorance.

My sisters spent the evening with us and made my heart bleed by the recital of many of the cruelties exercised upon them by my father and our accursed stepmother.²⁵ Oh! how I wish'd to emancipate them from the thralldom under which they now exist.

Wrote to Sam this day.²⁶

NINTH DAY. MAY 26.

Went this morning with my brother to see Hambletonian, Shuttle and Bagsman with the brood-mares and foals at Middlethorp. I took a pencil sketch of the two first for my work. I verily believe this to be the best breeding place in all England and the following reasons may suffice for this belief. The herbage is not only the earliest but the best in the Kingdom; the grass becomes luxuriant equally soon before the

North and South: the reason is it is gravelly soil so happy that the wet is absorbed in due time and can never lie to sour the grass and being gravelly and sandy it receives and retains the heat of the sun much quicker and longer than any other; if it be said that herbage on such a soil must be burnt up in Summer, I answer that the time it is most wanted for this purpose is before the height of summer but should such a circumstance occur, there is here a remedy: there is nearly as much ing-land as high land which is never parched; the water is also soft and good. The groom thinks with me that it is the best place in England: there are now between 80 and 90 mares and with their foals, and several have gone away.

After dinner I went to the Falcon to Fothergills rent dinner where I joined my father and brother. Park the steward mentioned some curious circumstances respecting the feeling of beasts in judging cattle, telling exactly what animals could be made fat and which could not; nay indeed what particular points of the same animal could be made fat: as he invited me to his farm near Malton I shall get what information respecting this nicety I can; but it appeared to me from what I gathered that all the judgement seemed to lie in the looseness of the hide and primarily in the form of the beast. He as well as some other intelligent persons on these subjects declared that the finest cattle in Yorkshire if not in England came from and were bred in Cleveland.

The young shoots of whins or furze are excellent fotherage for fattening horses as I understand from my brother who has tried them and from the eccentric Kettlewell who has long used them, I suppose from their cheapness.²⁷

Alderman Kilby and a set of ragamuffin milkmen and butchers dined there also, and I think the cow keepers and butchers had more sense than the Alderman.²⁸

In the evening my brother and I supped with my father. I felt grieved and melancholy all the evening to an excessive degree by reflections that originated from the intelligence that the oil picture of the Fall of Foyers, the first I had ever done and which on that account I highly prized was sold by order of my father notwithstanding I had expressly desired that all the drawings etc. done by me might be preserved.²⁹ I could not but deeply regret my father's unworthiness to possess the wife he once did and children great for any one excellence: he has no exalted sentiments, no delicacy of feeling, a mind incapable

of generous sentiments; he ought never to associate with or have any connexion with minds of acute sensibility. I understand Susan takes to drinking and is at times very mad; his situation is therefore very melancholy and we ought to pity and console him: but she is not considered as mad in the house but great and accomplished.

Hedge sparrows are called Cuddies in Yorkshire

Stone chats Whin chats

Whin chats Grass chats

Woodpeckers Pickatrees

Description of a Cock Sky Lark. Weight 1½ Ounce

TENTH DAY. MAY 27.

Walked onto Knavesmire in the morning; saw some women hunting leaches: an old soldier the day before got as many in two hours as sold to the druggists for 3 guineas at 3^d. for each leach: this is one of the best places to be met with for these amphibia; women come frequently from some of the most northern parts of Scotland for them, Caledonia not affording any; every grip on this stray is filled with them. I attribute their multitudes to the warmth of the situation and nourishing nature of the water as it abounds with great variety of amphibia. I have often been astonished at the sagacity of leaches in escaping when observed for they appear to have no eyes nor any organ by which to discern the approach of distant enemies. I take their sense of touch to be exquisite and that they feel the tread by a tremulation of the earth; they are excellent swimmers, after the manner of eels.

In the Afternoon drew and my sisters came to tea and supper.

ELEVENTH DAY. MAY 28.

Drew in the Morning. Dined with my Father. Susan kind and polite; my father looking poorly but entertaining in conversation. This morning I wrote and sent a parcel to Michael Fryer of Reeth.³⁰ In the Afternoon went up the Foss to Towthorp intending to visit the Sanderson's, took my fishing tackle with me and caught 3 Roach. I felt timid as I approached Towthorp and I should have returned without calling but my pride and a resolution to perform that for which I set out made me determine to call. I did so and found Mr. & Miss S. from

home but Mrs. S. was engaged in superintending the wringing of some pigs in an outhouse. I could not help thinking what a strange mother in law she would make *for me* and how unfit I was to make love in a coarse rustic manner most likely to succeed in a case of this kind: as Mrs. S used to be the coldest of the three I was not a little pleased to find her cordial: seeing her busy I would not stay but I took care to say that I would visit them again on my return from the sea-side.

Coming home I observed that Lapwings fly with their legs stretched out straight behind. Magpies will sometimes attack pretty large birds by way of prey, witness one who fought for a long time with a starling with that intention but tho' cruelly mangled the starling did escape. My father tells me that a man at Driffeld shot 144 starlings at one shot amongst the reeds there where at certain seasons of the year they roost in amazing multitudes sitting close to each other. These birds breed early as I saw a fine young brood flying abroad this day.

TWELFTH DAY. MAY 29.

Drew a little in the morning; went to the field with my brother. In the evening went with my father to the florists society to the annual shew of tulips, and paid up my forfeits: it will be necessary to give some account of this society in my work; it was instituted in 1768. I have myself been a member about 7 years. This evening I bought Drake's *York* of Todd for £5.5.³¹

THIRTEENTH DAY. MAY 30.

Went in the morning to Todd's; bought Pliny's *Natural History* by Holland 18/-; Sammes's *Antiquities of Britain* 4/-; Anonymous history of Britain 2/-; Print of 'Earthstopper' 1/6; Gent's Portrait 1/6.³² Went to the field with my brother; caught some beautiful flies. In the Afternoon went with my brother to look at some books at Browne's the Auctioneer; some in Natural history which I want. In the evening went in pursuit of birds. The manners of the Flycatchers very nearly resemble those of the Redstart. The Flycatcher generally takes its prey at the first flight from its watching place, but should it miss the object it will pursue a fly on rapid wing for a considerable distance very much in the manner of a swallow 'till the prey is secured: when seated on the bough again after having caught its fly, it remains for many seconds without

motion, I suppose thinking thereby not to be so easily discovered by approaching flies who see very acutely the smallest motion. It gave me great pleasure to observe widgeons breeding in the Hob Moor brick-ponds.

FOURTEENTH DAY. MAY 31.

Read in Pliny and took a sketch of the ancient statue of Hob near Hob-moor. Drew after dinner and pack'd up my heavy luggage for the Bridlington Carrier; and prepared my light baggage, clean'd my Gun etc. In my work to observe that Campastrion pond is an excellent breeding pond: the singular circumstance of the floating island.

The Excursion to Flamborough

FIFTEENTH DAY. JUNE 1.

Having a dimness of sight and giddiness of head attended by shooting pains I could do nothing in the morning but take a gentle walk out with my father and sister a little before dinner. I observed that many of the foundations of the houses without Micklegate bar and in other parts of the city are built of Roman grit and blue flint or limestone that must have been brought from dilapidated ruins. We called upon poor Brown whose lungs are now discovered to have been ulcerated for some months. *Alas, poor Ghost!* I dined with my father and sisters, Susan not being well enough to come down stairs. My father cheerful, my sisters pensive.

About three o'clock my baggage and gun being prepared I sat [*sic*] out attended by my brother upon my expedition to Flamborough head. As we walked along my brother observed that it gave a secret and great pleasure to see any one brave public opinion though it was sometimes unpleasant to do it individually or more properly speaking oneself. He alluded to me; for it being Sunday and a fine day, numbers of the citizens were walking out and all eyes were fixed upon me on account of the singularity of my dress and general appearance. Our family having always been excentric and I in particular I have a kind of ancient right to be eccentric and the people know it: nevertheless I was much stared at. A white and green hat; a Belcher neckcloth³³ with my shirt collar appearing over it; a dark green jacket with silver buttons; black silk waistcoat; sky blue pantaloons down to the ankles where they met a pair of short laced halfboots – clothed a tall thin youth with long black whiskers: such was my garb. I moreover carried a leather knapsack on my back and a gun over my shoulders, the whole baggage weighing between 2 and 3 stone – a heavy weight for a pedestrian. In villages the rustics ran out to look after me: some thought me a rifleman but most knew not what I was and the conjectures of all were indeterminate.

The whole country between York and Pocklington looks smiling and generally well cultivated; the whole inclosed except about a mile over part of Barnby Moor which is moorland well stocked with rabbits, and whins, and rushes:

the distance is 13 miles. The land in the vicinity of York this road is meadow and pasture; between that and Kexby chiefly corn arable land and immediately about Kexby rich meadow, pasture and woodlands.

My brother went with me as far as Kexby; we left Dunnington on our right with its wood that extends nearly to Kexby-woods. At Kexby we took tea after which we walked out to contemplate our old fishing haunts: we sighed for the pleasing hours that we had spent there in times that are for ever gone when in company with two tenderly beloved relatives that are tenants of the grave besides our present dear family, my dearest, my angelic mother, my amiable, my accomplish'd brother Alexander.³⁴ The evening was delightful: we sat down upon the sedgy banks, threw stones into the still deeps, watched the tremulous, circling waves as they receded from the immersion and resolved to renew, if possible, our former pleasures by annually coming there to angle. It gave me some pain to find the old haunted house amongst the trees opposite to the inn no longer in existence; scarcely any vestige of the ruins were to be seen, but the elms looked more ancient than ever and rooks had settled a numerous colony amongst their branches. On the other side of the water near the bridge the solitude and interest of the place is alas much destroyed by the erection of a malt kiln or corn warehouse. The river Derwent at this bridge separates the North from the East-Riding. My brother here bade me adieu and returned to York whilst I proceeded forwards to Pocklington.

I was surprised by the number of Lapwings breeding in this part of the Vale of York, which contributed to confirm me still more in the belief that there are more birds of this species in the neighbourhood of York or in the Vale in summer than winter. The Lapwing is a bold and spirited bird attacking with success very powerful birds of the rapacious tribes such as hawks, owls and crows: during this evening's walk as a hen-harrier was silently gliding over Barnby Moor a Lapwing perceived it and instantly made a desperate attack and the running fight lasted for a considerable period with various success 'till the Lapwing received a sharp stroke which had a visible effect upon her courage and made her relinquish the conflict. As hen harriers are fond of feeding upon ground prey I suppose young Lapwings before they fly often fall victims.

When on the wing the Lapwing lays its crest flat but raises it erect when standing or running; it will indeed suddenly raise it on emergencies during its flight but that is not common; when uttering its well-known cry it opens its bill very wide. I have remarked this summer that hen whitethroats are scarcely or never to be seen. I have shot cocks by mistake 'till I am tired.

In passing through Wilberforce (derivation of the name Wild Boar foss), a large straggling village with a church and clear stream full of dace passing through it, I observed a Methodist meeting in a very small thatched cottage which was crammed full almost to suffocation: they were singing psalms. These meetings are common to almost every village, and this sect, though in general confined to the lowest and consequently to the most ignorant orders of the people, has certainly been productive of great good whatever may have been urged against it: if a man is rendered more morally virtuous than heretofore, we should undoubtedly pay some deference to the means that made him so.

The country seems well stocked and the inhabitants well grown, healthy and lusty and happy. From Kexby to Pocklington, the road twice crosses and keeps along side the Roman road that led from York to Delgovitia and Peturia, but I saw no vestiges remaining. Pocklington is a small, neat, though irregularly-built, unpaved market town: the market a small one and held on Saturday. I put up at Mrs. Bagly's the sign of the Bull in the market place: an idiot in the house who ever and anon makes the most horrid laughs, groans and screams imagineable; was born an idiot; is 26 years old, a woman; employs a person entirely in her service; never spoke, and would starve to death unless fed, being altogether incapable of feeding herself; has a good and constant appetite. I think idiots are not uncommon in Yorkshire. I remember one at Poppleton lane house.

SIXTEENTH DAY. JUNE 2.

Rose about half past five; breakfasted on Coffee with a genteel intelligent grazier who was going to the fair at York and informed me of some immense swarms of a particular kind of locust that appeared in Holderness towards the close of last year, destroying all that came in their way

particularly the turnips; they came with a North east wind and the oldest farmers in the country had never before known any thing of the kind.

At about 6 o'clock I left Pocklington. The morning hot to an excess: having gotten about half a mile from the town I prepared and loaded my gun for the day. I could perceive by the looks of the rustics whom I met that they took me for some outlandish man. I therefore spoke to every one to let them know that I could speak English, asking the way to Driffield tho' I knew it very well.

The first ascent from which I could see the vale of York was that rising up to Kidwick, the seat of Dennison Esq^r.³⁵ I was now entered upon the wolds and from an eminence about half a mile from Kidwick I enjoyed a delightful view into the inimitable vale of York, that sea of land and of beautiful landscape tints with Kidwick, the lake and town of Pocklington forming the nearest ground. I saw a coot on the fish pond or lake. It gave me pleasure to observe that a simple Yorkshire plough with two horses and no driver was fully adequate to the steepest hill sides and some of them that are arable are very perpendicular.

When I arrived at Warter I enquired for the Priory but scarcely the tradition remained: nevertheless I met with an old woman who had heard of it and in passing through the village I observed that the best house in it was built of stones that must have been brought from the ruin on account of their nice joints and peculiar stone. In a dell on the left of the village as you leave it for Driffield are the remains still to be seen of an extensive village and a burying ground: this is so ancient that the oldest inhabitant is not able to remember one house standing even tolerably perfect. There is a remarkably fine elm tree standing in the centre of the place, the longest branch of which does not measure much short of 60 feet—I mean the lower branches that stretch straight out: the stocks according to the usual custom of villages are plac'd under the shade of this tree. A woman told me here what I have always experienced 'that waud miles are strange lang miles a'al assad [?] yer': the fact is, I believe that two wold miles are equal to three vale miles: at any rate the stage from Pocklington to Driffield which is call'd but 16 cannot be less than 18 if not 20 miles.

All the hills here are composed of limestone, chalk or white flint but chiefly of the former: water is so much wanted that the farmers make little round ponds here and there as they may be wanted and what is very singular, tho' these ponds are small,

shallow, placed in expos'd situations and frequently on elevated spots, they are seldom or never known to be dry; and their chief supply is from catching rain according to the extent of their surface and from a very few small ditches; as for being supplied by springs it is entirely out of the question on account of their lying so deep. When at North Dalton I enquired the depth of their wells, they have no pumps, and I was told they were generally from 40 to 50 yards. I was besides informed of one at Huggitt [Huggate] by many people that is actually 120 yards or 360 feet deep and yet the village, tho' it stands on elevated ground, is not itself seated on an hill. This well was first dug 100 yards without success and some time after it was sunk to its present depth. A poor woman said that when it was first sunk it was the fashion amongst the lads and lasses to be let down and she related how many apprehensions she had suffered by a daughter of hers, now married, foolishly going down. I was moreover told of a well belonging to a gentleman in the east riding 94 yards deep, the water of which was actually brought up by a pump.

A little before I arrived at North Dalton I was surprised by finding a yellow hammer's nest with two eggs in it built on the top and in the thickest part of an high thorn hedge, and a little further I found another empty: this was a circumstance I never before met with and yet I suspect it is common on the wolds; if it is so, it is a curious provision of nature as I can only attribute it to this cause that if these birds built on the ground in this part of the country, as is their usual practice, their young might be in danger of suffocation from the intensity of the heat in summer by reflection from a limestone and flinty and exposed soil. This nest was built much thicker and stronger than they usually are and was not so well secured in the hedge, tho' placed in a very shady part, as the nests of those birds are which are accustomed to build in hedges always.

In the neighbourhood of North Dalton the land is good arable producing abundantly. There is a large pond in the village which an old woman told me had never been dry in her remembrance but once, and it has no spring nor any large drains. The greater part of this manor belongs to his Grace of Devonshire. It gave me great satisfaction to find the whole country, tho so wild and open, entirely inclosed from Pocklington to Driffield. Even the rabbit warrens near the

latter place, which the last time I was here were filled with rabbits and heath, now exhibited fields of waving corn; and the reason given by the farmers for this change was not that which I should have expected – increase of profit by growing corn. I was told that provided the whole, or nearly the whole produce of a warren, was at all secured to the possessor, the same land could produce nothing so profitable at the average rate of two shillings a couple for the rabbits without their skins, which is the usual price and that the skins would be valued at nearly the same rate; so that when for every couple of rabbits, to say the least of it, $3/6$ was produced they were considered very valuable stock on a farm; but, a gang of poachers, amounting to 26 in number, having for several years past committed so many and continual depredations insomuch as to consume at the least two-thirds of the rabbits, it was thought proper to destroy the remainder and turn the warrens into arable land, notwithstanding the ring-leaders of the gang of poachers were taken and tried at the lent assizes for last year at York when they were transported for 7 years. Nevertheless there are a few rabbits still remaining on a small waste piece of ground at a little distance from the road to the left.

As I passed through a village called Kirkburn I was informed of the great irreligion of the inhabitants of this part of the country in respect to their neglect of public worship: at one church, the last mentioned, though the service performed there is for the benefit of three towns and celebrated but once a fortnight yet seldom more than about a dozen people were to be seen: my informant assured me that this misconduct was not confined to Kirkburn parish. I ask'd him if the cause did not originate in the number of dissenters: he said by no means but in the people being 'varry heathens.'

The great inclosures in this neighbourhood has much contributed to the present great scarcity of the Bustards which a few years ago used not unfrequently to be seen and caught on these wolds; and the female specimen which I saw in York some years ago was caught in a vermin-trap on a warren near this town.

When I arrived at Driffield, to my sorrow I found it the largest fair day in the year: tho' the fair according to the charter must be held at Little Driffield about a mile hence, yet most of the company comes here. The origin of this charter is curious. Tradition says that a Saxon King named Alfred

expressed a wish on his death-bed to be buried in a church where the bells were rung in a particular manner by themselves and that wherever such church should be found privilege should be granted by charter to hold four fairs annually. Search was made and Little Driffeld was found where the Saxon monarch lies interred and where four fairs are annually held; and I chanced to arrive on the day of the largest; plenty of pretty country girls and drunken louts filled the town after dinner. However, much to their edification I sallied forth with my gun up the beck in search of Terns, a few of which I soon found but the season for May-flies being yet early I saw very few. I shot but one this evening which was of the smaller kind: it was only winged and fell into the water whereby I had an opportunity of perceiving that notwithstanding their webbed feet they cannot swim as this bird could make no efforts of the kind and actually drowned by the time I got round by Wansford bridge to it (about half an hour).

The whole bottom of the beck for miles is covered over with codbaits which are now just beginning to turn into May-flies, tho' this is a fact at present in dispute amongst the fishermen of this place: some of the most experienced insist upon it that from the codbait they turn into a kind of soft chrysalis and from thence into the fly, whilst others dispute it. However, be that as it may, these poor insects are sadly persecuted from the moment of their birth as they are attacked below by the trout who ever and anon make desperate lunges at them and rarely miss their aim; but if they do the terns are all upon the alert and instantly dart upon them; even the swifts, which abound here for the same reason as the trout and terns, make them their prey and as they seize them make a loud snap with their bills resembling the snap of a pistol. I particularly observed that the shell of the codbait is not part of an hollow reed as is often supposed but a composition of small bits of shells, bark of reeds, minute chips of stones, etc, cemented together by a kind of sticky, clayey substance and proportioned to the size of the insect. I found several in different stages.

In questioning a fisherman about the weight of some fish he told me that a Mr. Cook from near Doncaster kill'd a Pike with the trowl [*sic*] that weighed 28 lb, and a trout

was caught in a net by the mill that weighed 13 lb tho' out of season. In angling I understand that trout from 4 to 6 lb weight struggle the hardest of any size.

A wold farmer told me of a curious method he practis'd to get fat Lapwings whenever he found young ones on his farm: before they could fly he caught them and cutting off their pinions he let them go again; thus did he serve all on his farm. Towards the back end these birds become extremely fat and when the north or east winds or any cold wind blows hard, not being able to fly to sheltered spots, all the pinioned birds crowd together on the lee side of the stone walls on his farm and in such situations has he took up several dozens in a day in a very fat state.

In my walk this evening along the Beck side I was not a little surprised to find a man spearing eels which is an amusement I should imagine by no means adapted to such clear water where you may see the bottom any where: he had however got seven which he obtained by sticking his fork in the mud by guess work: these eels are beautifully coloured and silver bellied.

The great Snipe is not uncommon here in the season, an ordinary punctual sportsman being able to kill at least a dozen during the season: they are here called Double Snipes – the common snipes abound here in the season. Kingfishers are also not unfrequent: a farmer told me he found one of their nests which contained 11 eggs. The stories related of the myriads of starlings which roosted amongst the reeds I find not untrue but since the highest reeds have been cut down they are not so numerous. Corvorants make sad havock amongst the fish of this beck and river. As they fly along they look like ministers of death. No grayling are found in the beck; roach, perch and minnows are common. Dotterel frequent the high parts of the wolds in this neighbourhood in great plenty. I find cards becoming very prevalent as an amusement even amongst farmers. Terns are here called Carr-Swallows.

SEVENTEENTH DAY. JUNE 3.

Having been much disturbed during the night by the drunken fair people I did not rise this morning 'till near nine o'clock. After breakfast I wrote a little and about eleven o'clock I sallied forth up the beck in pursuit of the terns. The wind being due east and very cold few flies and consequently few

terns were to be seen. I however had the good fortune, after missing two or three shots to my right hand which I can never hit, to kill two of the lesser kind and one of the larger at three shots, all of them good shots, which pleased me much, having missed so often before: having now got as many as I wanted I would not shoot any more for it gives me pain to kill such beautiful objects wantonly. I do not wonder at the vulgar calling terns swallows for I this morning saw, as I have frequently done before with delight, crowds of terns, swallows, black and sand martins all mingled together in full chase of the flies. I never saw so many swifts and sand-martins any where before; and I am at a loss to know where the latter breeds here as I saw no, or at least very few, sand banks fit for the reception of their nests. The terns it seems breed in the cars [*sic*] and marshes.

As I was in pursuit of the terns in a wet bog amongst some high reeds I suddenly came upon a remarkably large Moor Buzzard in the act of devouring one: it took wing at a distance from me not exceeding 20 yards when to my infinite mortification my gun missed fire and by the time that I was again ready it had got too far off; for tho' my aim was fair the shot did not appear to take effect.

The motion of the terns are peculiarly airy and fantastic when in pursuit of their prey, and when playing on the wing in a fine summers evening amid those soft and gentle zephyrs [*sic*], which delight both trout insects and birds, they appear as the virgin daughters of the wind sent forth to proclaim a reign of joy to animated nature. The modes of angling for trout here are with the minnow and fly. Grey Plover are found in plenty on the hills.

In the evening of this day I took a walk to Little Driffield about a mile distant to view the church in which 'tis said the King Alfred of Northumberland lies interred. The village is at this day so small as to consist of not more than a dozen houses, though from inquiry of intelligent persons I learn that it was once a place of great extent, as vast remains of foundations are constantly found as men have occasion to dig to the southward of the place which was the quarter the old town occupied, and these foundations consist of a peculiar kind of old brick. I suspect the title of Little Driffield to be of modern date as the town of Great Driffield within this 25 years could boast but of five brick and tiled houses, all the rest being

shabby huts and the whole town standing in much less compass than at this time: in short it is a modern upstart and Little Driffeld is a mighty warrior against time in his second childhood.

I could not but smile when I enquired for the clergyman of the parish, according to my opinion that as such men *must* be men of education they must therefore have *some* intelligence. I was informed by my landlord that he could recommend a much greater scholar and more intelligent man 'than't parson', a man who could 'conevarse woonderfully on onny subject': this great man was no other than the parson's clerk but I must not disparage him as I certainly found him a well informed man with all his senses about him; but when I sent for him first he could not come being engaged at a club at which he was clerk also and the main man there; as such he could not then be spared. Being arrived at Little Driffeld I obtained the keys of the church at the public-house and attended by a little boy proceeded to the edifice: so rusty were the lock and hinges of the door from disuse or age or both that it was with no small difficulty we entered. The inside is mean to excess and seems a fit habitation for the many owls which generally frequent it. The middle aisle only is now standing tho' 'tis evident two others once added extent to the building which are now no more. On the south wall of the chancel were written in modern letters 'Within this chancel lyes the body of Alfred King of Northumberland who departed this life Jan. 19th Anno Domini 705 in the 20th. year of his reign. Statutum est Omnibus Semel Mori.' Afterwards in conversation with the clerk of the parish I learnt that this was originally on the north wall but the south wall having of late years been repaired and rendered better than the other he had himself removed it and printed it where it now is, copying the old one exactly with this exception – that the old inscription ran 'lyes *interred*' and he thought proper to leave out the word interred.

I was anxious to discover some other more important monument to mark the burial place of a Northumbrian monarch but discovered none that *expressly* relieved my solicitude: immediately before the altar in the centre of the chancel there lyes a granite grave stone of a rare species and one much in use of the Romans and Saxons, which has been once adorned by a number of brass plates representing a principal figure of a man in the centre and arms and, as I

suppose, inscriptions. These plates, it seems from the report of the old sexton lately dead, were stolen about 20 years ago by a set of travelling tinkers who attended one of the fairs held at Little Driffeld and who took an opportunity during the night of sacrilegiously entering the church and stealing all the metal of every description they could find; and amongst this metal they took the plates from the stone in question together with a plate from another which lies under the north wall. I have not a doubt, from the appearance of the stone, but that it was used for the purpose of marking the resting place of King Alfred.

I was particularly desirous of learning whether or not search had been made for his remains when I recieved the following information from the person before mentioned whose father was sexton at the time and a party involved. A day having been determined on for the search, two clergymen and two or three other gentlemen with the necessary workmen locked themselves in the church and began their operations. In the course of the day every part of the present chancel was completely dug over as deep as they had reason to suppose had ever been dug, 'till they arrived at a bed of clay which seemed never to have been dug at all. Tho' they discovered and took up a vast number of skeletons and human bones they found nothing by which they had a right to determine upon as a sufficient identity of the King: nevertheless, according to the true antiquarian spirit they fixed upon one miserable skull in which they thought they saw something more than ordinary; and extracting a number of the best teeth actually sent them to the dean of York as King Alfred's teeth and what became of them afterwards I have not learnt. This circumstance occurred about 30 years ago: and I doubtless concur in the opinion of my informant that nothing relating to the monarch has yet been discovered.

The ancient chancel must have extended over to the two isles [*sic*] which have long been destroyed and these were not dug; neither is it certain or probable that the space within the altar was molested so that he may yet be found; and I am apt to think they did not dig deep enough as the search was rather hasty, and persons of distinction were in those days interred at a greater depth than inferior persons; as to any appearance of the earth being dug the great lapse of time would necessarily remove any marks of that kind. That the monarch lies here I have no doubt, both tradition and history strongly agreeing.

History tells us he was buried in Elmswell parish; now that formerly constituted part of this, and there is now a very ancient hall at Elmswell which is said to have been that in which he died: my informant made a sensible remark when I mentioned that it was usual in the time of Alfreds decease to bury armour or a sword or some precious metal with deceased monarchs or nobles: he said that as the King died on his flight after a defeat he might have nothing of the kind with him, particularly in such a wild part of the contry.

The same person gave me a curious account of a tremendous storm which occurred in the vicinity of Driffield on the 29th. of May 1783. The day was remarkably sultry, he remembered it well; suddenly a black cloud appeared approaching from the sea of a remarkable form, being zigzag and of that angular form which the most dangerous kind of lightning assumes; the colour was black; on its appearance a distant pattering noise was heard; this rapidly approached 'till it was found too soon that it proceeded from the fall of hail stones of such a magnitude as to destroy every kind of vegetation, break the windows of the farm houses over which it passed, knock down and severely bruise husbandmen in the fields and tear away the soil on all the declivities it extended to: in some places the soil was compleatly pared away to naked limestone rock and to one farm it did so much damage, nearly destroying the house, stripping all the hedges of their covering and utterly tearing away the corn, beans and other crops and ploughing away the soil, that the farmer despairing ever more to see the land in tolerable trim again actually gave it up solely on that account. And I am told that in many places the land has not even yet recovered the shock it experienced at this period now 22 years ago. This storm was very partial not taking a larger sweep than half a mile in width, every other part of the atmosphere being sultry hot. Many of the hail stones were from two to three inches in diameter. No thunder or lightning.

He also mentioned that he well remembered the day when the stone fell on the wolds in Major Topham's estate; that he was going in company with another person to Little Driffield; that they remarked the very black and stormy appearance of the atmosphere attended by an unusual closeness and heat; and as they approached the village they heard a tremendous rattling jarring noise in the heavens, not resembling the deep

tone of thunder but of a crackling nature: it increased 'till a cloud suddenly burst with a dreadful clash in the direction of Topham's estate. This man offered a strange conjecture that the stone did not fall but having magnetic parts had attracted the lightning to it, which had ploughed up the ground in the manner found: it seems a small obelisk with an inscription is placed over the spot by Major Topham.³⁶

The church at Great Driffeld is worthy of notice on account of its fine tower which is in the florid Gothic stile richly ornamented: the nave or body and the tower seem to be of different ages, the latter bearing marks of a much higher antiquity: a little gateway on the south side of the chancel is particularly worthy of regard on account of its rich tho' ancient workmanship. I learn that human bones to an amazing number and occasional pieces of old armour are frequently found in this neighbourhood; there are also several tumuli and a dale called Danes dale which is filled with graves. The beck rises only a few hundred yards from the tower; the water from constant filtration through a chalky soil has obtained a purity which I never saw equalled.

This clerk related a curious circumstance respecting the preservation of a carnation by being kept free from air. It chanced on St. Mark's eve 36 years ago that he had the small pox in so severe a manner as to render his life despaired of, the marks he has now sufficiently to shew. He was then three years old: a female relation of his sat up by his bed all night and just at 12 o'clock, the mysterious hour, on that night she fell into a profound sleep from which she could not be awoken by a person who came into the room without long and continued shaking: at length she awoke and appeared very lively and cheerful but this was nevertheless a fatal prognostication and her death or some of the family was prophesied to take place within the year. She did die within the year; and having been fond of carrying flowers in her mouth, an aunt of my informant who attended her on her death bed put a fine fresh carnation into her mouth which was buried with her in that situation: near twenty years afterwards my informant was employed to dig a grave next to that in which the person in question lied. In digging deeper than it and close to it, the side fell out and he had the curiosity to peep in without knowing any thing of the circumstance when to his astonishment he beheld a blooming carnation in the grim jaws of a perfect

skeleton: struck with surprise he took the flower in his hand, but it had no sooner been exposed to the air than it fell to dust. When he got home he mentioned the circumstance to his aunt who then recollected having put the flower into her mouth on her decease. The singularity of the affair was the flower being perfect when the body was consumed. Amongst the superstitious the whole was attributed to St. Mark's eve.

Description of the greater Tern. Though the body of this bird when stripped of its feathers is not larger than a black birds yet the length from the tip of the bill to the end of the forked tail is $15\frac{1}{2}$ Inches, to the hollow of the fork $12\frac{1}{2}$, and the breadth is the great width of 30 Inches; length of the bill to the corners of the mouth 2 Inches; the colour except the tip, which is black, is of a most brilliant vermillion; nostrils linear; the bill is rather curved downwards sharp and flat; tongue long and sharp pointed throat and roof of the mouth serrated; the throat and cheeks below the eyes, breast, belly, vent and under part of the tail and under the wings of a pure silvery white; forehead, crown and back part of the head of a glossy black, in some lights changing to a brown or very dark green; back, wing coverts and feathers of a fine light ash or blue cinereous colour; the tail of a pure white except the outer remiges of the two outer feathers which are of a dark cinereous; the half of the thigh which is naked, the legs and feet are of the same or, if possible, of a more brilliant vermillion colour than the bill; feet webbed; toes black. The longest feather of the tail measures $6\frac{3}{4}$ Inches, the shortest $3\frac{1}{4}$; it has 12 feathers; the longest of the wing not quite 9 In: the primaries have the shafts white and the outhter [*sic*] and near remiges and tips nearly black, the first feather quite so; the wings are long and very sharp pointed; the eyes are large and black and the bird seems to have a power of drawing a strong lid entirely over them. The colour of the bill and feet quickly fades after death.

Description of the lesser Tern: length $10\frac{1}{2}$ Inches; Breadth 24 Inches; Bill to the corners $1\frac{1}{2}$ In. and of a shining black, very sharp pointed and compressed at the sides; nostrils linear; inside of the mouth a fine deep orange and the corners also; tongue long and sharp; roof serrated, eyes large and of a shining black; top of the head a deep black brown growing somewhat lighter to the throat and neck; breast, belly, sides, back, wing-coverts and top of the tail a fine deep cinereous ash

colour, lightest on the back, wings and tail; under the tail and vent white; the tail has twelve feathers and is forked by a gradual lengthening of the feathers to each side but by no means so rapidly as in the former species; the naked part of the thigh, legs and feet are of a deep dull red, toes black; the remiges of the primaries are shaded by a light black.

EIGHTEENTH DAY. JUNE 4.

Drew in the morning and after dinner had the clerk to drink punch with me and talk of the curiosities of the neighbourhood, the substance of which conversation I have already related: except that as I come back he is to conduct me to all that is worth seeing and particularly to the breeding place of the Terns.

I left Driffeld for Burlington at half past four.³⁷ This evening I shot a Kittiwake. Description: length 17½ Inches; utmost breadth 37 In; length of bill to the corners 2 In; of a bright greenish yellow hooked at the end and compressed at the sides, having a protubance on the under mandible about half an inch from the point; nostrils so finely linear that they resemble slits or cracks in the mandible; corners of the mouth and inside of a brilliant and deep orange colour; eyes black, lids deep orange; the whole bird except the upper part of the wings and back is of the purest white. The back and wings are of a fine light blueish grey; the tips of the five primaries are black; legs and feet black; the hind toe is so small that it scarcely deserves the name of one.

The country between [*sic*] Driffeld is chiefly on the same chalky soil and is good corn land. At Burton Agnes is a curious old hall, the seat of Sir Francis Boynton.³⁸ On entering Burlington Key, a sergeant of the Pocklington volunteers greeted me as a brother soldier taking me for one of the Hull corps. Did I not recollect the instance of women in Wales dressed in red cloaks frightening the French away I should have said that these men were of no use; but really I never witnessed more absurd conduct on parade than these men perpetually evinced; and the officers little better than the men, instead of paying proper attention to the military discipline, stood with their arms folded talking to the men in the ranks about ordinary subjects: and the men got drunk, laughed, talked and shouted in the ranks when they should have performed their duty. This corps is commanded by

Major Dennison. The Officer [*sic*] of Drifffield volunteers gave up his command because the men had not upon one occasion done as he wished.³⁹

NINETEENTH DAY. JUNE 5.

About eleven o'clock this morning I took a walk along the shore to Flamborough head. I observed a great number of wheat-ears and rock larks breeding in the cliffs. I saw no birds of the *Fringa* genus save a pair of Purres or Stints which were very wild. Shags are very numerous in the bay but Corvorants are rather scarce; both are extremely wild. Milton was never more happy in any of his conceptions than likening or personating the devil in his form on approaching paradise.⁴⁰ Ravens I find breed in and frequent these rocks but whenever they approach the breeding places of the sea-fowl they are instantly assailed and driven off. Martins both common and sand are common and I doubt not lie torpid here: on the shore south of the Quay are a great number of holes in which Sand Martins breed and I could not but observe their instinct in making their holes so small that the entrance would only just admit their own bodies, having found by experience that when the passage was large their nests were destroyed. I saw a number of boys letting each other down in ropes to these holes.

At the head I got into a cleft of the rock immediately over the principal breeding place where were myriads of sea fowl on their nests in rows; here I lay concealed and for a considerable period watched their proceedings. The Kittiwake I found always lays two drab coloured eggs, somewhat larger than an hens, spotted with brown and rust coloured spots. The Guillemot two and sometimes one light green or pale blue, marked with black spots and curious lines: these are deposited on the naked rock and sometimes on such sloping shelves as to render the beholder amazed how it is possible for them to lie, particularly in stormy weather. I observed that the thick end of the egg was generally if not allways placed on the low side of the declivity. The Kittiwake appears to make some kind of shabby nest of reeds.

Throwing a stone down to frighten some birds from their nests it chanced to fall upon the back of a Kittiwake as she sat on her nest and kill'd her on the spot. I do not know that I ever felt more grieved in my life for such a circumstance, seeing the

poor bird gasping over her treasure which she was about to quit for ever and that too during corporeal agony, but in this melancholy accident two circumstances excited my attention: the first was the unfortunate Kittiwake, seeing the stone only the moment previous to its falling on her and percieving it too late to avoid it, yet took care to recieve it in such a manner as to shield her eggs from being broke when rolling by their side she breathed her last; and the other was that, notwithstanding there were numbers of the same species sitting above below and on each side of her within a few inches and all who saw the catastrophe, none of them took any further notice than by coolly turning their heads towards the poor victim and then away again sitting on with perfect sang froid.

I saw a dark blue hawk which I knew not. I was surprised to find rabbits occupying the sides of precipieces I should think it impossible for them to stand upon. Black and Brown headed Gulls generally frequent the bay in an evening and I suspect they come from some neighbouring Carr.

There is much iron stone in the cliffs of the bay, principally on the south shore. The head is composed chiefly of limestone, which fills the bay and surrounding shores with white pebbles of every size, some of them rendered quite round others flat by the perpetual friction of tides and storms. Formerly I was accustomed to wonder where these stones came from but I am now no longer at a loss: the shore near the head is so filled with them and their whiteness is so dazzling pure under the beams of the sun that, setting aside the unpleasant walking, the powerful reflexion causes a disease in the eyes extremely painful and inconvenient: I have been more than once severely troubled with it. The little bay in which the fishermans boats lie is about a mile from Flamborough as is also the light house, now rather ruinous, and a new signal post.

Arrived at the tea house I was much grieved that I could not obtain lodging there; some fresh people having come there who could not accomodate me, having a family. I tried all over the neighbourhood in vain: the people seemed alarmed at the bare proposal; it was my misfortune to be taking [*sic*] for quality. Oh ignorance, ignorance thou bane of all that's great or good. I dined at the tea house and from thence went to make observations at the head. I could not but remark what an uneasy time of it the Jack Daws which are pretty numerous

here had when after being upon the wing they were tired out and wished to alight: immediately upon approaching the cliffs they were so thickly beset with rows of Kittiwakes, Puffins, Razor bills etc. that wherever they attempted they recieved a peck and a significant side glance as much as to say 'who are you, what are you doing, get about your business,' etc., 'till fairly tired out they have at length been obliged to fight for a resting place.

The land here is generally well cultivated and fruitful: besides excellent arable there is good pasture and meadow near Flamborough, notwithstanding its exposed and elevated situation. I observed a peculiar kind of harrow resting on wheels to prevent the spikes from penetrating too deeply into the soil and drawn by four horses. I returned to Burlington Key in the evening, the remaining part of which I employed in looking for shells and weeds.

TWENTIETH DAY. JUNE 6.

Drew the greater part of this morning and before dinner went and took very nice lodgings at the Miss Sedman's for 28/- per week exclusive of tea, sugar, liquors, etc: in the evening I went to these lodgings.⁴¹ In the afternoon went in pursuit of shells on the south shore and also visited the small fort situated on the north cliff close to the town: it is a small old brick building containing a dwelling for the ancient engineer or artillery man that has the management of it and a magazine for amunition: here are seven fine pieces of cannon from 34 to 40 pounders, each which are kept in excellent order. I was informed the best of them would carry 4 miles with ease; but the whole business appeared rather insignificant and what could not but excite my contempt was a regular draw bridge over a ditch of weeds to which any one might perform the statue of Rhodes, even boys strode over it: this partly dry, and partly wet, ditch fortifies three sides and the cliff the fourth side. The old engineer it seems has instructed the Bridlington Volunteers commanded by Major Pitts in the art and management of artillery, these being all the hope of the place in case of invasion here – but there are plenty of beacons on the coast.⁴²

Very fine shrimps are caught in the bay and in great plenty, the kind of net used is fixed to a triangular frame and that frame upon a strong shaft about 8 or ten feet long of this form [*here Fothergill sketched a triangular shaped net with a very*

elongated apex] which is thrust before the netter in shallow water about knee deep or seldom more: at the bottom of the net is a long narrow passage leading into a kind of chamber into which the unfortunate shrimps are driven and from which they cannot escape. Small flat fish, crabs and weevers, which are here called Tengfish, are frequently caught with them: the latter are instantly thrown away and it is curious to observe with what dispatch they can bury themselves in the sand by a quick wriggling of the whole body – all but their head which they keep out for the sake of air and for aiming their painful blows: the sailors here have a notion that the pain of the sting remains 'till the next tide and then goes away. I wrote to York and went to my lodgings in the evening.

TWENTY FIRST DAY. JUNE 7.

Soon after breakfast this morning I took a walk along the shore to Flamborough head. I saw some sand-pipers at which I vainly shot on account of their wildness. Arrived at the head I had the fortune to shoot a very fine specimen of the Herring-Gull, a description of which will be found in my green book;⁴³ and a little further on, while standing on the summit of an high impending cliff, a very large Wagel came soaring over me: tho' loaded with small shot I fired and brought it down but it fell into a kind of cleft about half way down the precipice. In the heat of pursuit and wanting the bird without hesitation I ventured down but never shall I forget it: the hazard I ran was imminent and had I not done it myself, when afterwards cool I was astonished how it was possible to get up and down in saftety [*sic*]. This was another instance to prove the usefulness of N^o.3 patent shot as it will do for both large and small birds.

I went down into the small bay where the Flamborough fishing boats lie to see some that had been out all night and morning land. There were a number of women and children, the wives and offspring of the adventurous fishermen, waiting to welcome their arrival; also boys with asses and panniers to carry off the fish. I saw three boats land and in one of them was contained above 30 large skaits weighing from 40 to 50 lbs each, a number of large codfish, haddocks and flat fish, all caught by the hook; the bait for the smaller kinds muscles, for the larger crabs. I was informed that they went the distance of ten leagues off the head for the skait and cod; it was not usual

for them to get so many large skait. I think I never saw a set of finer or more hardy looking men than these fishermen, they looked alike invincible to tempest, hail and rain: the little bay where this interesting fleet lies is about a mile from the town of Flamborough; there is also another bay of their boats round the head to the northward.

I shot a cock specimen of the rock lark, and returning home I met with a species of *Tringa* which I pursued long before I got a shot; but at length getting itself entangled some how or another in a wave I shot it and on taking it up found it a species unknown to me: it is described in my green book under the name of the Fothergillian Sanderling.⁴⁴ The reflection of the sun from the white stones of the shore was this day so intensely dazzling that it brought on the eye complaint in an excessive degree.

TWENTY SECOND DAY. JUNE 8.

This morning I walked to Flamborough by the way of Sureby [Sewerby] along the top of the cliffs. About half way between Sureby and Flamborough, I observed a long mound of earth near a deep hollow in the earth, resembling the bed of a river, that bears evident marks of human art and if so I know not to whom it may be ascribed unless to the Romans. I think it can scarcely be the remains of a road, on several grounds: it is not straight but curved and it is more elevated than roads usually were; there are the hollows on each side from which the earth has been cast up.

Arrived at Flamborough I proceeded directly to the house of Bryan Spike facing the church. This is the most famous man throughout the country for getting the eggs of sea-fowl, having been a 'climber' as it is called all his life; and he has a son who assists him in his labours grown up, and before he was old enough his wife used to contribute her exertions in this most dangerous of all employments. He shewed me a number of eggs and described the kinds of birds to which they belonged. He said that he could use or dispose of twice the number he got and he said it was scarcely possible for him to say how many he got during a season they were so numerous: he spoke of an inferior adept (many people in the vicinity get them besides him – even a woman at one farm house lets down her son) having got 120 dozen the preceeding morning and did not seem to think it an extraordinary number, saying

that it was late in the season. The price at which they are sold is 3 for a penny, and besides their excellence as food, they are bought and used by curriers and leather breeches makers.

He mentioned a curious fact upon which I might rely, having observed it all his life. The birds begin laying about May day soon after which is the best time for getting the eggs. The whole tribes, old and young together, except the gulls leave the rocks on or before Michelmas, but singular to relate, the old birds of every species regularly come back every Candlemas for the sole purpose of cleaning out their houses (as Spike expressed himself) and wiping down their shelves quite clean, which very cleanly and useful office is performed by a curious and peculiar mode of flapping their wings. This business is no sooner compleatly performed than the birds again disappear and are no more seen 'till the beginning of May or the close of April. He said that all the Gull tribes were grey when young and the Razor bills, Puffins, Guillemots etc. black; but that they changed no more that he could observe after the first moulting.

Lines in the church yard over one Robert Johnson I think rather pretty

Toss'd to and fro no more
On Life's tempestuous sea
The happy soul hath gain'd the shore
Of calm eternity
Lo! soft remembrance drops the pious tear
And holy friendship sits a mourner here.

There is a stone over one Catherine Major aged 105 years who died May 14th. 1790.

Having fixed Tuesday to go an egg-hunting with Bryan Spike, I next went in search of the Parish clerk to shew me the inside of the church which he did. It has been a splendid and an extraordinary edifice and tho' now mean to the view on the outside it possesses some curiosities within that are worthy of notice and which will be found enumerated in the following pages. I defer it at present because I must go again to examine them more minutely and to copy an inscription. I cannot however but remark that a curious old screen carved in oak which seperates the choir from the rest of the church and which is sculptured into 14 niches which formerly contained Jesus Christ, the Virgin and the twelve apostles (these niches are adorned by sculptured flowers and other designs) and has

been painted and gilded. Since the destruction of the statues (which I suppose went during the reformation) for many years these niches were appropriated to a very interesting use. One of the ancient customs of this country and for whose disuse I cannot help feeling a kind of secret yet romantic regret, was for the virgins of rustic communities to weave garlands on the decease of a sister virgin and bear them in following the corpse to its final abode in the grave and after strewing flowers o'er her tomb, one or more of these garlands were hung up in the church as a kind of pleasing memorial of her youth, her beauty, her innocence. This custom which is noticed by Shakespeare and several of our old poets was retained 'till within a few years at Flamborough and the niches in question were the spots allotted for the reception of the garlands; and I recieved much pleasure from the sight of one that yet remains hanging up about the centre of the screen. It was the last that was carried upon the occasion; 'tis several years since the fair hands that made it hung it there and 'tis probably the last that will ever be put up here. How could I therefore repress the emotions of tender regret that rose in my breast. Surely mankind become less innocent.⁴⁵

From the church I walked to the head. I saw this morning three species of star fish, having 5, 13 and 14 radii. Though the head, considerably generally, is one vast promontory, it is itself formed of a great number of smaller promontories jutting out one beyond or behind another in irregular succession, nearly all of which are formed of lime stone. The ocean to the northward of the head is called by the inhabitants the North Sea and the other the South. Should a ship be so unfortunate as to be driven against the head in stormy weather, it could not have any chance of escaping in safety. Story of the Burlington seamen in their fishing cobbles. The summit of these terrific rocks are however clothed with turf and adorned with several kinds of flowers, cowslips and primroses in abundance besides the rarer kinds I have dried. Accidents sometimes tho' not very often happen. A farmer gave me a melancholy account of the loss of one of his men who from obstinacy would stand close to the cliff with his back to it one stormy Saturday evening when he was precipitated for ever, and from the horror of the abyss he was never got up again: he could be discerned lying on the bottom without motion on his face 'till the waters of the ocean swept

him away for ever. His master was standing within a few yards of him at the time he fell persuading not (tho' in vain) to stand so near the precipice: as he was falling backwards way over he made a vain effort with his hands to catch at some object and exclaiming 'God have mercy' he was soon beyond the sense of feeling or of sight.

In the most populous parts of these rocks, where the birds are the thickest, the constant roaring noise of the sea fowl and waves united adds much to the sublimity of the scene: and to the contemplative mind how much is imparted by the recollection that in all probability the features of these rocks and its inhabitants have undergone little or no variation since the deluge and that the scene now presented to his view is the same that existed before the peopling of our own happy isle by its present excellent inhabitants. The beautiful delicate red weed that is cast on these shores I find grows on the stems of the large species in the manner of ivy on trees. This day at the head I saw a quantity growing upon the stalk of a large ribbon weed; this must have a beautiful effect on the bottom of the ocean.

TWENTY THIRD DAY. JUNE 9.

Drew and wrote the whole of this day 'till late in the evening when I went in search of the brown headed Gulls I have so frequently observed to visit this bay. I soon perceived one and had the good fortune to shoot it: it is a fine specimen and is described in my green book of Descriptions etc. As I have not seen these birds at the head I suspect they come from some neighbouring cove in search of food.

TWENTY FOURTH DAY. JUNE 10.

Being Tuesday, according to my engagement with Bryan Spike and his son, I went to Flamborough but it is such a stormy day and rains so continually that they cannot go this day. Thursday is now fixed. They say that in wet weather they cannot 'climb' on account of the ropes becoming so slippery that the hand cannot grasp them tight enough. Defeated in this project I walked to the cliffs and taking my station on one of them I lay in wait for such birds as should chance to come my way, in consequence of which I shot a Wagel-Gull differing scarcely any, except a trifle, in

admeasurement from others I have shot, a remarkably beautiful male Hobby, a wheatear which I did not get and a winter Gull.

Descending onto the shore at low water I collected some shells and made a new discovery, at least to me; the little things which I used to take for barnacles affixed to stones and shells I now find to be the young of those shells call'd [*blank*] a number of which I got to-day: they are used for baits at Flamborough, the women coming down every low water with baskets and a little sharp iron instrument fitted onto a stick adapted for the loosening of the shells, which are held by the inhabitants wonderfully firm to the stones on which they happen to be placed. With these fish, Cod, Ling, Haddock etc. are caught. I saw the little fleet of fishing boats sail and men collecting in carts the round lime stones on the shore for burning.

TWENTY FIFTH DAY. JUNE 11.

Drew all day 'till evening when I went in pursuit of sandpipers and Brown or Black headed Gulls, but without success. The sea makes considerable incroachments in this bay since I was accustomed to come here with my mother: two whole streets one behind the other and the very house wherein we lodged have been swept away. It must be a disadvantageous harbour on account of the vessels lying dry at low water.

TWENTY SIXTH DAY. JUNE 12.

This morning I sat out to Flamborough to fulfill [*sic*] my engagement with Bryan Spike and his son. Being arrived there and the men having equipped themselves with two setts of ropes 80 yards long each, an iron pin of large size to stick in the ground, a bag and a basket, we proceeded to the cliffs and before they began to climb for eggs they went about with me on the shore below to shew me some curious holes etc. Wandering about the caverns which are left dry at low water seems like being amidst the most gigantic and tremendous ruins: there are several holes and caverns which have names, Murk hole, Robin's life [Robin Lythe's] hole, etc., and one of a very extraordinary kind which has no name but, according to the reports in the neighbourhood, it extends at the least ten miles underground running directly into the interior of the country: why it is supposed to run so far arises from the

following circumstance. Many years ago, says tradition, a travelling piper chanc'd to come into this part of the country and being in company where the conversation happened to turn upon this cavern he resolved to explore it. Accordingly he entered it with some others but being either left or having lost himself he proceeded onwards alone having his pipes with him. He was never more seen, but I cannot say heard, as it is affirmed on what is called good authority and is here believed that some people being in Rudston church yard, which is on one of the York roads from Burlington and distant from the mouth of the cavern full ten miles, distinctly and for a continuance heard bag-pipes playing underground beneath their feet: they listened in amaze and afterwards reported the same abroad when having reached Flamborough the mystery according to every one's opinion was cleared up, it not being in the least doubted that it was the unfortunate piper, who, as a last resource exerted his talents despairingly hoping to be heard and relieved. If this case is true, it is scarcely possible to conceive a more distressing situation.

That the cavern extends to a vast and unknown distance has been in some degree proved by a company of men adventuring together who by computation of time went for some miles 'till at length their tapers being extinguished by the damp, they became affrighted and retreated with precipitation, extricating themselves from the dismal and solitary windings of the cavern with the utmost risk and difficulty, frequently falling over fragments of rocks etc. I went to look at the entrance into this celebrated subterranean passage, but as the tide was coming in and its mouth was already filled with water I could only survey the profound gloom opened to the view thro' its vast rocky portal and watery pavement. That there should be caves of this kind here is not surprising because it is a lime stone contry, but the extent of the one in question is surely more than usual.

The head has certainly been more extended into the sea, there are the bases of so many distinct cliffs now to be seen at low water: 'tis not the winds and storms that damage and shatter the rocks so much as the frost in winter which cracks the limestone, and huge fragments are constantly falling during that quarter of the year. There are men here who make it their business to collect the limestones from the shore, break them and burn them for manure. I understand 'tis good and

strong lime. The perriwinkle shells are here called Covins and the hollow bason shells Flithers, which are properly the limpet; nearly all the kinds of shell fish found here are used for baits. Lest the tide should catch us whilst down on the shore, Spike previously fixed a rope from the top of one of the cliffs by which we were to ascend in case of danger. I did not like the prospect of ascending by it in the least. I observed on the shore myriads of muscles and flithers as they are called growing in beds. The facts in ornithology obtained this day will be found in my book of Descriptions etc. Such is the great height of Bempton and Buckton cliffs that the ropes which reach with ease to the bottom of those at Flamborough will together scarcely reach to the eggs at the former.

The Light house at Flamborough which is an octangular building of limestone is certainly of great antiquity; nobody here knows any thing of its date tho' the officer at the adjoining signal post assured me that I should find an account of it in Doomsday book: the same person told me that its use was not in being lighted which he said it never was (tho' I believe to the contrary) but a land mark to mariners at sea: at present it is a mere shell having no remains of apartments except a few black, broken rafters near the top which bear marks of fire. No certain account of it is known by the inhabitants. It is in contemplation to erect a compleat lighthouse on a new plan, drawings and schemes of which have been made, but as it is to be built and maintain'd at the expence of the ship owners, chiefly colliers, there is some demur, as many will not sign the petition for an act of parliament notwithstanding the expence laid upon the tonnage of each vessel will amount to a mere trifle. The plan it seems is the invention of the Collector at Burlington:⁴⁶ it is to be worked by water and is to have a large minute bell to be tolled in misty weather, a bell that may be heard at the least two leagues distant. The Officer at this post also expressed an opinion with which I entirely concurred that the fort at Burlington Key should be removed to the head where it might be of very great service in annoying the enemies privateers which frequently come close in shore there, observing also that a fort in the bottom of a deep bay could be of little or no service.

Flamborough was once a famous place for smuggling but has now very small dealings in that way, this trade being removed farther north, to Robin Hood's bay and that quarter. The chief reasons are that our cruisers are now so numerous on the coast in

order to intercept the enemy that they fall in with and capture the smugglers; and another cause is the Flamborough people played the Yorkshireman rather too far, for, by not paying in many instances for the goods when they knew that they could not be forc'd, the smugglers would not supply them; so that their bad credit has contributed perhaps more than any cause to put a stop to it here. Else the numerous caverns on this rocky coast must have been convenient for smuggling enterprises.

Several ships are usually lost here every winter, and the inhabitants are thereby supplied with an article otherwise very scarce here, I mean wood. I have observed many a row of railing, gate posts, and even outoffices built of shipwreck'd timber. The head is extremely decieving in doubtful weather even to the well experienced seamen, who would frequently fain cut it off.

The most dangerous part of the employment of climbing for sea birds eggs does not apear to consist in a fear of the ropes giving way but in stones loosened by the friction of the rope falling upon the climber, which not unfrequently happens, the adventurer getting many a broken head; the only mode they have of avoiding them, is when they hear them tumbling down (for they dare not look up) to cling as close as possible to the side of the cliff or under some fortunate projecting ledge. Two ropes and an iron pin of large dimensions are employed in this service at Flamborough. The pin is driven into the ground at some little distance from the edge of the precipiece: to this pin one of the ropes is tied and thrown over the steep to be held by the climber for the purpose of pulling himself up or letting himself down, the other rope is tied round the loins of the climber at one end, while the other is held by the assistant. This rope is chiefly for security and for assistance in being helped up and down, a signal for which he gives by a shake or pull of this rope. Having a bag over his shoulder for the ropes, with this preparation he descends the precipiece: in hollow places that are over hung the eggs are here secure but no where else. In wet weather they cannot climb on account of the ropes becoming slippery. The business ceases about this time and begins about the week after old May-day. Spike told me that the day he went with me would be the last this season unless some gentleman particularly requested him to go; he offered

to get me any of the birds alive. These men are fatalists or rather predestinarians and consequently have no particular fear of death from their employment.

I made enquiry here concerning the mounds of earth and the dykes which I had observed between Sureby and Flamborough, when I found a curious tradition respecting them which every native of this promontory knew and believed as it had been handed down from father to son with studied care. It appears from the tradition that they are the work of the Danes who as they were sailing along this coast in times of remote antiquity, hearing the crow of a cock concluded there must be inhabitants and accordingly landed at or near the head, immediately proceeding to the town of Flamborough where they either slew or drove away all the men but preserved the women, with whom they cohabited. This promontory held out so many charms to the invaders that being determined to maintain their conquest they commenced a most gigantic work, the remains of which are now to be seen, by sinking an immense dike from shore to shore, one end coming into the sea near Sureby the other by Bempton Cliffs, thereby intending to insulate the whole promontory: besides this immense dike they cast up an high mound of earth which runs the whole distance. This mound is yet high, though it must have been flattened by ploughing as a considerable part of it is arable land.

Before this great work was above half compleated a circumstance occurred which effectually put a stop to it. About this time a great number of the native women proved with child by these strangers who were reported to be very athletic men of more than ordinary stature, in consequence of which 'tis said the children were so large that all or most of the breeding women died in childbed. This sad event so enraged the females that remained that they resolved to extirpate the foreigners and if possible recall their banished husbands. A plan being accordingly concerted and laid amongst them, on an appointed night they murdered all the Danes during their sleep by cutting their throats, and immediately afterwards took measures to bring back their original husbands which they at length accomplished, and the contry remained at peace ever afterwards. So runs the tradition which is universally believed. However from whatever causes the works originated they are certainly artificial, tho' I have my doubts

respecting the dike which appears more like the bed of a great river than the work of man.

To day I shot 4 Razor bills, 6 Kittiwakes and 10 Guillemots and bought 60 eggs of Spike.

TWENTY SEVENTH DAY. JUNE 13.

I drew and wrote the whole of this day 'till evening when I took a walk to Burlington. The country is certainly very pleasant, tho' perhaps not wooded enough at least for picturesque beauty whatever it may be for utility. Tho' I well knew that Burlington church was once a monastery of considerable note yet I was agreeably surprised by the magnificence [*sic*] of its exterior; and when I give the history of this part of the contry it will be necessary to make two drawings of it, which I have not now time to do – a view to the north east and one from the south west. The western entrance is very magnificent. The date is placed on the building (A.D. 1106). The gateway at a little distance from the church is also very worthy of a view and architectural comment. The architecture seems to be a mixture of Gothic and Saxon.

The first English five shilling note I ever saw I have just got here issued by one Stephenson a grocer of Burlington Quay.⁴⁷

TWENTY EIGHTH DAY. JUNE 14.

Drew 'till afternoon when I went in pursuit of the Sand pipers, Terns and Brown headed Gulls without success.

TWENTY NINTH DAY. JUNE 15.

Being Sunday I went to Church at Burlington and found the interior lofty and notwithstanding some nasty whitewash, elegant and abbey like. This is the first *abbey* church I ever saw in sufficient repair to admit of service being performed in it, and wrapt in the contemplations of my mind I easily transported myself back to the times of the monks and almost heard them saying mass instead of a sermon from a clergyman of the name of Smith.⁴⁸ I observed nothing particularly curious; there are two ancient paintings [*sic*] at the altar one of Moses and the other of Aaron; there is also a similar figure of death to that in Flamborough church placed near the principal entrance and written over it: 'The wages of sin is death.'

I drew 'till dinner after which I took a walk to Flamborough, and went by the way of the beacon at which I found an old man watching; he informed me that there were four men in the pay of

government for watching and that they took the day watch by turns but at night three of them were employed, each sleeping two hours at a time whilst the other two watched. A tar barrel is the sign by night but for the day they have a curious combustible ball which I understand emits a thick smoak for a long continuance.

From the beacon I went to the church at Flamborough to copy the old inscription I had observed there and to look for other curiosities. On approaching the altar 'tis on the left side against the north wall, but placed so near the ground that it is not read without inconvenience. It is well and fairly engraved in raised old English characters upon a brass plate, the ground of which is finely checquered. It runs thus:

Here lieth Marmaduke Constable of fflamboright Knyght
Who made adventō into ffraunce & for the right of the
same

Passid over with Kyng Edward the fourth y^t. noble
Knyght

And also with noble King Herre the sevinth of that name
He was also at Barwick at the wunnyng of the same

And by Kȳg Edward chosȳ Capteȳ there first of any one
And rewillid and governid ther his tyme with out blame
Bot for all that as ye se he lieth under this stone

At brankistō feld wher the Kyng of Scottys was slayne
He then beyng of the age of thre score and tene
With the gode duke of northefolke y^t. iorney he hay^e tayn
And corage hy avauncid hȳ self emōge other ther and
then

The Kiġ beyng ī fraunce with grete nombre of
ȳgleschmē

He nothyng hedyng his age ther but jeopde hȳ as on
With his sonnes brothē sarvauntes and kynnsmen
But now as ye se he lyeth under this stone

But now all thes tryumphes ar passid & set on syde
ffor all woldly ioyes they wull not long endure
They are sonne passid and awaye dothe glyde
And who that puttith his trust ī thē shall by most
ūsure

ffor when deth strikith he sparith no creature
Nor gevith no warnyng but takith them by one & one
And now he abydyth Godis mercye & hath no other
socure

ffor as ye se hym here he lieth under this stone

I pray yow my kynnsme lovers and frendis all
To pray to mire lorde Jhesu ho have marcye of my sowll

At the end of all the shorter lines are placed flowers or some other ornament to make them all of a length. The whole is very fair and legible, yet some of the abbreviations are rather puzzling. This as well as some other inscriptions in brass have frequently made me wonder that the moderns do not more frequently engrave in brass on account of its being so much more durable: over this plate are the arms of the Knight which I have roughly copied as under [see page 53].

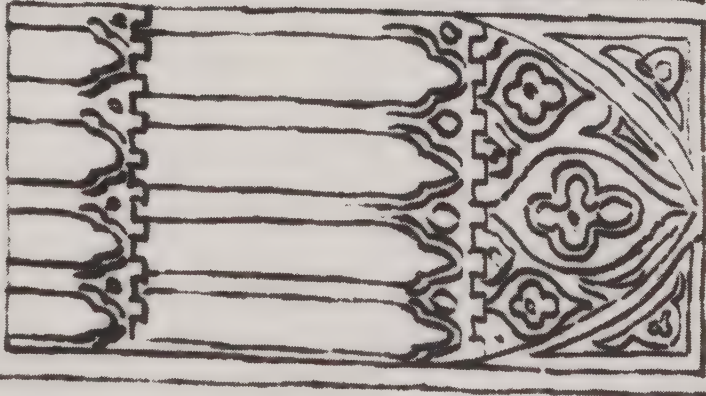
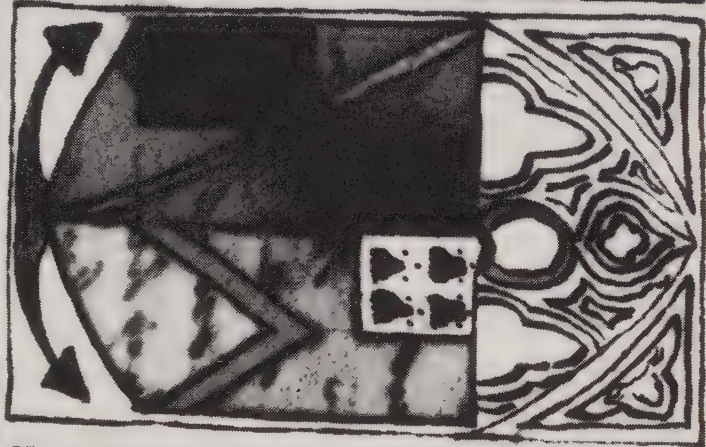
There are several other old tombs and inscriptions but none that are worthy of particular notice, the chief are over the Ogles and Stricklands. There is a figure of death that was formerly gilded but now nearly whitewashed over on the south wall near a door, and over it is written the 'wages of sin is death': this seems to have been a practice in this part of the country and seems as if it was necessary to frighten the ancient parishioners into their religious duties by effigies as well as words. The garland which I before noticed I found contained in the inside a pair of small white gloves: the clerk told me it had been hung there nearly 30 years, that there were many others in his time but they were fallen down from decay.

The arches which separate the aisles are of a clumsy gothic stile but there is a large round or rather flat arch in the centre of the building which has at length given way thro' age and flatness on the crown which is broken and in my opinion the whole will very soon be down. The church has been much larger tho' it still possesses three aisles; the old tower has long been supplanted by a little paltry wooden one: the inside of the church has been comfortably if not elegantly wainscotted in the old style with oak carved into gothic arches, minarets, niches, etc., but its beauty is faded and the greater part decayed. The clerk shew'd me some very ancient black-letter bibles and prayer books formerly used there but now mouldering away; they would scarcely bear touching.

The east end of the north aisle is separated from the church for the use of a day school in which a master teaches who walks from Burlington every morning and returns in the evening. The poor old clerk observed that the people of Flamborough and its neighbourhood were 'varry good kirk gangers' 'till Methodisses [*sic*] sprung up and they, it

Quintet

Found near the
castle mill, York



How with a name

seems, have made great progress here as they have done every where else, tho' the meeting here is not of more than three or four years standing.

When I had finish'd my ecclesiastic investigations I proceeded to the Dog and Duck, the best public house in the place, and drunk tea with some damsels and the old sea officer at the signal post together with some countrymen, where I was taken as usual for a volunteer or military man and was questioned accordingly.

THIRTIETH DAY. JUNE 16.

I spent most of this day in reading, writing, drawing and walking on the North shore.

THIRTY FIRST DAY. JUNE 17.

Soon after breakfast I proceeded along the North shore at low water round the head and shot several gulls on the way. The scene on the shore at low water is curious: it is covered with women, the wives of the fishermen who descend from the town at this period of the fluctuation of the tides for the purpose of procuring baits for their husbands who look for the success of their wives without apprehension every day tho' their existence depends upon it. The women tie their petticoats above the knee to keep them from the wet and in a manner resembling the large breeches worn by the Dutch; then, provided with a basket for the spoil and an iron instrument like a sickle (if for crabs) to gather it or at least find it, they proceed amongst the stones and loose fragments of rock that are the most covered with weed (which is here called wreck) and with their instrument lifting them up and pulling aside the weed they discover the objects of their search which, being left by their beloved element the ocean, hide themselves in such places. But for the procuring of flithers a different instrument is used, one that will separate them from the stones to which they so closely adhere: it is usually the blade of an old knife fixed to the end of a stick which is inserted between the unhappy fish and the stone upon which it is found. These women remain employed in this research till the return of the tide and their stay upon the shore is considered as a kind of index by which people who are engaged on the shore in other employments know how long 'tis safe to remain down.

Ascending a very steep cliff I was surprised by finding a partridges nest near the edge containing 12 eggs. This day I shot my non-descript corvorant described in my book of Zoological Comments. I shot several Guillemots, Razor bills, Gulls and Kittiwakes and after getting very wet in the sea by the pursuit of birds through the water I returned to my lodgings by the shore.

This day I remarked more than ever the extraordinary number of Asses that are kept at Flamborough, I suppose entirely for the purpose of carrying panniers of fish: they are subsisted chiefly in the lanes where they are tethered separately and occasionally send forth such a chorus of brays as to be heard at a considerable distance.

THIRTY SECOND DAY. JUNE 18.

Drew 'till evening when I walked out for relaxation. The town at the Quay is small but neat and well built: the bay is so fine a natural harbour that it is frequently filled with shipping that take shelter in it when ever the weather is stormy or indeed doubtful. The cliffs on both shores gradually give way.

THIRTY THIRD DAY. JUNE 19.

Drew in the morning and in the afternoon prepared for my departure on the following day.

THIRTY FOURTH DAY. JUNE 20.

Drew and packed up before dinner after which I bought a springer of a man who had found it for 15/-: it is a bitch named Chance and an handsome one. I paid my bill and took my departure for Driffeld where I arrived about 7 o'clock.

THIRTY FIFTH DAY. JUNE 21.

After breakfast I went a shooting by the beck side. For the first time in my life I saw and heard a Snipe humming and bleating in the air in the manner mentioned by Ornithologists. I was fully convinced after observing it attentively for some time that the noise was produced by the quick and peculiar action of the wings in descending as they rise and fall in their play like the ring doves and some other birds. I went down the beck as far as Wandsforth where there is a considerable carpet-manufactory that employs a great number of hands. I shot several terns here, both black, brown and a young one of the

common species. A man here told me of a trial that is going to be brought on by Sir Mark Sykes who claims the manor and fishery of the beck and is endeavouring to prevent all those from shooting or fishing here who cannot shew Sir Mark's leave in writing.⁴⁹ The country gentlemen of this neighbourhood are so irritated at the measure that they are determined to try it, not bearing to be deprived of their most favourite amusement, fishing. I shot a variety of the Tit Lark, took up some young Lapwing and returned to Driffield to dinner after which I left Driffield for Pocklington. Sir Francis Boynton had just won a main of cockfighting: this is a zealous promoter of this sanguinary amusement.

Feeling myself somewhat fatigued I stopped at North Dalton where I slept all night: soon after I arrived I walked into the church yard which contains no grave stones save one small one, a former clergyman of the parish having had objection to monuments of this class. I could not discover anything particularly worthy of notice about the church tho' its tower is not modern. I found a troop of boys persecuting a pair of White Owls which had bred in the steeple and had 7 young ones; the male I shot and brought away. I hunted it for some time at the head of a mob of lads round the village before I shot it.

THIRTY SIXTH DAY. JUNE 22.

This morning proceeded towards York: near Wartre [*sic*] observed some of the dykes supposed to be Roman: dined at Pocklington, after which was hospitably entertained by Bolton the Attorney.⁵⁰ Arrived at York rather late in the evening.

From York to Aldborough, Ripon, Masham and Richmond

THIRTY SEVENTH DAY. JUNE 23.

Spent most of the day at my Father's who expected my Uncle William's family from Carr-end: they did not however arrive this day.

THIRTY EIGHTH DAY. JUNE 24.

My Uncle William and his wife with his two daughters Margarett and Jane came this day to my father's house, it being the day preceeding the Summer Quarterly meeting.⁵¹ I met them there and was pleased to find my Uncle very well and as agreeable and interesting as usual: we had much conversation regarding Natural history, ornithology in particular, and the success of my County History: he is a singularly pleasing and well informed man beloved by all the inhabitants, of every description, of the contry for many miles in extent surrounding his habitation. I think he is pleased and satisfied with my plans and gave me many hopes of assistance and success in his part of the country which could not fail to yield me much satisfaction: it is a matter surprising to many that his address and manners should be so soft and refined considering his great seclusion from the world and his being a confirmed Quaker in his habits and appearance. He gave me hopes of seeing M. Fryer of Reeth to whom indeed I had written requesting his company at York, and immediately after supper he came in, looking one of the most hardy-mathematical fellows I ever saw. I soon found that his principal object in coming to York was to see me for he declared that he had put up at Roses Inn near the Bar entirely for the sake of being near me. This attention from an old acquaintance and from one now so eminent for his Antiquarian and Mathematical, indeed I may say universal, knowledge could not fail of delighting one like me, possessing so much vanity and being so desirous of notice from persons at all eminent for their knowledge or fame in any department of human lore. This evening was too much advanced to admit of much conversation either at my father's or brother's, both being early and regular people: we therefore fixed an interview on the following day and parted for the night at Rose's door.

THIRTY NINTH DAY. JUNE 25.

On this morning the Quarterly meeting commenced and as the first was a meeting for worship I could attend it and did attend it. Three women friends only spoke and from the tones and gestures of two of them no one could wonder that Quaker preachers have been so much ridiculed: what they said was innocent enough but their motion and voice strongly reminded the hearers of some uncouth wild beast or another gamboling and howling in a state of intoxication. One woman was more dignified and very pleasing in her discourse. Towards the close one Fawcett, a mad preacher in the society, commenced an insane discourse from near the door which hastened the breaking up of the meeting and he was taken down by the Keepers of the Retreat.⁵²

Michael Fryer came to dine at my brothers and immediately afterwards we sallied out to the porch of St Margarettes, the Minster, Todds and the Ruins about the Manor shore where we employed ourselves 'till evening in antiquarian discussion. Fryer is very able and shrewd. Supp'd at my Father's.

FORTIETH DAY. JUNE 26.

Attended the meeting for worship this morning, also in company with Fryer. Fawcett made another attempt to disturb the meeting as it was breaking up: some suppose him to have been very ill used and others that he is very mad. Fryer dined with me and Rebecca, our conversation principally resting on Heraldry and Inscriptions. Spent the most of the afternoon in Todd's Book Warehouse where I bought Gough's *British Topography* for £2. 2. well bound, and Fryer bought many books amongst which were the *Magna Britannia*.⁵³ Supped and spent the evening at my Father's where we met Pim Nevins from Leeds and one of his daughters, a lovely, sprightly bewitching little girl:⁵⁴ my father I thought this evening evinced more than his accustomed want of delicacy and politeness to his inmates; this might perhaps be occasioned by the recollection of his insane wife above stairs who at this time is very desperately bad.

FORTY FIRST DAY. JUNE 27.

I saw little of Fryer this day, he having gone to Pocklington on a visit to the father of one of his pupils; he returned however in the evening and came to us at my father's where we were all

assembled, it being the last day of the stay of my Uncle William at York. George Raw of Reeth and William Middlebrooke of Counterside [Countersett] were also there.⁵⁵ The evening passed away pleasantly: my brother came to us from his Cheshire journey.

FORTY SECOND DAY. JUNE 28.

This morning soon after breakfast at Fryer's particular request I set out with him in his chair towards Ripon where I intended to go, much wishing to meet a Mr. Brunton Druggist there, a celebrated botanist who I am desirous of engaging to contribute a *Flora Eboracensa* for my Work, and to whom I have already been introduced by name, both Fryer and my Uncle William having mentioned me and my work to him.⁵⁶ Perhaps no two men and an equipage could make a more singular appearance than did we and ours: the equipage consisted of Fryers old mare, ugly and lean to an excess; this unhappy brute was compelled to draw an old shabby gig hired at Richmond for the journey. Behind it was fixed a new common packing case purchased of my brother and a pair of worn out saddle bags tied on and together with old ropes: in this concern were seated Fryer and myself, he looking tall and very stout, dressed in a plain though unusually large, brown, Quaker's [sic] coat having immense pockets crowded with books, white breeches and new boots, having on his head a hat exactly resembling the Barber's bason of Don Quixotte and no larger, spectacles on nose, and leaning forwards driving; his keen look and acute features gave the whole a finish not unpicturesque or uninteresting. As for myself I made the same appearance I did on my setting out to Burlington, sufficiently eccentric in all conscience. With such an aspect was it to be wondered at that people on the road regarded us with astonishment and even stopped their horses etc. to look after us who went a jog trot or kind of dot-and-go-one pace. Our conversation took a very interesting turn on Professions in Life, Religion and Literature. We were both of opinion that in the same space of time that has already elapsed since the first embodying of the Quakers into a society, there will not be a Quaker to be found; the society if it continues its present monkish rigidity will assuredly be no more ere a century and an half roll away. We also conversed *largely* and *learnedly* on the *Sexual intercourse, a subject very pleasing to us both.*

Approaching Boroughbridge we determined to visit Aldborough as we had neither of us seen it tho' so often near it; we accordingly drove through it, stopping at the first house at which curiosities are shewn. Here we saw a fine specimen of the Tessalated pavement (Fig: 3 of Drake⁵⁷) occupying the whole floor of a back room which, soon after its discovery, had been built over it for its preservation. In a corner of the room were a fine Roman milearium, fragments of urns, pillars etc. all composed of the ancient grit, the inscription on the milearium tolerably perfect: the walls were decorated with medallions resembling the antique and some curious old paintings badly executed on pannel representing the 12 Caesars; these were brought from an old hall in the neighbourhood. In the garden we saw a genuine Roman Altar and some mutilated urns: in the house we saw several coins, most of them in bad preservation; some were of Vespasian and Constantine: near the back door of the house we were also shewn another small fragment of tessalated pavement nearer the surface of the ground.

From this house we went to the Church which we found a very neat one and evidently built out of the ruins of a very ancient one. I had scarcely entered it near the chancel than I noticed a great number of the funereal garlands before mentioned at Flamborough thrown together in a corner as no longer of use either as ornaments or to recall the tenderest of all recollections: here I observed a difference between the forms of the garlands, those in memory of young men were flat and the virgins' round.⁵⁸ Over the altar is an ancient picture brought from an old hall at Thornton bridge, representing, if I remember aright, the Lord's supper; it is valuable as a curiosity tho' it is not well done. Moses and Aaron painted the size of life appear on each side of the altar table, on which stands an ancient brazen dish embossed with figures and some inscriptions but so defaced by constant rubbings to preserve the sacred dish clean that we found it utterly impossible to make it out. In the yard is a very ancient grave stone and though defaced there is yet some appearance of the remains of a bust in rude basso relievo. This stone is mentioned by Hargrove in his *History* of Knaresborough and parts adjacent, tho' Fryer thinks his conjectures as to its origin and nature extremely fallacious.⁵⁹

From the church we proceeded to another house where Roman curiosities are to be seen: here we were shown some very beautiful tessalated pavement – Fig: 1 of Drake⁶⁰ – and in good preservation: when discovered it extended for a considerable distance but the major part of it perished on an exposure to the atmosphere; the present remaining bit is covered by the floor of a room raised about two feet over it, admitting it to be seen through a large trap door. Here also we saw a few Roman coins in bad preservation and a curious roman capital of the corinthian order executed in fine grit stone. Having satisfied our curiosity as much as our time would allow we left this interesting scite of ancient grandeur and pursued our way to Rippon [*sic*] through Boroughbridge without stopping at the latter place. It was somewhere about 4 o'clock when we arrived at Rippon. The earth in Ripon Minster yard has a singularly corruptive quality in it as bodies are very speedily consumed: it is supposed to arrive from the great length of time it has been used for its present purpose, which has rendered the whole soil so full of animal matter that unless the bones and skull are preserved in the charnel house they would soon be consumed.

After dinner Brunton the Botanist was introduced to me by Michael Fryer; he is a young man and a chymist of this town, of very rare talents in several departments of human lore but particularly in Botany. To see him was my errand to Ripon as I wished to engage him to execute the Botanical part of my work relating to that part of the contry; in this I was fortunate enough to succeed and I promise myself much delight and instruction from his acquaintance. He was so great in conversation over a bottle of wine that he made me feel my own ignorance in a very forcible manner. I was sorry to see that he is consumptive and I am afraid ere a few years are elapsed this extraordinary youth will be snatched away into the grave.

When we had finished our wine we sat out to visit the Minster and by the way called upon Farrar the bookseller whom I engaged to procure subscriptions for my work. This man has lately written and published a history of Ripon and its neighbourhood but I understand in a very bad style.⁶¹ The architecture of the Minster is very mixed Gothic and Saxon and the interior has a very heavy appearance after the elegance of that at York, but as I shall come this road professedly to

describe this part of the country I shall not now describe what I took little or no pains to see. I was told that Waddilove the Dean⁶² has some curious antiquities in his possession found in the vicinity, particularly one found in digging near the church which represents our Saviour rising from the tomb: this figure is executed in Alabaster.

Returning from the Minster we called at Brunton's house where we looked over his small but excellent library in Natural History and he shewed us some of his collections in Botany, Entomology, etc. and of Lichens. I could not but admire the zeal of this youth who tho' a resident in an obscure contry town had such an ardour in his pursuit that not being able to obtain some scarce foreign books in this contry he scrupled not to import them himself from Hambro' [Hamburg] at a great expence.

It was nearly dusk when we pursued our way towards Masham: it was not my intention on setting out to have gone farther than Ripon but I was enticed forwards by Fryer. On the way he told me several anecdotes of Emerson the famous mathematician of the North who was a resident on the frontiers of Durham not above a stone's throw out of Yorkshire; and it being near Fryer's residence he had heard much of him, as, during his life, he was looked upon by the contry people as a superior being to mortals.⁶³ He never worked at any trade, having a small independence of his own, hereditary in the family, upon which he managed to live, but upon his father's death the little estate was so encumbered that it was some time before by very great economy he was able to remove its embarrassments. During this period he paid his addresses to the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman whose affection he gained and having asked consent of her father to marry her he not only obtained it but the promise of a dower in money also: however, before the marriage took place, the hard hearted clergyman discovered Emerson's poverty which he had no sooner known than he declared that he would not give his daughter one 6^d. and moreover forbid her to think of marrying such a poverty stricken rascal. Emerson, though indignant to a degree at the dastardly conduct of this wretch, determined and found means to marry the girl of his choice, which he had no sooner done than he made her pull off the cloathes she had been married in and, giving her some of his own procuring, sent hers back to her rascally parent,

accompanied by a few lines purporting that he scorned to receive even one thread that belonged to such a miserable knave, that he loved the girl and had taken her as she came into the world: he moreover declared his fixed resolution never at any future period to receive a farthing from him: this resolution he rigidly kept for when his reputation was so great as to cause him to be looked upon as a being more than mortal throughout that part of the country and when he had in a measure retrieved his circumstances his father in law then offered him a few hundred pounds as a dower to his daughter and used every means in his power to bring about a reconciliation in vain.⁶⁴

About the year 1759 in the German War a woman residing in, or near, Hurworth, the place of Emerson's residence, had a husband in the army absent on the continent with his regiment who remained so long away that it was concluded by his wife and relatives he must be dead having never been heard of: in the interim a man paid his addresses to this woman and as much wished to marry her as she did him; but fearing that her former husband might still be alive and that he might return, should they marry, and effectually disturb their happiness, they were for a long time unresolved what to do: but at length the woman determined to visit Emerson and state the whole of her case to him and, as he was generally supposed to have a kind of supernatural knowledge and foresight, she did not doubt having her satisfaction as to the point in question. Accordingly one cold winter's evening having dressed herself in her best apparel she went to him and found him alone, warming himself according to his custom over the fire, sitting upon a three legged stool opposite to it with his knees almost into it and so near that he was obliged to wear a certain kind of armour upon his legs composed of two large pieces of the bark of a tree in its rough state tied on to keep the fire from burning his legs. In this position was he sitting immovable with his eyes fixed upon the embers and apparently deeply engaged in some profound abstracted reasoning. The poor woman drew near, he moved not nor observed her in the least; she drew nearer still, and still he noticed her not: at length she sat down beside him, yet was he unmoved: she opened her plaint and whole story; he remained immovable. At the end of her tale she paused; no notice still from the abstracted Emerson: she importuned again and again for a reply. Suddenly being no

longer able to bear her loquacity he started up, seized his three legged stool by one leg, brandished it aloft and swore desperately that if she did not instantly quit his house he would knock her on the head, at the same time exclaiming that her husband had gone to Hell and that he would send her after him. Tho' the woman ran out somewhat terrified, she was fully satisfied because Emerson had said her husband was in hell: she therefore went and married her present lover forwith [*sic*].

Emerson was accustomed to dress in a remarkably shabby manner: he was accustomed to walk to the market held at Barnardcastle carrying a wallet upon his back: he sat at the head of the table at the ordinary and had great deference paid to him by the company insomuch that should any body be speaking, even though very respectable, at a time when Emerson was about to speak, the company would cry 'hush! hush! Emerson's going to speak.'

A problem very difficult of solution that had been for some time agitated either in the Royal Society at London or some other such learned body without success was at length sent by a deputation to Emerson for his opinion concerning it. When the deputies arrived they found Emerson employed in thatching a barn: he was near the top of a ladder upon which, lower down, was a boy employed to hand up straw, etc. as it was wanted. The deputies declared the object of their mission and handed up the problem. Emerson without descending called to his boy to fetch him a trencher and a bit of chalk which were no sooner brought to him than he solved the problem on the back of the trencher with as much ease as expedition and returned it to the deputies who beheld the apparent poverty of Emerson and all that passed in perfect astonishment, which was by no means diminished on finding their difficulties removed in the most true and concise method possible. They wished him to name a reward; he would have nothing: but at length with great difficulty they prevailed upon him to come to their inn and sup with them, and on asking what he should best like for supper he declared that, in his opinion, there was 'nought better than a Gooise [*sic*] and gibblet pye' which was accordingly procured notwithstanding its singularity as a supper for the cocknies.

Fryer told me some others of less importance, all of which he had learnt from the best authority: he also told me of the rude conduct of Dr Townson when at Reeth, where he lived for three months sometimes at the inn and sometimes at Gentlemen's

houses just as he could come on: at the inn he was accustomed to behave so exceedingly rude to the maidservants, by pulling up their petticoats and proceeding to very great indecencies and in such a way as not at all to secure any kind of tender regard, that at last not a girl or woman in the house would go into the same room where he was – and to make the matter worse he never gave them anything. Fryer told me that he did not believe his whole expences for the three months amounted to ten pounds. His indecorous conduct in private families has now become almost proverbial throughout the conduct [*sic*] and it is no longer doubted that he has taken up the *nominal* execution of an History of Yorkshire merely as a means of gaining a livelihood by going from one gentleman's house to another and living as much as possible free of expence; this is the more suspected as he has not been observed to make any notes.

With such like discourse was the way beguiled 'till we arrived at Tanfield, the old tower of which with the bridge over the Yore had a very fine effect thro' the dim obscure light of the evening as it was now ten o'clock. Fryer having doubts as to whether we ought to proceed any further that night, we stopped at a small public house, had some brandy and water, and F smoaked a pipe; after which in consequence of hearing that a large club had been held at Masham and that the people at the inns would therefore be up we sat forwards again but when we reached Masham it was twelve o'clock and it was with difficulty that we gained admittance: however, we at length got some good supper and as there was but one bed ready we were obliged to sleep together – there is nothing more obnoxious to me than a male bed-fellow but as it happened Fryer laid very still and silent all the night.

FORTY THIRD DAY. JUNE 29.

This morning after breakfast we walked into Masham church yard, one of the first things in which that appeared to me worthy of notice was the fragment of an ancient column now used as a base for a sundial; it represented some curious rude sculpture of figures and other ornaments bearing evident marks of great antiquity: there is a tradition here that it was brought from some old abbey in the neighbourhood, most probably Fountains or Jervaux and perhaps at the time of the dissolution: it is a curiosity and as it is deserving of a drawing

and particular description when I come this way on my tour I shall defer any further account of it at present. There is nothing particularly deserving of notice in the church unless it be a monument of a knight and his lady and an inscription of no very ancient date on brass.

On our return to the inn Fryer introduced me to Timothy Hutton Esq. of Skelton Castle in the neighbourhood who was going at the head of his volunteers to church, and soon after we sat out towards Bedale.⁶⁵ The day was fine and our ride through a very rich country was truly delightful. Bedale appeared a neat market town with a curious old cross in the market place. We dined at the Oak Tree in Leeming lane, drank a bottle of wine and enjoyed the sight of our landlady's daughters who were very handsome and decorated in their Sunday hose. It was my intention to return home from hence by the way of Ripon, particularly as I had partly promised to see Brunton this day; but Fryer got me into his chaise as we were both in a frisky humour and carried me off towards Richmond. We called at Burniston upon the father of a young Cantate who occasionally studied mathematics under Fryer every year: we found both father and son at home, the former a fond, doting, rich and foolish fellow, the latter shallow and conceited tho' not without some acquirements, his name as I think Duffield, intended for the church. Wine of an excellent quality and cold roast beef were brought out. O the plenty and riches of Yorkshire. We got merry perhaps drunk. We carried off the Cantate and thrust him between us in the gig and rode off towards Richmond at full speed to the great edification and divertisement of the contry people. We galloped for severall miles, but our career was not immortal: to make room for the Cantat I sat on the very edge of the machine; we galloped over a heap of stones; I was hurled with a desperate clash onto the road, my left knee and thumb were laid open. I had my gun in my hand which occasioned my misfortune to be the greater; I was severely laughed at.

Dark when we arrived at Richmond. Miss my bag containing all my riches; my vexation; lame as I was went in search back again for 5 miles: Fryer and his pupil also hunt for it; find it by enquiry at the turnpike, a man of Catterick had it. One o'clock by the time we again reached Richmond; the uncomfortableness of the inn.

44th. DAY. JUNE 30.

Unpleasant sensations in the morning on finding that I could not stir; with difficulty and at a very late hour crawl out of bed and send for a surgeon. I ride on Fryer's mare while he and his companion walk to Easby Abbey: dine merrily at Catterick bridge; pleasant afternoon full of drollery and fun, the landlady knew my Grandfather Fothergill. Part from my friends, go by the Glasgow mail to Boroughbridge. The richness of the land on each side Leeming lane, some very good at 7/- per acre and some of the best at 14/-, still called the street. The extreme ill-breeding and behaviour of my coach companions at Burrough bridge during supper: 'agreable beef' etc.: hungry scotch servants going to get fat in England. Visit to the Flintoffs: have them to the inn.⁶⁶

45th. DAY. JULY 1.

Join with a gentleman in a post chaise to York: the whole a very expensive journey to me on account of my misfortune.

From the above day to the 88th., August 14, my time occupied in fishing excursions, reading, writing, drawing and the petty insipidity of our contracted circle of York visits, except the agreable episode of Miss Robinson recommended from Sunderland by M^{rs}. Tom Consett.

Journey to Carr End via Knaresborough,
Brimham Rocks, Fountains Abbey and
Middleham

89th. DAY. AUG: 15th.

The whole of this morning and best part of the afternoon was employed in preparing for my departure from York, and a little after 4 o'clock in the afternoon I sat out accompanied by my brother who went with me as far as the four-mile house on the Burroughbridge road. As nearly the whole of this distance lay along a road we were accustomed so frequently to travel when residents at Poppleton that [*sic*] it naturally called up many pleasing yet melancholy reflections on times that are for ever gone by: in particular we discoursed of those two excellent departed beings, our mother and brother Alexander, and indulged emotions which stimulated to virtue and the noblest exertions – collision like this wonderfully endears the parties concerned. At the four-mile house we drank Ale and Porter together and parted, my brother returning to York and myself pursuing the intended rout. I found my luggage exceedingly tiresome; it weighs 3 stone which is a serious weight to a pedestrian.

The whole distance from York to the foot of the rising ground upon which Green Hammerton stands is part of the Vale of York and consequently very flat, and though it is generally richly cultivated it is the most dreary and disagreeable part of the vale according to my taste, as there are few if any picturesque views 'till you arrive at the hill before mentioned from the top of which there is an enchanting view of the vale, city and minster of York with the blue wolds in the distance. At Skipbridge you cross the Nidd which is there narrow and very winding; the country immediately about Green Hammerton is divided into very large open fields, chiefly if not entirely arable which produce great quantities of excellent corn. It consists of a large Green having houses and trees on each side and at the end the manor house. It is called Green in contradistinction to Kirk-hammerton a larger village about a mile distant on the banks of the Nidd: nearly all the land on the hills here is lately enclosed. I took up my abode for the night here.

90th. DAY. AUG: 16.

At about 7 o'clock this morning I took my departure for Knaresborough. Perhaps there is no district in England that affords finer land than is to be found between these places; it is rich to excess and remarkably well watered and wooded, indeed so like a paradise is it that I could not but feel a deep sense of regret as I passed by Thornville Royal, a place at which I have spent so many happy hours, that its unfortunate owner should be obliged to sell so noble an estate. Had I such an one clear of all incumbrance I would not envy any potentate in Europe for it is much to me whether a man could not do more positive good in such a situation than in any other in life; but when we consider that such a man as Col. Thornton, possessing every natural requisite to constitute one of the greatest of human beings, should not only be degraded from the rank he ought to hold amongst the nobility and gentry of England but even obliged to part with the very means of his existence.⁶⁷ Its situation commands all that a gentleman could wish. Some account must be given of its original state as a priory afterwards as the seat of the old Mauleverers and its subsequent history.

Pass Goldsborough, a very interesting place, on my left. The banks of the Nidd as we approach Knaresborough assume an interesting appearance; it becomes a respectable river here and abounds with fish. The town of Knaresborough stands upon so high an eminence that the road gradually and continually rises to it for the last two miles. I arrived about 9 o'clock. The distance 8 miles.

After breakfast I went to E. Hargroves; he was not at home: I bought the last edition of his *History* (the 5th.) which possesses much merit, price 4/- after which I sat out for St. Robert's Cave, a place I have long wished to see on account of the murder of D. Clark there by Eugene Aram.⁶⁸ It is close to Grimbold Bridge and a very beautiful spot. I was disappointed in respect to the Cave itself being so extremely small; the entrance is not above 2½ feet high and I crawled in upon my hands and knees brandishing a pike in my hand lest some *varment* should rush out of the dark and moist spot: it is not much higher in the inside and of very small extent. Hargrove in his *History* talks of things I could not discover, such as steps on the outside leading to an upper apartment, no vestiges of which I could discover, crosses on the cieling, groves [*sic*] for

shelves, etc.⁶⁹ The whole place seems to be nearly filled up with rubbish. The cave is in a rock crowned with trees and close to the river, and when all the surrounding country was a forest it must have been a solemn, grand, solitary and terrific residence: perhaps the present cave was only an interior apartment and there originally was a building of some kind on the outside made of perishable materials. A little higher up the river from this place are some water mills so romantically situated that I could not resist the temptation of drawing them after which, and getting attacked by some rude boys on the other side of the river as I was drawing by stones etc. I returned to dinner.

After dinner I again went to Grimbald bridge and St. Robert's Cave: above the mills is Grimbald Cragg a huge and finely tinted rock that rises in an abrupt and extremely magnificent manner. It produced so grand an effect from the spot where its whole surface first burst upon me that I immediately took out my drawing materials but could not begin to colour it as my water vessel had met with an accident. Grimbald seems to have been a celebrated fellow in this quarter at some remote period and it is believed that he had his dwelling in the Cragg bearing his name as there are the remains of an hermitage in a cave on one side of it. He was in all probability a religious recluse. The scenery all the way from Grimbald bridge to the town is a most beautiful mixture of wood, water, rocks and hills disposed in a constant variety of succession.

The next place I arrived at was the Priory, that once was at least, but now a private dwelling house: there are some of the ruins of the old building scattered amongst the trees and rock overgrown with ivy but none of importance enough to be drawn; its situation for romantic beauty cannot be surpassed: Hargrove gives some account of it in his book.⁷⁰ The walk from hence to the town lies thro some bleaching grounds: nevertheless the fine scenery cannot be obscured. I never see any appearance of trade in scenes like these but I think of Mary Wolstonecraft's fine observations on this head contained in her letters from Norway.⁷¹

Arrived at the town on this side the first object that strikes the eye is a range of high and massy rocks, the lower part of which are excavated into houses and inhabited by labouring people: they have a curious and novel effect and resemble

similar habitations at Nottingham. What a tremendous crash of houses and men must here be in the event of an earthquake. One of my objects in this part of the town was St. Robert's Chapel which is likewise an excavation in the rock, the dimensions of which are accurately given in Hargrove's book; but he is wrong when he says the gothic sculpture is elegant for it is extremely rude and it is altogether very much inferior to a similar spot at Warkworth inasmuch as the son of a York mayor is inferior to the son of a nobleman. There are four very ludicrous heads hideously carved on the wall whether the nich over the altar [*sic*] was for the reception of a crucifix or an image I will not pretend to say: a pretty girl shewd it to me and I took a pencil sketch of it in the inside as Hargroves is a tolerable representation of the outside.⁷²

From hence I went to Steel the virtuoso in his way; he is a droll rascal and was so glad to see me that he offered me anything he had. I took a very fine etching, if I mistake not by Salvator Rosa,⁷³ for which after much ado I made him take a shilling and come to the inn for a quart of ale besides. Here I saw a Dundiver, Merganser and a similar Tern to my variety shot in Newby Park; perhaps it is a distinct species as this bird exactly resembled the one I drew: this was shot together with the other birds mentioned at Goldsborough near this place; the Dun diver etc. had probably come up the Nidd. The Fort I did not visit as it is only fit to amuse similar minds to its *noble patron* and besides I had seen it before some years ago.⁷⁴ I returned in the evening to my inn where I supped and spent the evening with a lot of travellers.

91st. DAY. AUG: 17.

Did not rise 'till seven, after breakfast went down the Nid and worked at the views I had commenced the day before 'till dinner time. Dined with a traveller after which I again worked at my views; returned about 5 o'clock: went to the Dropping-well to enquire about the time requisite to petrify certain substances. Birds' nests are encrusted in 3 months. I saw a Jack daw that was petrified in one year, wigs of various sizes which also required a year, a man's hat a year and an half, wood a year. The man who lives on the spot seems to think that wood requires a longer time than any other substance to become well done. The articles undergoing incrustation are placed in a cavity near the top of the rock where they receive

the water and are safe from thieves: the well or channel into which the water falls would likewise encrust in an equal degree but the owner is afraid to trust them there. The water springs at the distance of from 40 to 50 Yards from the rock and in its course passes under ground appearing again near the rock over which it falls, the greater part of which and indeed several neighbouring ones appear to consist chiefly of petrified or encrusted matter: the rock itself is most beautifully tinted and overgrown with beautiful moss and plants, its dimensions are given with tolerable accuracy by Hargrove.⁷⁵ As mother Shipton was born so near it as the bridge there is no doubt but the vulgar of her day believed there was some connection between her and the wonderful power of the water:⁷⁶ in rude eyes and when all this contry was a forest this well must have had a strange superstitious effect on the minds of the inhabitants. As I could not catch the castle in the same paint [*sic*] I did not deem it worth while to take a view of the well alone. So little now remains of the castle except its noble scite and I had seen it so often before, that I did not pay particular attention to that or any other of the curiosities of this place at this time.

Returned to my inn I found an agreeable gentleman arrived there who had seen and knew many curious particulars respecting Hatfield the celebrated,⁷⁷ one of which appeared to me so curious and such a happy illustration of the folly of a ridiculous belief in predestination that I cannot but remark it. He was a professed predestinarian and early in life thought himself convinced that at some period or another he must be hanged; having this presentiment and thinking that it would be impossible for him to avoid the fate marked out for him, he hesitated not to commit those crimes which were the means of producing the accomplishment of his destiny: he confessed that when he reasoned upon any unjust act he was about to commit that he never hesitated as to the guilt of it, because as he was to be hanged he would do something worthy of it. Notwithstanding this folly he was a man of extraordinary talents and so highly accomplished and insinuating that he easily imposed on all ranks of people. The stories that are told of him are innumerable but his insinuating powers were such that he could obtain whatever he pleased scarcely with any trouble: the very equipage he figured away in when he married the unfortunate beauty of Buttermere was obtained in

a fraudulent manner somewhat curious. Being at Keswick taking his pleasure, a gentleman of family and fortune arrived at Wood's inn where he was at with an elegant equipage. This gentleman happened to fall in company with Hatfield, then under the assumed name of Col: Hopetoun: the gentleman was presently so far fascinated by H. that he said he was only going into Scotland on a little business, after which he should take his pleasure and if H would accept a seat in his carriage he should be very happy in his society. H of course accepted the offer, hanging loose on society. On reaching Glasgow the gentleman told H. that he must go a little farther on business, that he would take a chair and leave his carriage for the use of H in driving about the neighbourhood 'till his return: he did so and never saw his carriage more for his back was no sooner turned than H ordered post horses to be put to the equipage and drove off with it and that was the very one he figured away with in Cumberland.

He had ingratiated himself so with the lower orders of the people that after his guilt was known they were fit to take arms in his defence, saying that from his manner and appearance he must be a *real gentleman*. Had he not been possessed of the aforesaid unlucky predestination perhaps he might have been a very respectable character, as it appears from his history that he had a good opportunity of becoming so when taking [*sic*] into partnership in the concern at Exeter.

A little after seven o'clock I bade adieu to Knaresborough and proceeded towards Ripley. The scenery which is beheld in every valley in this part of the contry is most delightful and poverty is the last idea that can enter the mind of a traveller here: the whole distance to Ripley (5 miles) is a richly inclosed contry except about a mile and an half over a moor (I think called Scotten or Brearton Moor) which only requires inclosure to render it good also; the Nid rolls its shallow and rapid waters through woods, rocks and meadows the whole distance on the left hand. I have observed that this river is remarkable for the great number of water mills situated upon it and the very romantic scenery on its banks all the way from its course at the head of Netherdale to its confluence with the Ouse at Nunmonkton and tho' its extent is so great I know of no

place where it is navigable for any other than small fishing boats.

I arrived at the Star inn in Ripley about half past 8 o'clock, made an excellent supper on Ducks and Peas and went early to bed.

92nd. DAY. AUG: 18.

Ripley is a poor small market town not larger than an ordinary village, but it is an ancient market town and therefore deserving of some respectability. If there is any thing worthy of notice in particular, I certainly did not see it except its charming situation in a rich valley well wooded. After breakfast I employed myself in reading and writing 'till about 11 o'clock when I prepared for my departure.

My road towards Brimham rocks lay along the same rich valley as heretofore 'till I arrived at a tolerably long and steep hill about 2 miles distant from Ripley; near the top of this hill I enjoyed a delightful prospect backwards into the vales I had left, in the centre of which Ripley, the church and the seat of Sir John Ingleby Bart.⁷⁸ appeared embosomed in wood and surmounted by hills of waving corn, rich grass and wood, at the bottom of which runs a gently murmuring and finely meandering stream.

Soon after I ascended onto a high open country chiefly enclosed with stone walls; the road had gradually risen for two miles when I arrived at a village long and straggling, the name of which I understood from a country man was Burngates, but looking afterwards into Hargrove's book I found he calls it Bond or Bound gates from the circumstance of these being the bounds of old Knaresborough forest on this side.⁷⁹ The contry man on the other hand told me they were called Burngates because the forest gates had here been burnt: however this is a matter of small signification. On the right I saw a large old house which was a free school endowed in 1760 by Admiral Long,⁸⁰ 'tis in good circumstances and has a tolerable library: all the houses in this village have an ancient appearance. I saw the date of 1653 upon one of them, the last on the left hand, the date in old characters immediately over the door. The views from the road are here very fine, there being two very extensive and rich valleys one on each side and beyond them a high range of mountains cloathed in purple heath: here for the first time I could plainly discern Brimham craggs boldly rising

at the distance of about 3 miles to the North. The road descended from its elevation into a woody vale from which I again arose onto a new kind of scenery. I left a farm called Brimham hall on my left and coming onto a moor enjoyed a perfect Scotch highland scene, smelt the fumes of a peat fire from a wretched hamlet, saw a bleak moor studded with stacks of peat and beheld a range of extensive moors and beyond them mountains upon whose sides danced the shadowy semblances of the clouds that rolled over them. Brimham beacon, situated upon a craggy precipice upon which also was seen a miserable hamlet, had a good picturesque if not a grand effect on my right. This beacon I understand is not now attended; having gone about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile on this common I forsook the Pately bridge road and turned up by the beacon onto the moor upon which stands the sublime ruins of Brimham rocks.

The first idea that could embody itself in my mind after the immediate shock had been felt by the first view, was that the genius of earthquakes here held her immediate residence and that she delighted in being surrounded by the mighty and awful emblems of her power, for which purpose the very entrails of the earth had been disrupted by the lightning of Omnipotence and strewn around the terrific brow of this mountain in every variety of misshapen mass, and sublime or terrific group. The rocks do not occupy a less space than 100 acres and they are placed upon a mountain so high that it overlooks nearly all those immediately surrounding it: from hence may be seen some of the most beautiful as well as the most sublime. The vale and minster of York distant about 30 miles, Knaresborough, Harrogate and innumerable villages, the great vale of Nid, Netherdale with the moors beyond crowned by the lofty summit of Wherside and Pendle hill, the great vale beyond Leeming Lane as far as Roseberry topin [*sic*] and the mountains of Cleveland. Roseberry topin is distinctly seen and it is distant upwards of 50 miles, the mountains of Hambleton and the blue wolds; in short from the awful brow of this eminence so many fine views may be seen in every direction that choice becomes confused.

There is a house built amongst the rocks for the convenience of strangers; I made towards it and found it inhabited by a fine old active man of 80 and a complet [*sic*] sybil whose manners and appearance were exceedingly entertaining to me. My first

care was to know whether or not I could procure a bed as my plans would be guided by that circumstance: a bed had been kept at this house for the accomodation of strangers 'till it fell to pieces and no other was provided so that I could not have one there. I soon perceived that I must not hope for comfortable accomodation of any kind during my stay here. I dispatched mine host to a neighbouring cottage, the residence of a weaver of line, to beg the convenience of a bed for the night: he succeeded.

I dined upon eggs and bacon, the whole provision the house could afford, and drank stale bottled ale; after dinner I went with mine host to view the more particular curiosities of the place. It is a common opinion that these rocks were the abode of Druids. Hargrove in his *History of Knaresborough* seems to insist on it.⁸¹ Whether or not the Gods of Druidical idolatry dwelt amid these gigantic and unknown masses of rocks or the mysteries of an heathen mythology were here celebrated is perhaps a matter of little real moment; but, it is certain that deities of a different order, more fascinating and rustic, now reign in the solitary recesses of the caverns and if the soul is not raised to the sublimity of a pure and holy religion, the senses and affections are at least charmed by gratifications of too attractive a nature, for hither resort at certain seasons all the rustic lovers of the neighbourhood, and many a tale of joy and woe is whispered in the silence of the spot. I could not help smiling at the simplicity of my guide when he told me that 'these rocks could tell strange tales if they could nobbut talk.'

The rock which Hargrove calls a '*rock idol*' absurdly attributing it (in my opinion) to the handicraft of Druids is certainly a wonderful effect of storm and time upon loose calcareous or friable matter, and at the first view the mind is convinced that it must be the work of art and made to resemble an immense vase; but on more mature reflection and inspection this idea is dissipated for every singularity of the rock may be found separte in various parts of these natural ruins. Its dimensions are pretty nearly as follows – height 18 feet – round the small part of the pedestal 8 feet and 2 Inches – round the thickest part of the body immediately above the pedestal 48 feet and 4 In: its situation is on the edge of the western precipiece as it faces the setting sun, and I had the satisfaction of beholding from this spot a most splendid departure of that glorious luminary to other regions.

Some of the rocks bear rude resemblances to the larger monsters of the forest and with a very little help of the imagination the spectator beholds where ever he turns his eye elephants, lions, bears and other beasts dispersed in various attitudes amongst huge columns and fragments of rock: the rocks and perforations stiled canon rocks are the most difficult to account for as they are long and cylindrical, traversing the centre of different rocks in different directions. For Hargroves opinion of these see his book.⁸² The highest of the rocks from its own base does not exceed 50 feet. Some very huge ones have been rifted into several masses, the surfaces of which would exactly fit together if brought to join: others stand like inverted cones upon square pedestals. I took some sketches of the most curious ones.

I had a great deal of conversation with my host whose name is John Spooner and he is a curious character and pretty full of information when with difficulty his mind is unlocked.

Though there are now no trees of consequence on this mountain (I saw but a young oak, an holly and an ash) it was formerly covered by a thick forest and filled with birds and beasts of chase. Subterranean wood is often found in the boggy places, the oak is generally in a fossil state, so hard and black that when cut and polished it is more durable and beautiful than the best ebony: a man not far hence had a table whose feet were made of this material which were particularly beautiful; but the fir wood which is more commonly discovered is of a very different and far more useful nature, it burns slowly and well, emitting a bright and steady flame: when a tree of this kind is found by a poor man it is cut into small, long pieces of the size of common candles or perhaps rather longer, and tied up into bundles which are made of two sizes, the small size is sold for 3^d. the large for 6^d. per bunch: they are used by the poor instead of candles during winter, being carried about the house and used in a similar manner; the root if cut off and laid upon the fire will continue burning for a very great length of time and seldom fails to emit a flame sufficiently bright to enable persons to spin in the dark winter nights. These trees are found in digging for peat which is the common fuel here. Very large ones are some times found

and of these much money is made by the way above mentioned.

This mountain is very high and is surrounded by others of so lofty an eminence and in particular Wharnside [*sic*] that Spooner can remember snow lying upon it 'till September. As I was drawing amongst the rocks, it being a cold wind from the north, I am pretty confident that a large flock of fieldfares came with the wind over my head, a very extraordinary circumstance for the 19th [*sic*] of August.

Goats were wild here 'till within these few years when they were found to do so much damage to the neighbouring farmers that they were all shot, and the rabbits also. Wild cats used to be very numerous in these craggs and they are now found rather too plentifully in Netherdale. Spooner has taken them in his fox traps of an extraordinary size. He remembers a large old wild cat being pursued by a pack of hounds 20 in number and being closely attacked it turned round and standing at the foot of a tree it defended itself with so much skill and courage that it presently vanquish'd the whole pack; for whenever any hound came within reach the cat struck a blow with so much force against the side of its head as to send it away howling and streaming with blood: in this manner it beat all the hounds and then ascended the tree in which it was again assailed by the larger brutes the men and being knocked down the hounds took courage from the courageous conduct of their lord and masters and men and dogs altogether fell upon and murdered the unhappy cat. A friend of Spooners found a cat's nest in an hollow tree in Netherdale; it contained two young ones that were blind; he carried them away and one of them was kept for some years at a mill in this neighbourhood where it grew to an enormous size in consequence I suppose of regular and good living, and was of a desperate courage and power: it was able to make an end of ordinary sized dogs with the same ease that common cats devour rats and mice. They are hardy animals in their wild state and generally affect elevated situations and always amongst craggs and precipieces or woods that border upon such. The chief characteristic is in the very bushy tail which is finely ringed with grey and black; the head small and round; the general colour a fine grey delicately streaked with black.

The brow of this hill on the north side is compleatly assailable by the northern storms and is very bleak.

Amongst other objects seen from these rocks is Pendle hill, at least the summit of it, immediately over Whernside.

There are a great number of Ring Ouzels here which are called Moor Ouzels, they arrive sometime in March and depart about Michelmas. I was glad to hear this as it confirms the migration of these birds as described by White in his *Natural History of Selborne*.⁸³ At Brimham they breed amongst the rocks and ling; few birds are observed on their arrival but when the broods are reared they are seen in considerable flocks: the cock usually arrives first, he perches upon some eminence and begins to whistle which he continues in a loud tone 'till he procures a mate.

I enquired for the Cairns or Tumuli mentioned by Hargrove.⁸⁴ I saw but the remains of two, they were situated about the centre of the moor upon which the rocks stand, nothing more than the base remained: there were several others of various dimensions, but they have been destroyed and the stones carried away for the mending of roads to save the trouble of breaking fresh ones. The general form of these tumuli was pyramidical or rather conical; the base was surrounded and supported by large stones standing 3 or four feet high: the usual number of these stones was 13. The tumulus itself was composed of a vast quantity of stones mingled with gravel or sand piled up in the form mentioned; at the very bottom and in the centre of such tumuli were placed the ashes or remains of the mighty chief it was intended to celebrate. I felt much irritated against the overseer of the estate that could allow of these tumuli being destroyed for the purpose of mending roads, when so many stones could otherwise be procured. I found the largest tumulus nearly 50 feet in diameter.

Old Spooner was in his younger days a famous hunter of all kinds of vermin and wild beasts, Foxes, Pates[?] or Brocs etc., but in particular the former. I therefore got some information from him by a system of questions. He was employed to catch foxes for all the considerable hounds in the surrounding country. He shew'd me the trap he generally used. It was a long square box about 4 feet long made something like a square spout, the inside resembling a long passage 9 or 10 inches high and as many wide. At one end was a door which pulls up in the inside by means of a string which is carried thro a hole and fastened to the other end by a stick

which is thrust in: when the fox arrives at the far end of the box which is grated, he meets with this stick and pulling it out, the string is loosened and the door falls down behind him and he is taken. [*Here Fothergill included a rough drawing of a fox in the Trap*] This is a very simple method, scarcely any art being used, as the Fox is starved into the box: the plan of taking them after this method is as follows. A Fox is traced in the snow to his hole in the rocks; the trap is then thrust into it, the door being of course to the inside and the grated part on the outside. If the cave is of larger dimensions than the box, which is usually the case, the vacant space thro' which the fox could escape is carefully walled up; this being done, no further art or care is necessary for it is easy to perceive thro' the grate at the end of the box when the unlucky fox is taken. The fox, which is perhaps of all animals the most crafty, immediately perceives the box to be a very sufficient cause of apprehension and will on no account enter it 'till the pangs of hunger compells [*sic*] him to venture into it as the last means of deliverance from his durance vile. Spooner told me that he has known old foxes remain for 18 days in their earth before they would take the box and he said there had been instances in that part of the contry when they remained 19 days, a great length of time to exist without support, if their cave afforded none. He said that he once caught a very large fox which had a tail of a pure white and that he sold it to a man who made much money of it by shewing it as a foreign wild beast at Beverley.

Having sat some time with old Spooner and the harridan and supped on an old milk cheese I sat out attended by Spooner as my guide, to the cottage in which I was to pass the night. Our way laid through the rocks; it was a very clear moonlight night and the scene was awfully magnificent; our path was very narrow winding and exceedingly rugged; it wound amongst some of the largest rocks that appeared through the pale light of the moon as the ruins of a world: occasional Caprimulgi flitted across; these birds are common and breed here. Old Spooner was a picturesque object leading the way with a large staff in his hand; his grey locks, fine countenance and bending attitude tho' of healthy old age were in perfect unison with the scenery. I followed in profound silence, deeply enjoying the pleasing solemnity and grandeur of the spot and carrying a pike in my hand, not knowing what kind of a place I was going to pass the night in.

In due time we stopped at the door of a low cottage. It was inhabited by a person I think of the name of Robinson; he was a weaver of line and the house chiefly inhabited by men. Spooner left me in their hands. I slept or rather tried to sleep in a room on the ground floor (indeed I believe there was no other floor) filled with line and lighted by a very small window thro' which I could see faces looking at me after I had got into bed: had I not some degree of confidence this might have alarmed me. I thought the sheets were damp: I therefore got scarcely any sleep and passed a very restless night.

93rd. DAY. AUG: 19.

Rose between 6 and 7 o'clock, gave the people of the house a shilling for my bed and went up to Spooner's house to breakfast. It was a very fine morning and the sun shone brightly. I therefore enjoyed that beautiful effect in landscape which Beattie so exquisitely describes in his minstrel, which is the beams of the sun chasing away the mists from the smoaky lawns.⁸⁵ York minster appeared very distinctly from Spooner's door at which I sat enjoying the scenery and the exhilarating [*sic*] morning air 'till breakfast was getting ready by the old dame within. After breakfast I immediately commenced my drawing and made several sketches of the most interesting parts of the rocks, Old Spooner standing by all the time entertaining and instructing me by tales of his youth and anecdotes of vermin and hunting.

Amongst others he told me a remarkable instance of cunning in the Fox. One fine moonlight night in the depth of winter, being in the fields, he saw seven foxes enter a large square inclosure altogether; in the centre of this field was a poor hare endeavouring to feed thro' the snow. The foxes watched it for some short time, when they appeared to hold a council of war and at length seperating, they each went and took its appointed station, going all round the field and compleatly surrounding the hare: they contracted their circle by degrees 'till the unfortunate hare was compleatly hemmed in and prevented from escaping; the foxes had taken this method in preference to a general pursuit because they were aware of their inferiority of speed. The hare was not apprehensive of foul play 'till closely invested when, attempting to leap over the circle, she was seized and instantly fell a sacrifice to the body of foxes, who bore her away in

triumph to the edge of an adjoining wood where they halted and Spooner was a witness to a general engagement which ensued amongst them to decide which of them should become the sole possessor of the prey. After a desperate battle, one old fox of a large size and grey with experience, which seemingly had commanded the whole body, after great exertion became the victor, beat the others from the field and bore away the hare in full trot down a large field.

Spooner, delighted with what he had seen, took no further steps that night; but on the following morning he visited the field of battle which being covered with snow shewed the various evolutions and marks of a desperate combat; but his object was to trace the conqueror which he easily did on account of the streams of blood that proceeded from the poor hare and marked the footsteps of the despoiler. Having pursued it for some distance he came to a spot beyond which it was evident no footsteps had wandered; here to his great surprise he beheld a pile of snow of a pyramidal or conical form, having the outward surface carefully smoothened and compressed. Round the base were the marks of the foxes [*sic*] feet: he opened the tomb of snow and at the bottom he found the identical hare he had seen destroyed. Its head and neck had been eaten off; in other respects it was entire and of a very large size. Another very curious circumstance attended this singular event: at first Spooner could not perceive any traces which marked the retreat of the fox from this place where it had deposited the hare, seeing no footsteps but those by which it had arrived; but at length on a close inspection he discovered that the fox had with the utmost care and attention retrod its footsteps, particularly avoiding any new impression on the snow in order I suppose as much as possible to prevent a discovery of the place where its prey was deposited.

Spooner said that it was a great perfection in a terrier dog to have a very sharply-pointed nose and a deep breast. He recollected the circumstance of old Col. Thornton⁸⁶ raising his volunteers in the time of the rebellion of 1745 and was with them in camp for sometime [*sic*] near Bedale; he related a story which, if true, is very singular, and which was known nearly to the whole army on its return. It was related by the natives of the country immediately about Culloden moor that on the very day 12 months preceeding [*sic*] the decisive battle fought on that moor between the English and the Rebels a vast

number of the common house-sparrows assembled on the moor and fought so long and so desperately that the ground for a considerable space was strewn with the dead, insomuch that many people who witnessed the circumstance took up many skuttles full, amounting in the whole to several bushels: this was told to the British army after the victory in a superstitious manner.

Spooner gave me some account of Mr. Yorke of Richmond⁸⁷ who resides some part of the year in this neighbourhood and who has built a mock ruin above a rocky precipice in Netherdale, an account that gave me very great delight: he is a gentleman of ancient family and very good fortune, perhaps not less than £20,000 per annum; the greater part of this sum he regularly expends in ameliorating the condition of indigent poor and indeed the whole lower class of the community: he never allows an opportunity of healing the sick, feeding the hungry and cloathing the naked to escape him; it is said that he merely reserves from his income sufficient to support his own family, all the rest is expended in the above manner. I was told several anecdotes illustrating this high character.

About 4 o'clock, having finished all the investigation I thought it necessary to make on this curious and very interesting spot I took my leave and proceeded towards Ripon. Spooner accompanied me with his faithful terrier 15 years old: he went about 2 miles with me to point out a shorter road and he seemed a good deal affected at parting with me. I admired and felt an attachment for this poor old man who by nature possessed a mind very far superior to many others in a higher sphere in Life. We shook hands vigorously and parted, about the middle of Sawley moor, from which I enjoyed some enchanting views: rich valleys the tower of Fountains Abbey, Ripon Minster minster [*sic*], the vale of York, wolds, Hambleton hills and towards the north Roseberry topin, the hills of Cleveland and extensive moors; and to render this walk yet more interesting, several broods of muir fowl, which if I mistake not Burns calls the 'whirring gor cock'⁸⁸ rose in my path and whirled their buzzing flight before me. This moor abounds with the Tetrao Scoticus or Common Red Grouse.

About 4 miles from Brimham I passed Grantley on my left, the seat of William Lord Grantley the owner of Brimham.⁸⁹ the situation is delightful and the land rich but I did not visit it. A little further I turned off on my right through the fields

towards Studley, intending if possible to sleep there instead of going to Ripon 'till I had finished at Fountains Abbey, fearing my being delayed by meeting with Brunton; my walk was very delightful through feilds [*sic*] highly cultivated and through a considerable part of Studley Park. When I arrived at Studley I was chagrined to find that I could not have a bed there. I was therefore obliged to go forwards to Ripon, which I found filled with people of almost every description, it being the annual feast of St Wilfrid which lasts some days. I was sorry to arrive at such a public time, but I nevertheless marched through the mob with a lofty air much to their edification and divertisement, they being altogether at a loss to conjecture satisfactorily concerning me. It was evening and I was too much fagged to call on Brunton or do much that evening.

94th. DAY. AUG: 20.

After breakfast I wrote 'till about 11 o'clock when I sat out for Studly[*sic*] with my drawing utensils. At the inn I filled a small bottle with brandy and got a sandwich; these provisions I took with me because there is no place to dine at there. Being arrived at the Abbey I was some time in determining what point of view first to take it in. At length I fixed upon the west, chiefly on the account of losing part of the vast dead wall seen in most other points of view: besides this has the advantage of shewing a good specimen of the architecture of the whole in an artist-like manner.

Over the west window taken in this view is one of the various allusions to Thurstan Archbishop of York found about this abbey; such are curious remains of Monkish wit, if they are really intended as puns which it has always been said they are. This is merely a thrush standing upon a Tun. Thinking from the size and sculpture of the supposed thrush that it did not much resemble the bird so called, when I was here some few years ago I hinted it to the person who conducted our party round the grounds: he instantly replied to my suspicion, 'Lord bless you, Sir, why don't you know thrushes were bigger in them days.' I laughed heartily at the man's simplicity and said no more.

At the south end of the cross isle on the outside of a high narrow gothic window which I have drawn in one of my views is another allusion to the name of Thrustan [*sic*] and as I

suppose another specimen of monkish wit: in this sculpture are also represented a thrush and a tun, but in this an angel is introduced between the bird and the tun holding the latter in its hands with outstretched wings; the tun bears the initials [blank]. Perhaps the introduction of the angel may here be meant as some kind of atonement for the liberties which had been taken with the name of Thurstan. It may be that a Thrush and a tun might be the fit emblems of some peculiar qualifications or traits of character in Thurstan: to clear this up it will be necessary to consult his memoirs further than I am at present acquainted with them.

The best parts of this Abbey are strictly kept locked up: I could therefore only visit those parts which were open. Amongst these were the Cloisters which are beyond all comparison the best and finest I have ever seen: they are about 300 feet long and 36 wide, being supported by 21 pillars allowing the two end ones which are but sections. These pillars also differ from those I have hitherto examined; however their form will be the best seen and known from a reference to the sketch of the inside of these cloisters, which I attempted notwithstanding the great difficulty of managing aright the complicated perspective and I am so ignorant scientifically of that art; but in these cases I always go by and depend upon the accuracy of sight unaided by rule. The river or brook that runs by the abbey and which is called the Skell passes under the south end of these cloisters, running with a fine murmuring noise through a covered arch way of about 4 arches but I was sorry to find some of the arches giving way and I fear that in a short time hence a free passage from one end to the other of these cloisters will no longer be open. Cows are allowed to come in here which are one principal cause of their demolition: thus a few paltry cows are suffered to destroy one of the finest buildings in England.

The situation of this abbey is very happily chosen. Both wood, stone and water are close to the scite. It is very strongly built: the great tower I think will yet stand for some ages if no foul play is used, tho' there is a crack on the east and west side. Its decorations have been elegant if not very rich. Kestrils (*Falco Tinnunculus*) breed every year in the great Tower in a place not easily accessible, it being on the very top of the wall. I saw the old birds frequently and heard them feed their young often, the latter making a great outcry on that occasion.

I took my leave in the evening and returned to Ripon thro the Park and by Studley: this Park is a fine study for many of the larger kinds of forest trees where beech, elm, oak and chesnut grow to the utmost luxuriance. I have discerned an effect here I have seen no where else: the lower branches of many trees, chesnut and ash in particular, here fall straight down nearly to the ground, hanging in the most elegant festoons whilst the tops grow strong and upright. This circumstance is principally observable in the low covered walks and must be owing to weakness in consequence of being too thick and perhaps in moist situations.

On my arrival in Ripon I dispatched a messenger for my friend Brunton to come and sup with me, but he was gone to the play. I spent the evening with a pot-bellied ignorant traveller.

95th. DAY. AUG: 21.

After writing a little when breakfast was over, this morning I called on Brunton. I found him in his shop culling of simples. I thought he looked ill; he is not calculated to live long I am clear off [*sic*]. I felt grieved at his appearance tho' we were glad to see each other. I agreed to dine with him and he to sup with me, after which we walked to an hill at the east end of the town now called Ell-shaw-hill: it is one of the largest tumuli I have seen and is ancient. I have made frequent enquiry respecting the Ellscroft mentioned in history as being near York where Ella King of the Northumbrians was slain by the Danes and could never discover any name or tradition concerning it.⁹⁰ Hargrove supposes this place to be the one alluded to and Ellshaw hill the tumulus erected over him and his followers slain there.⁹¹ The supposition deserves consideration and credit; perhaps it is the only feasible origin for this hill: that it is composed of layers of gravel and human bodies is beyond dispute, as may easily be discovered by perforating the sides; and the surface where the herbage has been torn away is even now covered with human bones or fragments of them that are very old. A single tree grows on the top apparantly [*sic*] of late growth. I therefore do not believe in the truth of Hargrove's theory respecting the etymology of the word shaw, as I understand there never has been found any remains of old wood here. There are other tumuli of lesser magnitude in the neighbourhood.

I went and dined with Brunton; at table I met a very stupid youth of his acquaintance. I begin to suspect B is extremely vain and has too high an opinion of his own talents, being at times very obstinate in error; but at present it would be bad policy in me to combat him much as I think he would not bear it. His botanical and chymical knowledge I *suppose* is great from repport [*sic*] tho' I suspect much of it to consist in *technical names*, a kind of wisdom I have a very mean opinion of. Today also after dinner I thought I perceived full and sufficient evidence when a little in his cups that he would like to be paid for any little information he may add to my work; if so let him in God's name commence author himself and have a taste of the trade. However the day was pleasantly spent and in the evening he went and supped with me. At table were many travellers and what I have hinted at above was more forcibly evinced: he appeared ridiculously vain and affected; however I allowed him to cut up and make as much fun of the travellers as possible, nay I gave him a lift where I could. The evening was spent in regard to us two very agreeably: I like him, with all his faults he is far superior to the mob.

96th. DAY. AUG: 22.

Immediately after breakfast I proceeded to Studley and Fountains. I began to colour a little bit of my west view, did some more at my cloister view and began one of the south end of the cross isle on the outside. I heard Ravens and saw several Kingsfishers [*sic*]. I also heard the *Motacilla simplex*. I dined at Studley on a very nice cold dinner.

On my return to Ripon I found Brunton waiting for me to go and sup with him and to meet Mr Haigh a surgeon.⁹² I accordingly went but the evening went off rather dull. Haigh was stupid and one of B's sisters, the most disagreeable of the two, fished too much with her eyes. I should not forget to note that on this evening before I went to Brunton's he introduced me to a Mr Gordon who resides at Fountains' hall and is a steward to Mrs Allison⁹³: he seemed an intelligent man and invited me to dine with him that next day, an invitation I gratefully accepted. I very much liked the first impression made on my mind by this man. This evening also I wrote to my uncle William to

inform him of my approach to Carr-end and when I proposed being there.

97th. DAY. AUG: 23.

I was eager to set out to Fountains Abbey this morning. Today I went thro' the grounds and at the first gate borrowed a key of the Abbey which I had not before done. I would take no guide through the gardens though it was many years since I saw them before. If the formal square and round ponds and walks have a bad effect, the statues certainly have not as seen thro' different openings in the trees. Besides, it would be a circumstance of great regret should this ground which is a fair specimen of the old English and Dutch style of gardening [*breaks off*]

When got thro' the gardens the walk of a few hundred yards to the Abbey lies along the banks of the Skell, a beautiful small beck running close by the abbey: I saw several Kingsfishers on this brook. I took a drawing of the tessalated floor of the altar table: the low floor is about 27 feet long and 18 feet broad, the upper or small floor containing the most minute work in the drawing is 16 feet long and 10 feet wide. The shafts which support the arches of cross aisles are peculiarly elegant on account of their thinness but they have been surrounded by 8 small columns each. There is a figure of a Knight Templar either a Mowbray or a Percy, it is thought the latter, that is now thrown on one side: it is ancient and did a few years ago cover a stone coffin to the right of the altar: the coffin is now in its original place, open and to be seen, about 6½ feet long. There are some inscriptions which must be made out on my return.

Quitting the church, which appeared to me about 350 feet long, on the left hand door from the altar I came into a court 120 feet square, now pleasingly laid out in a garden: on the left hand side of the court is a door into the cemetery called here the chapter house, in front a finely arched gate way into the refectory, on the right and opposite to the cemetery one into the cloisters and over that the dormitory: this is a tolerably perfect and a very interesting part of the Abbey: the garden in the court has a beautiful effect and notwithstanding the opposition of many men of approved taste does credit to the steward Mr. Gordon. It has

originally been a bare court or perhaps a garden, therefore what impropriety can there be in its being a garden now.

In the cemetery are several tombs of abbots with inscriptions chiefly in Saxon characters, some altogether illegible: on one the following appeared clear 'Hic requiescit Dominus Johannes 10th. Abbas de Fontibus Qui Obiit VIII Die Decembris.' Mr Gordon opened two of them a few years ago but found nothing save a few mouldring bones. I pressed him to open the remaining ones but he seemed to have no relish for it: here are the remains tho' imperfect of tessalated pavement; the whole floor has been covered, the pattern neat, in some places beautiful, but too imperfect to deserve drawing; there are also the remains of some columns which have supported the roof long since fallen; these columns are of Derbyshire blue marble containing limestone bed with petrified substances. All round the feet of the walls of this cemetery are two steps one above the other, I suppose for the purpose of enabling spectators to see funeral service or any other that might be performed. For dimensions and other particulars respecting the rooms of this Abbey see Farrar's *history of Ripon*.⁹⁴ The architecture and elegance of the church is very much inferior to that of Rivaux.

I staid in and about the ruin 'till one o'clock when Mr Gordon came to me and carried me home with him to Fountains' hall to dinner. The appearance of this building is extremely venerable and compleatly 'a ghostly hall of gray renown'; it is situated about 2 or 300 yards beyond the abbey embosomed in a woody vale on the banks of the same Skell. It is a fine specimen of the style of architecture used in contry houses in the reign of Elizabeth. It was built in or about that reign by Sir Stephen Proctor out of the ruins of the Abbey at the time of dissolution [*illeg.*] some after however. It has square towers at the two ends, then the two old fashioned gables, one on each side the centre tower. The windows, except a very few modern alterations by its present owner or resident, are very large stone casements with small panes. The outside is curiously decorated by figures, supposed on the ground of tradition and probability to have been taken from the Abbey. A balcony over the principal or front entrance has the old and clumsy balustrade adorned by five Statues of rude sculpture: according to the inscriptions on the pedestals, they severally represent Joshua, Judas Maccabeus, Augustus

Caesar, Julius Caesar and Alexander of Macedon, a strange mixture. Below these in two niches on each side over the door, are two exceedingly rude and weatherbeaten statues, one of Mars, the other of Saturn eating his children, having got one by the leg in the act of eating his foot. There is a curiously carved gateway at a little distance from the house leading to it: on the left side of this is the inscription 'Benedicite Fontes Domino' which Brunton supposes to be meant as a pun upon the Abbey of Fountains.

In the dining room is some of the most ancient tapestry I have seen and it is in good preservation; three sides of the room are occupied by it: on one is represented Thetis giving directions to Vulcan concerning the armour of Achilles, the next is Ganymede, the last the Rape of Proserpine. The chapel is a large room; the principal window is filled with painted glass representing the arms of various considerable families which are minutely described by Hargrove:⁹⁵ over the chimney piece which is altogether a curious and rude piece of sculpture is carved the Judgement of Solomon in rather a ludicrous manner. The ground behind the house is so high and so closely joins the back of the house that there is a door opens from the fields directly into this chapel for the accomodation of contry people coming to worship, notwithstanding that to the front of this house it is three stories or thereabouts above the ground.

I was extremely hospitably entertained by Mr Gordon whose kindness and affability I shall long remember: amongst his good cheer he gave me some of the best and strongest ale I ever drank; it was seven years old in cask and of a deep brown, the compleat brown October of Thompson;⁹⁶ he had older in the cellar.

Mr Gordon who from the nature of his situation as Steward must have been well informed assured me that there is about 600 acres in these gardens and Park. Mr Aislaby gave £20,000 gs. [*sic*] for the Fountains' estate not many years ago: he gave far more than it was worth merely for the sake or at least principally so of joining the Abbey to his grounds: this gentleman also left in his will 1000 pounds per annum in order to keep the gardens in repair.

There is an ancient stone building on the Skell amongst trees between Fountains hall and the Abbey which has doubtless been built and used as a mill by the monks. Kites breed in the

woods here. I heard it cry frequently; it much resembles that of a child.

In the evening went to the yew trees on the opposite side of the hill from the hall under which the monks dwelt before the Abbey was built; they are six in number and very great curiosities; there were formerly 7: the largest of them measures in circumference [*sic*] 26 feet: they have every appearance of being at least 1000 years old and they must have been considerable trees when the monks sheltered under them in the 11th or 12th century. They are close to each other and probably the parents of the many other trees of the same species all about this neighbourhood, mayhap propagated by the famous Robin Hood who for a long time haunted this neighbourhood. There are several dates about the Abbey, one of 1483 or 1283 I distinctly read. I returned to Ripon after a very pleasant day about eight in the evening and had Brunton to sup with me: the evening was very agreeably spent.

98th. DAY. AUG: 24.

After breakfast got my baggage ready for departure. Saw some Yeomanry Cavalry drawn up in the market place for inspection; they are commanded by Lord Grantham.⁹⁷ Went and stood in Brunton's shop talking to him whilst he was culling of simples. He told me of a curious custom formerly and indeed within a very few years that was observed here on the removal of any of the inhabitants out of one street into another or on one coming to reside in the place: the person so removing was obliged by the custom to set a table at the door of his house in the street and place upon it ale and bread and cheese for his neighbours and others to partake or for any passengers in the street; this was to stand for a stated time. Brunton remembered his own father doing it. To save myself the trouble of writing them here I may refer myself for topographical particulars respecting this town to Hargrove's and Farrar's *Histories*.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock I set out for Tanfield: the country rich, fruitful and woody; occasional glimpses of the Hambleton and Cleveland mountains. I stopped at the Grange about 4 miles from Ripon to call on Col. Dalton with whom I have corresponded on the subject of Ornithology. I was sorry to find him not at home: I however was delighted by the sight of two of his children, young girls, playing under a tree, with

the most beautiful countenances [*sic*] and musical voices I ever saw and heard; they appeared about 3 or 4 years old and were perfectly lovely and fascinating. A little further on I passed by the seat of Col. D's father on my left.⁹⁸

Got to West Tanfield to an early dinner, after which walked to Thornborough Moor where are several ancient encampments of very large dimensions, some being 300 feet in diameter, being circles surrounded by Mounds. There was a roman station on this moor; it is now chiefly enclosed and is arable land of a good quality: the platforms of most if not all the encampments themselves are ploughed and produce corn. Whether or not these camps are Danish and have some connection with the etymology of Tanfield or Tanefield perhaps remains to be proved.

In the lane leading to the above moor I met a woman who seemed unusually amorously inclined which presently unsettled me, but however I got away untainted tho' I could not help regretting my coyness when too late to recompence [*sic*] her profered [*sic*] kindness. Hargrove is tolerably accurate in his account of the chief encampment.⁹⁹

On my return to Tanfield I took a sketch of the remains of the Castle which consists of one massy square tower on the banks of the Yore near the Church: the bridge here tho' a good one of three arches has no particular curiosity or beauty about it. The river here abounds with fish, particularly Umber Trout and Salmon; the latter species has been taken here of 20 lbs. weight, and the distance from the sea is at least 100 miles. In the church are several curious and ancient monuments of the Marmion family, one tolerably fine one in White marble I think it will be necessary to draw.

The houses in Tanfield are in general old and ill built. On a stone over the door of the sexton's dwelling about the time of the revolution are these words:

Si Floreat Religio^s. Vivo
M.B. 1668

It is a long straggling village not uninteresting and situated on the North bank of the River Yore. I believe the manor belongs to the Earl of Aylesbury. I quitted it for Masham rather late in the evening: the view from the hill behind into the vale of York is very fine; the scenery to Masham through a rich and well cultivated contry is fine. Put up at Lightfoot's the King's head at Masham.

99th. DAY. AUG: 25.

From an eagerness to be forwards I defer my remarks etc. here 'till my return: the column of sculptured grit in the church yard is a curiosity of great antiquity and tradition says it came from some neighbouring abbey at the dissolution. Men, birds and quadrupeds are represented in different attitudes upon its sides.

About half way between Masham and Middleham on the right of the road are the remains of Jervaux Abbey, but they are now scarcely worth visitting; for melancholy to relate nearly the whole has been destroyed for the materials to mend roads with. What will the lovers of antiquity and all wise and good men say to this when they are told, in aggravation of the crime, in many people's eyes, the sacrilegious crime, that this is a contry abounding with stones and every necessary material for the making and mending of roads. Of Jervaux Abbey nothing now remains save a few low dead walls and a single gateway which appears to have been a private door into the church, the pediments of some of whose grand columns may yet be seen amongst the rubbish: that which I judge to have been the cemetery [*sic*] was not long ago converted into a kitchen garden, in doing which several curious stone coffins with inscriptions were found: many of these have been carried away and converted to various mean purposes; I have drawings of a few with the inscriptions.

The contry people have assured me of a subterraneous passage leading from this Abbey to Mr Scroope's house on the other side of the river, being at the least a mile and an half distant, passing under the bed of the river Yore from the banks of which the Abbey is distant about 250 yards.¹⁰⁰ The course of this passage it seems has been proved by the circumstance of a mans actually going from the Abbey by its means to the house in question.

Perhaps the very gateway I have mentioned, tho' the only ornamented or beautiful piece of architecture about the place, would also be dilapidated unless it were that it serves as a door into the garden planted upon the hallowed cemetery. It is the property of the Earl of Aylesbury.

From hence to Middleham 5 miles; the several fine views of the Castle burst thro' the trees on this road, back'd by the mountains of Wensleydale: the sun made a glorious set and wrapped the woods, the hills and vale in a magnificent yet soft

and subdued glow of a golden hue. I put up at the White Swan in the Market place, Mrs Burton's. I now come to a curious adventure: a girl waited upon me at my first entrance into this house whose person had a strange and a strong effect upon me: her face was not particularly handsome but her person was nearly perfect in feminine beauty if not elegance; her bosom but partially seen thro' a muslin handkerchief was of a whiteness I never saw paralleled [*sic*]. Consequence of her charms: a strange part of my constitution that I tremble so extremely and am so violently agitated in the presence of fascinating beauty; can scarcely eat. I was so far fired that I could not resist the impulse I felt to become rather warmly intimate with this girl. I had the fortune to make considerable impression upon her; her temperament was very warm and easily worked upon: I succeeded quite as far as I wished this evening.

A little before dusk I walked out and view'd the Town, Castle etc. I saw a vast number of Bats playing over the stagnant water of the inner moat and observed a circumstance I do not recollect before noticing. I several times saw the Bats dip in the water like the common swallow and when I threw stones at them they avoided the blow with an incomparable readiness of wing.

Above the chief market cross is another called the swine market which is [*sic*] has a kind of building in the middle consisting of a flight of steps on each side and upon the top at one end is the rude representation of some animal, probably a boar, and at the other a kind of vase. It appears ancient and has something of this form [*a small sketch of the structure is inserted here*]. There is also a piece of sculpture in the back wall of an house adjoining the Castle of a crucifixion tolerably done: this was said to be taken out of the castle; if it was it most likely stood in the chapel; perhaps it came from Coverham Abbey. Tradition here says that the Prince, son of Richard, was born in that angle of the Castle pointing to the market place and which I have drawn in my sketch. I saw the remains of a large apartment in it: there is a room underneath now occupied by a carpenter or sawyer.

I saw Capt. Brear at the head of about 100 of the Middleham volunteers which form part of the Loyal Dales Volunteers, one of the finest bodies of men, about 1600, to be found in Europe, under the command of Col. Strawbenzie of Spennithorne.¹⁰¹

It was dark when I got to the inn again: successful with my nymph; partly make her promise to admit me. In the middle of the night I rise and grope my way to her room; find another girl

sleeping with her; a tickle business to manage her attitude asleep; it makes me more imprudent. I fear her making an alarm on being awakened; am saved that way tho' it is with great difficulty I get between the sheets: occasional alarms from the damsel on the other side of the bed; my precaution to discover which was my inamorata before getting in by feeling etc. I stay about two hours and spend the time in great part as I had wished.

100th. DAY. AUG: 26.

Rose by no means refreshed this morning from the adventure in the preceeding night, neither did the appearance of the object of my disquietude serve at all to compose me. Nevertheless after breakfast I sallied out.

On the summit of the hill above the Castle on a very high eminence is a kind of encampment said to have been raised by Cromwell and on which he is said to have placed his cannon to batter down the Castle, which is now a vast unmeaning pile of dead and mossy wall frowning upon one of the most beautiful vallies in England. The market place of Middleham forms so curious and singular a view that I took a pencil sketch of it. The whole town is composed of ill built wretched houses except a few belonging to some persons in better circumstances. This was Monday and the market day but so small a market that I was led to enquire the cause. Leyburn has got it from Middleham principally because the Badgers or corn dealers could not so conveniently come to Middleham because of the bad roads and there being no bridge over the river which they must cross to visit Middleham but not to Leyburn. There is some talk of pulling down the Tolbooth; my drawing will therefore be valuable.

From the church yard is a fine view both up and down the vale; from one part I could see the windings of the river Yore in 10 different places at once: the river is here nearly as wide as at York tho' so distant, and it abounds with fish. In one of my walks I was surprised to find near 100 fishing rods, being hazel or willow sticks about two yards long each, stuck into the banks of the river at the average [*sic*] distance from each other of about 12 yards. To each of these rods was a line about the same length having two large hooks baited with dew worms: on enquiry I found that these were for the purpose of taking eels, but I was surprised to find nobody watching them; near a

large town they would soon disappear: these rods took up a space of about half a mile or more: trout and grayling are taken by the fly and minnow.

The church is a plain and very uninteresting building: there is nothing curious in or about it save a stone of rude sculpture marking the burial place of Robert Thornton, an Abbot of Jervaux and the second dean of this church: there is an inscription round the edge or margin of the stone but it was half covered by a new pew and in such a dark situation that I could make little or nothing of it, but it would seem as if monks were fond of hieroglyphicks as on this stone there is a kind of episcopal staff having a cap or coul upon the top, then R.T. on each side, and at the bottom a tun as emblematic of the termination of Thornton, as in the case of Thurstan at Fountains.

A promise had been made me by dint of assiduity that my innamorata would admit me this night; but when I got up between 12 and 1 to put my scheme in practice I was sorely disappointed by finding the door quite fast and had the mortification to hear the short breathings etc. thro' the door. I returned to my bed much chagrined and got little or no sleep the remainder of the night.

101st. DAY. AUG: 27.

After chiding for my disappointment last night and breakfasting I sat out for Coverham Abbey in Coverdale. It is called Careham by the contry people. It is distant about two miles from Middleham, the road leading over a part of Middleham moor to the left. Coverdale is a sweet rich valley watered by the little river of Cover and bounded by mountains of fine and rude outlines; the valley and hill sides are not deficient in wood; the views are soft as well as grand and beautiful.

The Abbey is now alas nearly no more: *time* has not even been allowed fair play for the barbarous hands and orders together of its present owner has nearly destroyed it:¹⁰² if he wanted stones for a wall, the abbey was applied to, or for any other purpose on his estate: a little before I got there he had torn up and broken a long and otherwise perfect inscription which he had the impudence to shew me lying in broken heaps in his yard and grinning over it the barbarian told me he had plenty of stones without much trouble: the knights templars on each side his garden gate; different inscriptions: a part fell

down not long ago so large that upwards of 150 load of stones were taken away to clear the road it fell onto. From the small remains I had difficulty in pitching upon a view worth being taken: the houses and barns here were all built out of the far fallen edifice. This is perhaps a striking instance of the impropriety of low men coming into the possession of wealth: here is a rude unlettered barbarian put in the possession of property such a wretch could never know how to value. To save the trouble of a little, perhaps 200 yards further, for stones when he had occasion to build a wall or other convenience he would attack the abbey.¹⁰³ The ground plot of the Church may yet be traced: it is situated in a very low hollow place and several hundred yards distant from the River Cover, a narrow winding stream down the . . . [*sentence incomplete*].

There is a church here containing nothing particularly worthy of notice: its situation is very pleasant on a considerable eminence near which is a fine clump of trees. A very singular circumstance occurred to me here: as I was drawing saw a young lady run by me twice but we scarcely saw each other much less spoke; a little before I went away, the woman who lives at the house behind Mr Lister's came to me and asked if I was married: I replied in the negative, somewhat surprised. She said the young lady was mightily smitten with me, with a great deal of nonsense. I treated the whole as a joke and took no further notice of it, but went to examine the inscriptions etc. about the house; the two knights templar that came out of the abbey one on each side the garden gate. I rather think the chief motive Lister had for preserving these was that he thought he might sometime or another get some money for them: as we were looking at them he turned to me with a rascally penurious smile on his countenance and said 'Aa shouldn't woonder boot at yar tarme ar anoother sum Gemman of firtun wad gie mer maybe one ar twea hundred pund for these aud chaps.' He then carried me into his house which is a very good one and shewed me a drawing of Coverham Abbey by Halfpenny of York.¹⁰⁴ It was not good. I refused refreshment and made a hasty retreat. On my return to Middleham employed myself in drawing and writing 'till evening.

This night I again made my attack on the Seraglio and was successful to the height of every wish an impassioned lover could indulge: several hours were spent in pleasures too great for long endurance and about 4 in the morning I sneaked back to my own bed, weak and exhausted yet my bodily languor was not of a

disagreeable nature, if my mind could have been quite easy under such circumstances.

102nd. DAY. AUG: 28.

Languid from want of good rest for three nights and more particularly from the fatigues of the last night I rose not 'till late and then unrefreshed. After breakfast I walked to Coverham to finish the view I had begun the day before. I saw nothing of the lady before mentioned but was entertained by the poor woman with the same kind of nonsense as on the day before and how the lady wished me to see her etc. I returned to Middleham to a late dinner after which I drew and wrote. In the evening was very much surprised to receive a note from a lady signing herself Mary Waller (see the letter) making an appointment. I reply and engage to see her: go a circuitous route to avoid giving suspicion to my fair one at the inn who laughed and evidently suspected something of the kind when she put the letter into my hand. Meet the lady; her dress; she carries me into a back bed room; her pretended story about her brother in law in the navy: I see her drift; shut the window shutters for fear of being overlooked: is sent for to tea; appoints a meeting in the church yard in half an hour. I go and wait; she comes; we walk onto the Moor. She gives me her history; a particular account of her marriage at Gretna Green with an Officer. I perform that which she so much wanted in a thicket in a Gill: she declares a most violent attachment to me; offers to live with me in any shape together with all her property; says she shall be for ever miserable if I do not take her and I know not what else. I scarcely know how to answer her and it was with great difficulty I got away at a late hour by promising to see her on the following evening. I run stumbling along to Middleham in the dark much agitated with the singularity of the adventure and fatigue together. Nevertheless I cannot resist the temptation of revisiting my fair maid at the inn as my way is now open: I spend most of the night with her bathed in sensual bliss 'till near daylight when I returned quite weak to my own bed.

103rd. DAY. AUG: 29.

Felt myself very unwell this morning on my rising thro' a want of rest for four nights: my fair one would with great difficulty take a little money I gave: I made her take it however, paid my bill and proceeded towards Carr-end.

From Middleham moor is one of the finest views in all England into Wensleydale: windings of the river Ure, Spennithorne, Leyburn, Wensley, Bolton Park and Castle, West Witton, woods, meadows, cornfields and mountains. It appears a perfect paradise. I dine at West Witton – fine girls there. Aisgarth foss appears to the greatest advantage at a distance; the best view from a temple lately erected by Mr. Anderson.¹⁰⁵

I went down to the water side and followed the course of the river all the way to Aisgarth Bridge: cannot meet with any particular views I much like but am too ill to be pleased with any thing. Observed a great number of the round holes and perforations about Aisgarth foss which have so much occupied the attention of Natural Philosophers: what my uncle William has conjectured respecting them I think very rational: he supposes, as is the case, that a number of small loose stones collect in certain crevices of the rock, that in high floods the water whirls these round and round with a velocity sufficient to wear away the holes which contain them, gradually deepening them. As a great proof in favour of such a notion these holes are generally if not always filled with stones whose aridges [*sic*] have evidently been worn off by violent friction in a circular funnel.

Aisgarth is a wretchedly built place. I stopt to get a pint of Ale both here and at Baynbridge: at the latter place the landlord went with me to shew me a nearer cut towards Carr-end and when he knew my name he observed with sorrow that there never would be such another man in the Dales as my Grandfather Alexander was, so generally beloved, respected and admired was he by all ranks of people who could estimate his worth.

On my arrival at Carr-end I found a letter from my sister E. informing me of Samuel's proposed visit to York. I answered this letter immediately, saying how glad I should be to meet him any where.

Carr End and Upper Wensleydale: Excursion to Richmond and Middleham

104th. DAY. AUG: 30.

After breakfast walked to Park Scar with my uncle; sweet water fall about a mile distant from Carr end, on one of the tributary streams of Crooks beck: its height is about 70 feet in one cascade, tho' seperated in two parts. I took a view. There is a smaller fall and a very beautiful one about a quarter of a mile above it called high Park Scar; about half way down its fall it is broken into a number of steps that have a beautiful effect; a young plantation just made on the east side; some picturesque rocks and trees. I here shot a Water ouzel and saw several *Motacilla Boarulas*: Water ouzels breed here and sing in the very depth of winter while sitting under drifts of snow: coming back my uncle told me a curious anecdote and shewed me the spot where it occurred: the water of crooks beck rose so high as to inundate a hole in which a sand martin had her young ones which came swimming out as a person stood opposite fishing: a large trout rose and swallowed one of the martins; the fisherman observing the circumstance and fishing with worm threw his line in the manner of a troll; the same trout took the bait: when taken out of the water the fish was opened and the young martin appeared in its stomach. My uncle knew the man who saw the bird.

My uncle says that in the winter wrens nestle in the swallows and martins' nests under the eaves of houses; he once counted nine going into one; before entering it, they usually collect on a wall or some other eminence near the nest and tho' it is in the depth of winter twitter some kind of song, which is soon finished when the little birds go into the nest one after the other. It appears that wrens do not always make use of moss or the same materials in the formation of their nests but to adapt their nests according to the materials at hand: near Bradford they not unusually build in bank sides and wall up the front of the hole in which they breed with clay; at other times they use straws or bents entirely without any moss: when they build in hedges I have observed that they use scarcely any other

materials than green moss, unless it be a few bents as a threshold to the hole of entrance by way of strengthening the whole.

105th. DAY. AUG: 31.

Was very much pleased this morning by a sight of my Cousin Alexander's drawings of birds¹⁰⁶; tho' they want a certain freedom and spirit that a perfect master alone can give yet they are minutely and well executed. Walked with my Uncle to the margin of Semer water where I took a sketch of his house etc. It is plain that this lake which now at low water covers a space of no more than 105 acres, for my uncle measured it, once occupied the whole bottom of this branch of Wensley dale and the name of the little town of Marside [Marsett] now about a mile distant from the head has evidently been derived from its situation on the margin of a meer. Crooks beck, which is a chief contributor to the waters of Semer lake, is formed of three distinct streams, one which tumbles over Park-Scar, a second that comes out of Raydale and a third that comes down from the hills towards Ure and passes by Marside. In heavy rains this beck rises rapidly but as quickly subsides and it continues thick but a few hours except the rain is continual. The fish fare well in this beck in heavy rains on account of the vicinity of mountains [?].

A female of the Black moor game was found sitting upon her eggs a few miles to the north westward some few years ago. Stags in ancient times must have abounded here: my uncle has the fragment of a horn of unusual size but I can attribute it to no other than the red-deer: by the brow antler it measures eight inches in circumference and by the next antler about 6½; a little above that 'tis broke away; 'tis near 2 feet long: it was found in digging near the low end of Semer water by the bridge; the workmen might have destroyed it, there is a deep spade mark in it; it is nearly calcareous. Not far from it was found a broad palmated part of an horn that probably was an Elks but the workmen and [sic] broken it so much that when my uncle saw it he could scarcely make any thing of it. On the north bank of the Ure in the head of Wensleydale is a place now called Stagsfell.

All this contrey was so thick a forest that it is now a prevailing tradition that the wood was so thick all the way from Nappa to Raydale above Semer Water that a Squirrel

could pass the whole distance without touching the ground by jumping from tree to tree; and there is yet a custom practised in Baynbridge during the winter which proves it yet further: a man blows a horn at 10 o'clock at night on a particular stone; this is for the purpose of informing any persons within hearing who might be lost in the forest where they were; this man is supported by begging at certain seasons of the year amongst the inhabitants in support of the custom. There is a place not far hence to the North called Wild-boar fell.

There is a superstitious notion in these parts that the Heron becomes fat at the full of the moon and gradually becomes lean again as it declines. If there is any truth in this notion it must chiefly be owing to this birds being able to see to feed in the night when the moon shines and not at other times.

King James 1st used to hunt deer and other game very much in these parts and on his way to or from Scotland was always a guest at Nappa where he w[a]s most hospitably entertained by a Metcalfe. A few years ago (for my uncle has sat in it) there was a stone seat between two large upright stones a little above Counterside under the crag, in which this monarch was accustomed to sit whilst Metcalfe who was an excellent hunter drove the game down and across the hill before him. There was also in Raydale house before it was pulled down or enlarged by its present owner Mr. Pierse, a room called Jam's Parlour owing as tradition says to its being King James's room when he visited this part of the dale. King James was so frequently and so expensively entertained at Nappa that he one day told Metcalfe he was certain that it must be very expensive to him and wished to make him some recompence: he therefore asked him what he would have and it should be granted him. Metcalfe replied that if his majesty would give him a pup out of the bitch Nell he should think himself highly repaid together with his magisties [*sic*] condescension. Be it known that this was an excellent hound given by Metcalfe to King James but a short time before. It was either this Metcalfe or another who when High Sheriff met the judge from York with a vast number of relations and tenants and all riding on white horses.¹⁰⁷

Description of the Water Ouzel: length 8½ Inches, breadth 12½ Inches, bill to the corners 1 Inch, mouth wide, bill black; nostrils in the base, near the edge of the mandible and linnear—tho' the bill bends downwards towards the point, there is yet

a hollow in the upper mandible near the base; irides hazel, lids white; upper part of the head and neck a mouse coloured brown or russet brown. The feathers on the back, scapulars, wing coverts and rump are deep ash colour with black shafts and broad black margins, the quills and tail feathers dusky black: Bewick is very wrong in his description of those parts of this bird.¹⁰⁸ The throat, neck and fore part of the breast a pure white exactly resembling a neat and uniform tippet; the lower breast and fore part of the belly ferruginous; sides deep ash colour tinged with black, vent dingy black, front of the legs and feet pale dirty blue, hind parts brown; the legs are rather long and with the toes and claws very strong; the claws are brown. The body of this bird is flat and muscular.

The deepest part of Semer water is about 15 yards according to my uncle's measurement in the deepest part.

106th. DAY. SEP: 1.

The crayfish is very numerous in this part of the contry; they were originally brought here from the South of England by one of the Metcalfe family: great numbers are annually caught in the streams and Semer water and sent to the principal watering and other places in the neighbourhood.¹⁰⁹ The cray-fishers principally live at Baynbridge; their mode of catching them is as follows: a stick of about 2 yards long with a line of common pack thread of the same length; the bait is usually dog's flesh tho' beast-livers are sometimes used; dog's flesh is not said to be used because the fish prefer it but because it is the cheapest; of this flesh a lump of about half a pound weight that it may last long is fastened to the length of each line; when the flesh is *very* putrid it will not do. Several rods and lines being thus prepared, they are set in the haunts of the fish which are generally moderately deep places, always amongst stones or hollow banks, at about 5 or 6 yards distance from each other; when they have remained long enough in the water, perhaps half an hour, the fisherman begins at one end of the row and suddenly raising the bait from the bottom no higher than just to admit his cray net underneath to catch those that are hanging to it he draws the whole out together and not unfrequently finds 20 hanging to it at a time: he has no sooner taken them off than he returns the bait to its former situation. If he was to draw the whole out without putting his net under so soon as he had raised it high enough, the fish would all drop

off before he could land them as they hang only by their claws and not by their mouths. He goes in this manner throughout his line of rods. Almost every fisherman has a store chest in which he puts the success of every nights fishing 'till he has sufficient to take to market. This is a large square chest, bored full of holes and being sunk in the pool or stream is moored to the bank by a strong cord.

The cray fish will live along [*sic*] time out of the water. It looses its shell every year like the lobster. It is a favourite food of the Otter, fragments of its shell being often found in the dung of that animal half digested. The best time for cray fishing is in the night and the most experienced fishermen begin in the evening. The autumn alone is the season, generally the months of August and September alone: several hundreds are sometimes taken in a night. They are very common in the Ure about this neighbourhood but how far down is perhaps uncertain.

This being Sunday I went to meeting at Baynbridge with my uncle and cousin Jane; they rode I walked: we had a sermon from William Sowerby; tho' delivered in a plain and rather too coarse a manner it was excellent and reached me considerably; I thought myself better for it and made resolutions I could sincerely and ardently wish I might or could keep. Returned in the rain to dinner occupied by serious and religious reflections. After dinner my uncle shewed me some birds most excellently done by Sydenham Edwards and some fungi by Bolton.¹¹⁰ I spent part of the afternoon in looking at my grandfather's records; they are very interesting tho' they relate rather too much to money matters and petty details.¹¹¹

There was a man who lived at Baynbridge gifted with the Second sight, he is but lately dead: he saw people before their death etc: one of his seeings so nearly resembled one related by Boswell in Scotland that I cannot help noting it.¹¹² Being in the fields near Marside he saw a funeral coming down from Buske [Stalling Busk]: the men who bore the corpse did not carry it thro' a gate the usual way but went thro' a gap in the wall rather in an out of the way place; soon after they appeared no more. This he related. In a little while after a man died at Buske. It was winter and so deep a snow that his corpse could not be carried thro' the gate before mentioned it being drifted up with snow; it was accordingly taken thro a gap broken

down in the wall exactly in the same place and manner seen and described by the man in question.

It may be recorded as a proof of the honesty of the natives of these parts that there is a house near Baynbridge that for a great number of years had neither lock nor other fastening upon the doors that could keep out a robber notwithstanding that it was inhabited by a substantial farmer who frequently kept a considerable property in his house.

Receipt for making spawn, a most excellent bait for fishing particularly for trout in muddy waters, but this fish will also take it in clear water. Get remarkably fresh spawn of Salmon the nearer ripe and the larger the better; put it into a bason and pour hot water, but not boiling, upon it, wash it quite clean from all fat, skin, strings etc; take the water from it immediately upon its being clean, then drain it in a cullendar, which done put it in a flat dish or tin dripping pan; cover it over with salt – it cannot be too well salted – place it within a moderate distance of the fire, observing to turn it often over 'till it is sufficiently hard and dry and of a consistency enough for using, then pot it for use.

There is a curious custom yet observed at Askrigg, celebrated in the month of August, which has been observed for a great number of years. A lady who had been severely crossed in love and disappointed of her spouse died and left a certain piece of land to a particular person or persons to be holden by the legatee or legatees so long as he or they should give a garland of flowers to the young men of Askrigg to be run for on a certain day up a very steep hill: the competitors have no other reward than the flowers and honour tho' they usually have a dinner given them: 'tis said the lady left this singular legacy in order to burst the false hearts of men by running up so steep a place. The flowers are usually begged for in the neighbourhood.

107th. DAY. SEP: 2.

Immediately after breakfast this morning my uncle and I set off towards Hardraw to see the scar and fine waterfall there. My uncle rode and I walked. It should seem that when this part of the contry was covered with one continued forest, there were few oak trees, as all or the greater part of the fossil wood that is now found on the moors and in the bogs consists of Birch and Alder trees; some few oaks have been discovered

in the valleys which have probably grown in those warm sheltered bottoms where there is a tolerable soil, for I much question the possibility of their growth on the hills and moors: the oak that has been discovered is black and nearly in a fossil state.

Having ascended for about a mile towards and to the left of Counterside we turned close round the edge of a crag behind my uncle's house and descended into the vale on the other side thro which runs the winding Ure: the towns of Butterside [Burtersett], Hawes, Hardraw etc. appeared before us beyond the mountains of the north grouped in fine picturesque Scotch like views. Butterside is a village very pleasantly situated on an eminence about half way up the side of a mountain from the Ure. Hawes is about a mile further, lower down in the valley and nearer the river; 'tis a good (for this part) and an increasing market town. Here is a book club at the head of which is my uncle: a little further on we crossed the Ure, I over a foot bridge my uncle thro' the water. It is here narrow and evinces its no great distance from the source. Had Ovid described this river and the Swale he would probably have feigned some violent attachment between the two, as their sources are close to each other: probably they rise from one spring, and flow parallell [*sic*] to each other, seperated only by one line of hills 'till they again unite below Boroughbridge. Trout must be indigenous.

We now ascended all the way up to Hardraw having the fine precipice of Stagsfell before us. It is singular that there are now no remains of the great forest which covered these parts, as it is yet within old people's remembrance that bells were hung about the necks of cows when turned out, that by the ringing they might be found again in the fastnesses of the forest; and I was shewn the bell house so called from a bell which formerly hung there and which was rung every evening about sun set to give warning to lost strangers or inhabitants within hearing. The large guns with grained sights were likewise kept all about this neighbourhood for the shooting of Stags when they descended from the hills.

The village of Simonstone consists of but a few houses: we called at one of the best, inhabited by a particular friend of my uncle's who received us very kindly and hospitably: his name is Thomas Harrison; his wife was a quaker tho' he himself is not one. He is an elderly, sedate, orthodox, tall, lean, hard

featured, warm hearted through a thick husk, well informed man.

Just as we were setting out to the fall after having taken some refreshment, Dinsdale a young artist came in and joined us; he has only just returned from a tour in Scotland where he had been to improve himself in landscape painting which he has lately taken up as a profession from a violent bias in its favour: he has merit and is improving; he is descended from a family of this country; his father farmed Nappa for a long time. He is a short, stout, large featured, tolerably handsome youth apparently about my own age and he was dressed in a scotch Tartan dress.¹¹³

We proceeded to the fall of water, Harrison as we went entertaining us with stories of those unfortunates who had perished by falling over the scar or precipiece. The water that falls over the precipiece comes out of Fossdale Gill and is one of the tributary streams of Ure. At Hardraw scar after having formed many little cascades higher up in the dale, it forms by much the grandest cataract that I have seen in England. It is by admeasurement about 100 feet high falling in one unbroken torrent from the top of a most beautifully tinted rock of limestone and grit into a deep rocky bed below, winding for several hundred yards through broken fragments and grey rocks of high elevation tufted with trees and bushes 'till it passes Hardraw and gains the Yore. Harrison hearing me call it a fine fall, 'It isn't a fall but a cataract' said he, thinking I insulted it. Here as at other high falls of water, there are beautiful rainbow-like reflexions created by the sun beams operating on the spray that rises to a great height. I saw this and all the falls in the vicinity in great perfection as there had been much rain of late.

Several kinds of Hawks breed in the rocks by this fall. It was here that the Peregrine Falcons so often endeavoured to breed.

I do not believe there is a place in England where there are so many fine and beautiful falls of water within a given space as about Carr-end. Besides almost innumerable small ones almost in every rivulet, may be named the following that are well worth the notice of a stranger.

Mossdale – one grand one and 2 small	
Cotterfoss	20 feet
Hardraw Scar	100 feet

Aisgill near Ga[y]le

Hawes Bridge

Bow-bridge

Mill Gill 60 feet

Arthur Foss 60 feet

Aisgarth Foss – 5 large falls and many little ones one
above another for a mile's extent

High Park Scar

Low Park Scar 60 feet

Startling Scar

Low Foss – 3 grand falls altogether 100 feet

Burton in Bishopsdale¹¹⁴

The greatest distance of those named is about 7 miles, but by far the greater part are within a much less distance. Many of them have a petrifying quality similar in nature if not quite equal to the well at Knaresborough: in several places I saw fine and very large specimens of Petrified Moss and roots of trees. Of the latter my uncle has noble specimens that came from Aisgarth Foss, being the production of one of its tributary springs whose waters fell over the roots of trees 'till it so loaded them with incrustations that they fell down; two of them in excellent preservation are now at Carr-end: this is a good proof in favour of the notion entertained by the Keeper of the well at Knaresbro' who annually destroys the very beautiful moss that so finely adorns the rock there, under the notion that if it remained it would gradually become so heavy as to pull the rock which has already started several feet into the river and thereby totally destroy the wonder of the place.

On the rocks at Hardraw I caught the male and female of a scarce species of spider with ringed legs. Here are three immense piles of stones, that nearest the fall is the most singular having several upwright [*sic*] stones on the top and is called the cross: many of the people in this neighbourhood suppose them to be artificial, the work of mens hands, but in my opinion this is very idle. I saw nothing to induce such a belief; it is nothing more than a curious effect of some violent convulsion of the earth: the name of cross has been given it from the singular grouping of the topmost stones and this heap is perhaps 50 feet high from the level of the brook below. I saw several Boarula's and some Water ouzels here. We

returned by the village of Hardraw to Harrison's house to dine.

There is an old hospitable custom or rather saying sometimes yet observed in this part of the contry: a guest when dinner is put on the table is told that it's boarded, which is meant to signify that he must need no further ceremony of invitation but help himself. Thus it was told me at T. Harrison's and a good meal I made.

After dinner we were again joined by young Dinsdale and we all proceeded towards the falls of Cotterfoss, highly esteemed for its picturesque beauty. On our way near Hardraw saw a sight very common in this contry, a number of men, some of them young and hale, and several women mixed and sitting together in a row on the outside of a house knitting with astonishing ease and rapidity, generally without even looking at the work to see how it went on. This is a common employment throughout the dale and made no less profitable than advantageous as a means of employing persons who could not work so well at other handicraft. Old persons and very young by this means assist in every family towards the general purse. I hav[e] s[ee]n girls of 7 and 8 years old knit without looking at it. In Somersetshire alone have I seen an equal proportion of knitters.

In most of the villages of the North are Summer trees planted. It is a single large tree of oak, ash or elm that is planted in the centre of the village for the purpose of admitting under its shade on fine summers evenings the old, young and middle aged who sit there and enjoy themselves in various ways according to their age etc: this custom is well described by White in his *Selborne*.¹¹⁵ A fine tree of this kind, there called a summer-tree, I saw in Baynbridge.

The water running at Baynbridge comes from Semer water, but tho' a single stream does not take the name of Bayn 'till it reaches a small gill about half a mile below Semer water: but to return, Cotterfoss is a sweet fall of water on a rivulet called Cotter which joins the Yore about half a mile above Hardraw; there is also a mountain not far from the fall whose end that way is called Cotter-end: the fall itself is not high (about 20 feet) but so beautiful as to induce Mr. Wortley, husband of the celebrated Lady Mary W.M., to say on viewing it that he had seen nothing equal to it throughout his travels in the finest parts of Europe.¹¹⁶ But this is certainly an exaggeration tho'

Cotterfoss is a very beautiful cascade, much broken, surrounded by old trees.

After I had taken a sketch of it we returned to Simonstone and drank tea. The conversation resting chiefly between my uncle William and Harrison who talked like old people of old times; from this conversation and from that I had with my uncle on our return to Carr end in the evening I select the following as worthy of note. Wild Swanns have been frequent on Semer water every severe winter; 27 were upon it at once, forming a most beautiful ornament to the lake for three weeks, and they might probably have remained longer had they not been repeatedly shot at and two or three of them killed: my uncle shot one and had it dressed but he described it as ordinary food. Woodcocks are not numerous in these parts for want of proper woods and springs; nevertheless one would probably have bred in the woods behind Carr end had it had a mate, as my uncle besides others saw it three times on one day, the 5th. of June 1804. Attempts have been made for copper between Butterside and Hawes; two old shafts now remain near the road concealed by young plantations; the vein was soon lost and the search relinquished: spar and remains of ore abound in the stone walls about them. In digging for gravel at a small distance west of Butterside were found many skeletons and several curious pieces of armour, the greater part of the latter were sent to Dr. White of York.¹¹⁷

Harrison told me that one of the Metcalfe family commanded and fell at the Battle of Agincourt.¹¹⁸ It is a family so old in this dale that even tradition is at a loss to conjecture at what time they settled in these parts. It was either the above or the one which so frequently entertained James 1st. in his hunting parties, that was called the Black Knight of the North and who was a great favourite at Court.

It appears that within old people's recollection the Black Grouse was common on these moors, but it is now extinct here; yet within a few years past, a hen was covered by a net, as she sat on her eggs only a few miles from hence on the moors, by a person who was going a fishing who had a pointer with him that stood at the bird, which was covered by the net.

When the Dinsdales farmed Nappa there were several pieces of armour and some remains of fine painted glass in the hall.

Many of the poor families in this dale are very numerous and the population principle in many cases is so active that the contry is not able to find support for all the inhabitants, insomuch that a

great part of the youth when old enough are compelled to migrate. Perhaps from a cause like this Pratt of Askrigg derived his fortune: his father and uncle were both poor – poor to excess – and one or both of them were carriers of coals from the next coal pits 'till the uncle either from choice or necessity went to London to seek his fortune; he succeeded in process of time in getting to keep a public house in Gracechurchstreet [*sic*] where he made his fortune. He early foresaw his success and had persuaded his brother, the father of his favourite nephew Jack, not to bring his son up to any business as he had not a doubt of maintaining him as a gentleman without; he accordingly left him his property at his death and as far as money goes did make him a gentleman, tho' the property was not large and Pratt was frequently hard pressed: his horses were his grand support. The story of his selling Rockingham when drunk – to apply to Rose for some anecdotes of him.¹¹⁹

The evening was moonlight and we had a sweet journey back to Carr end. After supper I got some account of the fish of these waters from my uncle. See my papers.

108th. DAY. SEP: 3.

Drew and wrote this morning 'till dinner, after which accompanied my uncle a fishing in Crooks beck. Spawn was our bait and it was killing. In a short time I caught 9 and my Uncle 5 nice trout. I wished to draw one but the colours fade so soon after death that I could only sketch the outline of one this day and prepare for colouring it tomorrow if I could get another.

My uncle tells me that water rats have not unfrequently been known to take Anglers' baits; he knew of two instances, one in the Ure and one over the Cam, while fishing at the bottom and they made regular fish like bites; the bait was worm: I have myself sometimes had bites when a fishing that I could not catch and which I thought could not be fish; perhaps they were water rats.

The name of the high mountain at the foot of Semer water is Addleborough: at a considerable height near the top on the South side is a tumulus of very large dimensions composed of a vast pile of stones: there was formerly a tradition here that when the Romans occupied Brough at Baynbridge they were conveying a large quantity of gold in waggons over this mountain, that the waggons broke down and the contents

could not be removed before the Romans left this part of the contry, but to prevent others from reaping any advantage from their misfortune, they covered the whole up with the immense pile of stones now remaining. About 50 years ago two labouring men, slaters, being poor and having little to do, they were brothers, one night set about a search after the gold; when they had got about half way through the labour they recollected it was said that a large clocking [*sic*] hen, the devil without doubt, sat upon the treasure to guard it; this being the case they were alarmed and stopt their work 'till they could get the assistance of a *wise* man who resided at Baynbridge to help them. The secret was imparted to him and provided with a large mysterious book to read in whilst the men worked, they all repaired to the spot; the men worked and the wise man read 'till they got nearly to the bottom of the tumulus, here called *stone-raise*, when sudden[ly] all the stones began to shake and rattle in such a terrifick manner that the men stood apalled and did not dare to proceed in the work 'till a considerable time elapsed, when with fear and trembling and every moment expecting the clocking hen, they got to the bottom; but instead of gold only found a small hollow place containing several human teeth and a large bead, probably an amulet or charm: no other bones appeared; maybe they had either been burned or perished thro' time. The man who told my uncle this circumstance was on the spot and he declared that the stones as certainly shook as he was a living man.

It is here traditional that the Romans had their summer camp on the top of this mountain and their winter one on Brough hill below. What a grand and lofty situation commanding all the surrounding contry for a camp? Bones, Urns etc. are frequently found in these dales.

109th. DAY. SEP: 4.

Immediately after breakfast went out to catch a trout to colour my drawing from. I caught five presently and before I got one large or beautiful enough to colour from. I ran home with it immediately and coloured my drawing as accurately as I possibly could; it was a difficult subject and constantly varied in its colours as it faded. This drawing occupied me 'till dinner, after which I worked at the drawing of my water ouzel and wrote 'till evening.

My uncle tells me another story respecting the conversion of my uncle Samuel differing from the one I have heard; how in his gay days as he was riding in Cheshire, he saw a child lying in a rut of the road directly in the way of a loaded waggon; the driver was asleep and he could not get up to the waggon in time enough to wake him before it arrived at the child, when to his surprise the horses of their own accord turned out of the way and saved the life of the child; after they had passed it, they again returned to the middle of the road. This had so much the appearance of an immediate interposition of Providence on behalf of the child that Samuel received religious impressions and convictions that led to the glorious effects afterwards so universally admired. He rode after the carter and whipped him 'till he awoke and then he told him of what had happened.¹²⁰

110th. DAY. SEP: 5.

This morning I obtained a fine Crayfish to draw which I began upon immediately: this animal is not fond of deep waters but affects shallow, clear and rapid brooks: it changes its shell every year and in its habits and manners exactly resembles the lobster.

Stone walls without mortar [*sic*] are the usual fences in this contry: they are stronger and of longer duration than superficial observers would imagine and the art of making them is very curious. It is made a part of the education of husbandmen or labourers or datal men, and a man of this sort would not be thought capable of fulfilling his station without this accomplishment, as no landlord would be willing to let his land to a farmer who could not make up in a workmanlike manner any gap or breach that might accidentally occur in the fences; for, if he could not, there would be a necessity for new fences in every few years. There are however men who make wall-building their chief profession and so far as I could learn the following methods are observed. Great improvements have of late been made and more skill and knowledge of mechanics [are] observable: a section of a modern stone wall in these dales would form something like this appearance [*see page 114*]. When the wall is raised according to the above figure about 20 Inches from the ground (observing to keep the width or thickness of the base from 24 to 30 Inches, tapering gradually to the top where it must be left about 15 Inches thick) a large flat

observable a section of a D.D. modern stone wall in these valleys would form something like this appearance



When the wall is raised according to the above figure about 20 Inches from the ground (observing to keep the width or thickness of the base from 20 to 30 Inches tapering gradually to the top where it must be left about 15 Inches thick) a large flat stone that will reach thro' the wall & is abt. 3 In. thick is then laid on & in the above section is marked A. 1. These stones are called throughs - three of them are used in the perpendicular of one of these walls & are put in rows 20 Inches above each other the first being as I have observed 20 In. from the ground - they strengthen the wall & render it firm - the third - A. 3. is put on the top & upon that

stone that will reach thro' the wall and is about 3 Inches thick is then laid on and in the above section is marked A1: these stones are called *throughs*. Three of them are used in the perpendicular of one of these walls and are put in rows 20 Inches above each other, the first being as I have observed 20 Inches from the ground; they strengthen the wall and render it firm; the third, A3, is put on the top and upon that perhaps a row of stones; when the top *through* is not used, a row of stones set obliquely is thought to be the best. In building these walls a frame made exactly of the same form as the section I have drawn is used, to which paralell lines are fixed as a guide to the workmen.

The price of labour for this work is now from 2/- to 2/6 per rood: men will sometimes contract for the leading of stones, labour and every thing else necessary for the completion of the work; in this case the price depends upon the situation of the place, varying according to the distance it is necessary to lead the stones. But this contry is not like the Plains of Egypt where no stones are to be found!

When a wall is built running round a hill side the form marked Fig: 2 is used for an obvious reason: the average height of these walls is about 6 feet altogether. Fences in most contrys [*sic*] governed by the materials at hand.

In the afternoon I went to Park Scar to colour my view of that fall: whilst I drew, my uncle fished with the long line fly and caught near a dozen little trout. It is a curious circumstance that trout are found above such high falls where they must have been indigenous or aboriginal. On our return we met a man leading a fine ram of the Black faced species of sheep which are here called hard sheep and the large south contry sheep kind sheep in contradistinction – to the generous etc. [*breaks off*] These dales and the river Yore must have been fine habitats for the Beavers when they were found in Britain. Otters are now very numerous and hunting them has lately become rather a fashionable amusement.

As a singular proof of the honesty of this neighbourhood, the house of a capital farmer near Baynbridge had not a lock, bolt or other fastening on any of the doors for many years, tho' this was known and also that he frequently kept much property in his house.

Deer stealers were frequent in Wensleydale 50 or 60 years ago. There is a public house in Aisgarth at the east corner in which happened a curious adventure: it was customary for the

neighbours of the place and vicinity to meet here in the long winters evenings to chat and pass away the time agreeably: the passage leading to the room of meeting is long and about the middle forms a right angle. In one of these meetings on a dark and stormy winter's night, the company were surprised by a strange noise in this passage and the sound of something heavy falling down: all was instantly silent and continued to remain so but no one ventured to go out to see what was the matter, sitting staring at each other in silence. At length one of the most courageous ventured out with a light and, just at the entrance into the passage finding a large sack containing something heavy, he gave the alarm to his companions who ran to him and assisted in haling the prize into the room where they had been sitting. The mouth was untied; all looked eagerly into it; the ghastly face of a man recently murdered [*sic*] was the first object that presented itself: the company started back in horror while one or two drew out an unfortunate wretch not quite cold and weltering in his blood. The company was amazed but their conjectures were as various as they were fallacious; the dead man was washed and taken care of; the company sat 'till a late hour talking of the circumstance and the next day it was spread abroad; it was food for the tea tables of the whole contry for months; no circumstance appeared to throw light upon the mystery.

Precisely on the evening 12 months subsequent to this memorable one the same company were assembled in the same room; about the same hour at night similar cause of alarm was heard and something fell in the passage as before; recollecting the former horrible event, they were still more alarmed and it was not 'till a very long time had elapsed in silence that several of them ventured out together and found as before a large sack containing something bulky and heavy: it was forthwith dragged into the assembly, untied and to their astonishment instead of a dead man found a fine fat deer newly killed. Most agreeably disappointed, they began to form some more rational conjectures than heretofore and it was agreed that the dead man had been a deer stealer shot by some park keeper, that his companions to prevent detection had thrown him into that passage in their flight and now as a reward for the trouble they had occasioned had put a fine deer in the same place and

manner. A curious piece of generosity in such a race of beings as robbers or poachers.

IIIth. DAY. SEP: 6.

This day I wished to go to Richmond on several accounts: I wished to see Fryer and J... and I fell short of large drawing paper and pencils and some other articles. It rained however so hard in the morning that I could not go 'till after dinner. It was fine when I sat out, but by the time I reached Askrigg it came on the most tremendous thunder storm I was ever out in: the thunder crackled about my ears and echoed in the mountains with the most tremendous and awful sounds, and the lightning played about my head and ran along the road before me in a terrible manner. I never was so immediately *in* a storm of this terrific kind; for two miles I was in minutely expectation of being struck; birds were knocked down, cattle affrighted almost to death and the people who were riding Askrigg boundarys [*sic*] galloping for their lives.¹²¹ I thought myself as safe walking along as under shelter, I therefore took little notice of what a woman told me who stood at the door of a house as I passed: 'You'l surely be lost if you go along' cried she. 'I hope not' thought I and went forward. Soon after I passed Nappa I had the pleasure to find I had left it all behind me. I felt thankful for my preservation and walked cheerily along.

I passed through Carperby: it appears to have been a market town; there is a market cross in the middle of its single long street that appears ancient; there is yet an annual fair held here: nearly all the market places in this contry have crosses. A little beyond, fine view of Bolton Castle: appearance of entrenchments by the road; Redmire, a pint of ale at the Public house, a pretty girl, knitters. Scarth nick; the exquisite view from the top; 'tis surely unequalled for grandeur as well as beauty: in this view there is all that can be wished in a landscape; wild moors only partly enclosed to the halfpenny house; felt a pleasure in drinking a pint of ale here because my grandfather so much frequented it: wild and quick walk of 5 miles in the dusk of the evening over high moors to Richmond: heard the Golden Plover pipe frequently as I passed: vast deal of wet, dirty and uncomfortable. On my arrival at Richmond do not like the appearance of the quarters recommended to me by my deary: seek out Fryers and lodge there.

Gentlemen's seats a few centuries ago were always built so as to be capable of defence. I was surprised at the situation of Nappa in this respect, it being incapable on one side on account of the height of the road close to it. Large fossil oak tree found in the river at or near Wensley: it probably grew in the vicinity: part of it used for furniture but the greater now lying in the street at Leyburn; above 12 yards long without branch. Tho' Richmond itself stands upon an eminence, it is yet in an hollow being surrounded by hills so much higher: the Swale runs nearly quite round it.

112th. DAY. SEP: 7.

Performed after breakfast my various little shoppings in the town. I also enquired for J... at the Punch bowl but found her gone. On my return to the Red lion found Fryer; he usually comes to Richmond this day, being market day; we walked about the castle: its grand situation and precipiece down to the river: pity that it was dismantled: the great keep tolerably perfect: fine terrace walk round it on the side next the river. Fryer who is mightily amorous told me of an amour he had lately had in this castle with a certain married woman. Handsome bridge of three arches: the river here liable to sudden swells insomuch that when the above bridge was building, a sudden swell came down without any previous warning and carried off one of the workmen while striving to get from the top of the bridge who was lost. We walked down the river to Easby Abbey and saw on our way on the other side of the water the small remains of St. Martins, formerly a cell of St. Marys at York, now nearly compleatly dismantled: sauntered about the ruins of Easby Abb[e]y for about half an hour: the sides of the river in many places between here and Richmond formed of petrifications.

Fryer on the way told me a long story of a quarrel he had with Tate the master of Richmond Grammar School¹²² resting chiefly on the ground of a number of Tate's boys leaving him to go to Fryer whose reputation for knowledge is rapidly growing. Arrived back again at Richmond we went to the inn and dined together at the common ordinary. I heard several of the contry people at table saying 'what a strange lang head' Fryer had, meaning what great

talents he had: he is much looked up to amongst these people.

After dinner F. took me to a famous ale shop where we had a pot of the best ale I ever drank. From hence we went to a Justices' meeting at the King's head, where I was exceedingly entertained by hearing the contry people making appeals from the assessed taxes: the scene was superior to the most ludicrous farce I ever beheld. Sir Robert Darcy Hildyard and the Rev^d. Mr. Hedlam were the sitting magistrates.¹²³ Fryer was to have appealed but when he was called upon, rather than exhibit on such an occasion, he submitted. I blamed him strongly for his pride and cowardice: he afterwards repented.

We next called upon a Mr. Ward, an attorney and friend of my uncle William's: he was from home.¹²⁴ I saw in his parlour a most capital and original sketch of a battle piece by Le Brun as I suppose; it is equal to the finest thing of the kind I ever saw.¹²⁵ We went after Ward to the King's head where we found him drinking wine with a substantial farmer who soon proved a very intelligent man of the name of Carter and resident near Catterick: he told me much about his culture of turnips; he finds that sewing them in the drill method in furrows the best, hoeing them so as to leave hollows sufficient to carry off all the water that might rot or otherwise damage the bulbs. I engaged to go and see him on my return towards York. I found Ward had been very intimate with Townson; he nevertheless promised me all the assistance in his power.

We next visited the Free Mason's [*sic*] lodge at which Fryer had performed his debut or primitiae. We took a second walk about the Castle and lamented its decay: met a Mr. Thompson, a friend of Fryers and had him to sup with us. He was a nice chatty old man, tall, very large, small grey eyes, large read carbuncled nose, white hair, and was well informed: he left us late and as we were in spirits we sallied out in quest of game, found none, called about 12 o'clock at an inn upon a contryman of the name of Linton, an acquaintance of Fryers; our object was mere sport; he was drunk and we staid 'till two in the morning, having much joking, laughing and singing; the two last rested chiefly with me; was nearly locked out at our own inn; went to bed tired.

113th. DAY. SEP: 8.

Was knocked up by Fryer this morning sooner than I liked as I found myself by no means well and very unfit to breakfast particularly out, and we were engaged to take this meal with Thompson to whose house we accordingly went and there made an excellent breakfast for which I found myself the better. We then walked round the Castle to the church: there is little curious in it except a remarkable monument to the memory of one of the Hutton family. Sat out together towards Middleham about 12 o'clock, I on foot as usual and Fryer upon horseback. The contry high and open; about half of it is inclosed, the rest moor land: the distance 10 miles.

It was Fryer's intention to dine at Spennithorne, where he accordingly introduced me to Mr. Chaytor, commonly called Justice Chaytor, he as well as two of his sons being in the commission of the peace. We found the family just on the point of sitting down to an excellent Sunday dinner of venison, other game and dainties. I soon perceived Fryer was on such a footing here as to be at home: I therefore knew my cue. It was old Chaytor's misfortune to marry his house-keeper; a misfortune I say because from this cause has proceeded the excessive vulgarity of his daughters: a stranger would little suppose that such girls were to have £20,000 each on the day of marriage, as they are coarse and unpolished to a degree: the sons are little better though contry Squires and in the Peace. Clairvaux is the best and the most of a Gentleman.¹²⁶ Crowder, Lord Grantham's Steward, was at table also, on his return from Askrigg boundary riding.

After dinner my undertaking was mentioned and when old Chaytor heard the nature and extent of it, he threw up his hands and eyes in silent amazement several times and then exclaimed most violently against the possibility of the work being accomplished: and without actually affronting or insulting me he pretty bluntly hinted at my youth etc. He was very intimate [with] my grandfather and he spoke much in his praise: he thinks nothing of a man without he is quite a quixotte in the law, and the very things which I would pay little attention to in my work, such as old grants of land in the minutiae, he would almost solely value and consider. We by no means agreed in sentiment and *he would not argue*. I therefore scarcely thought it worth while to object to any thing he said.

After sitting some time at our wine, the young squires Mat (without a nose) and Clairvaux took Fryer and myself out of the dining room and haled us away to a small apartment in which they kept their sporting apparatus and which they also use as a private drinking room. Here we found a large can of ale containing about 2 gallons, at least capable of holding two gallons, and several pipes and tobacco: the ale was good and home brewed. Here we sat in old English fashion 'till about 5 o'clock when C. Chaytor conducted F and myself across the water to Middleham.

Spennithorne looks very pretty from the opposite side of the water; it is a very small village with a church; Mr Chaytors and Col. Strawbenzie's houses look well. It is a great pity that there is not a bridge over the Ure near Middleham, it would so much benefit the town: there is now, nor has there ever been any other passage, a ferry boat pulled across by means of a rope.

Arrived at M^{rs}. Burton's in Middleham, we had a bottle of wine together and Fryer persuaded me to write him a letter of introduction to the Coverham nymph mentioned before. I had told him the whole history of that odd circumstance. I wrote a few lines and he took them. During his absence Chaytor carried me to Dinsdale's house: this is an attorney living in a style it will be well for him if he can support.¹²⁷ We found a tolerably large party of males drinking like fish; I have seldom seen wine so quickly dissipated. What I saw here and at Spennithorne began to give me a very bad opinion of the Squires of this part of the contry.

Finding myself not very well, I was glad to make an excuse to get away and run to my inn where I shut myself up 'till I was better. Coming out of my room I met Fryer with Chaytor; they were going to sleep at Spennithorne: I went with them as far as the water side and on the way F gave us an account of his adventure that convulsed me with laughter: he had bungled the business so much that on his besieging the premises he was taken for an housebreaker and was attacked accordingly by all the men on the farm and it was with difficulty he got away: it was dusk and he had a magazine or review in his pocket; he pulled it out and presenting it like a pistol told them he would blow their brains out if they attacked him. His appearance might indeed warrant the suspicion; a stout man muffled up in a great coat silk

handkerchief over and oil skin over his shabby hat made a suspicious appearance, particularly as he lurked about the place in so designing a manner: the old woman, the intriguer would believe none of his tales; the whole story was ludicrous and our mathematician was fain to return disappointed.

I went to bed immediately on my return to Middleham but poorly as I was and seized with cold shivering fits I could not help going to visit my fair one knowing the way was now open: therefore so soon as I thought she was retired to rest I groped my way to her chamber and passed some time in a way easier and better conceived than described.

114th. DAY. SEP: 9.

Was knocked up by Fryer and Chaytor between 8 and 9 o'clock. I looked like a debauchee. There was to be a Justices' meeting today and the town soon began to fill. See M^{rs}. Waller and I shun her and set Fryer upon her. Walk to the Castle; find some conical shells new to me; Timothy Hutton of Skelton Castle subscribes to my work: go to Brears; am introduced; see the old chair that came out of the Castle; in good preservation: difficulty in making out the wood; something like old well seasoned saw, richly carved, the arms of crook-backed Richard on the top of the back and three holes which appear to have sustained a crown: pity that it should be kept in a kitchen. Brear is a very polite and gentlemanly man; offers to do anything in his power for me but does not say he will subscribe. In Brear's recollection even the outermost moat of the castle was swampy. I am now apt to suppose that the camp on the top of the hill was merely some outwork or post of observation belonging to the Castle.

We walked about the town and called upon a celebrated toast in these parts, Miss E. Harrison, a tall, thin, witty and lively girl: she has been too much accustomed to admiration. I thought not very highly of her; she is a great favourite and crony of Fryers. She was invited to Spennithorne to dinner; we all walked together: dined in the library; drank tea with the young ladies on the hill behind the house in a new plantation that commands a view of the dale exceeding fine. I was ill and out of spirits all day. Clairvaux took me into the drinking room before mentioned just as I was going away, apologized for the whims and oddities of his father, told me of his own; that he thought he should like me from Fryers account of me;

that he should be glad to see me always; that he would succeed to the estate though the youngest son and that he would subscribe to my work, tho' he was amongst the numerous number of disapprovers of my foreign scheme of enterprise and other particulars. He got tipsey and went above half way towards the ferry boat with me without his hat, pulling gates off their hinges and other outrageous acts.

Fryer went towards Reeth and I came again to Middleham: felt myself a little better, had a comfortable supper and went to bed, but got up again about 3 o'clock to visit J...: there was yet company in the house and she had not come to bed, tho' I knew it not 'till I had actually got between the sheets and had embraced her bedfellow who was asleep. I soon perceived I was wrong and retreated with precipitation and without wakening the girl. I had scarcely got into my own bed when I heard J... go to hers. I again got up when I thought she was undressed, went to her room and staid as long as was ne[ce]ssary.

115th. DAY. SEP: 10.

My nymph begins to be so fond of me that I could not easily get away: however, soon after breakfast I took my departure from Middleham; dined at West Witton. I should however remark that the river Ure winds so very much near Middleham that there is a large field in which it runs towards every point of the compass and also that I made the following list of fish from conversations I had with Chaytor and the old Ferryman who has been a great fisher in his time.

Fish in the Yore at Middleham

Salmon	Of very large size, largest size 47lb: instance of 30 taken in a day near Wensley by click hooks as they came to spawn; seen at no other time; the fish are seen at the bottom either in the act or about to do it. Two large hooks like trimmer hooks are fastened to a long line which is gradually drawn 'till within a small distance of the fish when a sudden pull is given and the fish is caught by the belly; very large fish are taken this way: 'tis a cruel and unlawful way that should be stopped.
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Pike	Of 30lb weight, a common fish.
Trout	One of 7 or 7½lb was caught by a trimmer set for pike and was eaten by Chaytors: 'twas fat and healthy. One of 11lb was taken some years ago but those who saw it were doubtful as to its species, whether it was a young salmon or trout
Grayling	The old ferryman caught one that weighed lb 3. From 1 to 2 lb are not unusual.
Eel	Largest size 2½ lb by the old ferryman.
Chub	Largest 6 lbs: common.
Roach	common but not large.
Redeye	common but not large.
Barbel	common and very large.
Perch	common; Chaytor caught one that weighed 3lbs, this was the largest he had heard of.
Dace	common.
Bleak called Skellies	Chaytor thought he had taken this fish and not knowing what it was called it the fresh water herring.
Gudgeons	exceedingly numerous.
Bullheads	} very common.
Sticklebacks	
Minnows	
Crayfish	
Muscles	
Lamprey	Is here a very common fish and is called 9 eyes; individuals have been taken that would weigh ½lb.
Bream	none.
Flounders	none.

The river from hence to Wensley and the neighbourhood is so full of fish as to appear quite alive on a fine summer's evening. It is a singular circumstance of which I have been well assured that there were no Umber or Grayling in the river Cover 'till Coal mines were worked in Coverdale.

There are a pair of tame ravens kept in Middleham and it has been remarked for a number of years that they always roost with their faces towards the east.

Had a pleasant walk to Aisgarth; observed that the walls in many places by the road side were made of compleat

petrifications and encrustations of shells, mosses etc: had a pint of ale and rested at A[i]sgarth bridge, and another at Baynbridge. On my arrival at Carr end my uncle was full of a Falco which had been taken near Hardraw and which he knew not: it was taken in the Thunder storm on Friday last. I went to bed very impatient for the morning that I might go and see it.

116th. DAY. SEP: 11.

Immediately after breakfast I walked over to Hardraw to see the Falcon. Young Dinsdale went with me to the house. I no sooner saw it than I conceived it to be the Swallow tailed Falcon described by Pennant in his *Arctic Zoology*, at least I think so 'till I can again examine that work.¹²⁸ I made the boy who caught it give me an exact account: he was walking up Shaw gill a little above the cascade of Hardraw Scar in the midst of the tremendous thunder storm on Friday last; he observed a large black and white bird flying up and down the Gill in a terrified manner and appeared at a loss where to alight. At length it settled in an ash tree; the boy stole softly and unperceived towards it, when, being near enough, he threw a stick at it, hit it on the head and knock'd it down: he had difficulty in securing it but as it fell in a bramble bush its long wings and tail got entangled and the lad secured his prey; but either from the blow which had injured the upper mandible and part of the forehead a good deal or the violence of the storm, the poor bird looked very ill, sat in a lump with its feathers ruffled and it frequently trembled exceedingly: this might be from cold if it came from a warm climate. The pure cleanliness of the feathers and its long wings and tail (which I am persuaded could not be kept uninjured in a state of confinement) being perfect in every respect and unbroken, render the idea of its being a reclaimed bird escaped I think unfounded. Its allowing a boy to approach so near might easily be attributable to the terror of the storm and the boys address for I never witnessed, except in 1791, a more tremendous storm. I was out in it without shelter except an umbrella the whole time and had I been so minded certainly might have taken up, or next to it, birds of various kinds that [were] cruelly frightened by the warring elements.

Delighted at the sight of so rare a visitant of these islands, I told the boy to bring the bird down to Thomas Harrison's at Simsonstone where I proposed dining that I might draw it after dinner. A woman in the house where I now saw it said that some of her neighbours had been followed on the moors for a

considerable distance by a bird exactly resembling this a few days before, but those people might have mistaken a gull for it. I made a comfortable dinner at the hospitable house of my friend Harrison and soon after had my grand bird into [*sic*] draw. I perched him upon the high back of an old fashioned chair and sketched him in a variety of attitudes after which I handled him and made the following description.

Length 22 Inches. Breadth 4 feet & 1 Inch. Bill to the corner of the mouth 1½ Inch; gape very wide; the end of the upper mandible much hooked and very long and black; base of the bill light pale blue and thickly beset with long black bristles; cere and orbits light pale blue; irides a deep fiery red; the bill without a process, a very remarkable circumstance in this genus; the crown of the head very flat, the heads of which have their shafts finely pencilled with black as also are the auriculars; head, neck, breast and all the under parts of a pure and dazzling white; back, wings, tail and all upper parts as far as the neck a fine glossy black varying, according to the lights it is viewed in, to green, crimson and purple, resembling in a great degree the tail of a magpie tho' not equally splendid. The under wing and tail coverts are very long and of a pure white; the lesser wing coverts for two rows are delicately margined and tipped with white. The tail is much forked in an elegant manner and of an unusual length being more than half the length of the whole bird; from the rump to the end of the fork it is 12 Inches, to the bottom of the fork 6 Inches: it consists of 10 feathers. Legs very short, strong, much scaled, nearly concealed as it sits in the long feathers of the thighs, and of a dirty bluish white; feet the same, and the talons, which are by no means so formidable as usual in birds of prey, are white. The wings cross over the rump and reach exactly to the end of the tail.

The most singular characteristics that appear on the first view of this bird are the extraordinary length of the wings and tail in proportion to the size of the body, the shortness of its legs, innocence of its talons, and its beak, otherwise formidable, being without a process: to these indeed we may add the strongly contrasted white and black of its plumage. I do not conceive it should be ranked with the most ferocious of this sanguinary but interesting tribe; it is in want of the necessary requisites and appears mild and gentle: insects and reptiles I suppose to constitute its food, the bristles about the

bill shew the former, and its likeness to the Buzzard family the latter. I believe it to be a bird of passage and that it was driven here by storms on its emigration: its likeness to the Glead in many particulars may warrant this notion. I was delighted to see it spread its long wings and fly across the room: it regarded me with great complacency whilst I drew it. I hardly knew how to part with it and was sorry that Allan of Hawes had spoke for it before I could have an opportunity of buying it.

I drank tea as also did the Harrisons with Dinsdale, his mother and aunt, at the next door: in their window frame on the outside I got a fine specimen of the spider called the Roman Catholic spider on account of the crosses on its back and put it in my insect bottle. My good friends here pressed me to come and see them again; I promised. T. Harrison and young Dinsdale set me as far as Hawes where I spoke to Richard Allan about the Falco which I wanted to have, but it seems he has got it for his brother in law Flintoff: I could not therefore in delicacy press further. I had a stumbling walk in the dark along the stony roads and over the rugged hills of this dale to Carr end.

T. Harrison told me today that his brother had pursued an Eagle on Stagsfell with a gun several years ago without success. Dinsdale shew'd me his Scotch views.

117th. DAY. SEP: 12.

This morning was wet and hazy. I drew and wrote. Kingsfishers haunt Crooks beck pretty frequently; they fly out over Semer water in the manner of the Fly catcher, hover awhile in the air, then suddenly plunge in the water take their prey and return to their station: this they will perform many times in succession. Sparrows were never known to breed in Raydale or that side, a singular circumstance.

We dined early, after which my uncle and I sat out to visit the mountain of Addlebrough and to drink tea according to invitation with Mr. Thwait of the Low forse [*sic*]. My uncle left his horse in a pasture at the foot of Addlebrough and we climbed this bold mountain together; near the top came to a very large stone weighing upwards of 100 Tons at the least, by which hangs a tale; my uncle sat down to rest himself by its side and told me the tradition which runs thus.

In days of old in these parts lived two desperate Giants of immense stature and strength, the one on Addlebrough and the other on the Cragg: for a trial of skill or rather muscular power

they were each to throw a huge stone of equal size from the top of their respective mountains into Semer water. The Giant occupying Addlebrough suspecting nothing threw his vast fragment of rock very innocently into the lake below; which the other Giant no sooner perceived than he threw his stone with tremendous force directly at the defenceless Giant of Addlebrough, which haply fell a little short of the brow of that awful precipice on the spot where it now lies as a memorial of the event; and superstitious rustics and shepherds wandering that way to this day point out certain groves [*sic*] worn on the topmost surface by storms and wet as the impression of the mighty hand that hurl'd it thither.

It would be curious to know whether these stones (for the other is also to be seen on the eastern margin of Semer water – it is called the Carl Stone) were placed in their present situation by magnetic power like that on the wolds and the one near Inverness, for if they were it would prove the superstition of the age in which it occurred and the people would in such an age have naturally [supposed] the genius of the mountains from whence the stones were precipitated to have had some hand in it: some mighty cause must have disraptured [*sic*] them; that at Semer water side is certainly not in its natural situation.¹²⁹ Of old time every mountain had its peculiar genius. This is yet believed in some parts of Scotland and the above tradition is perhaps all that remains of this superstition in these parts so far 'tis necessary to note it.

The top of Addlebrough is a sublime precipice compleatly bleached and scarred by the storms of the north and of the west to which it is fairly exposed on account of its great height and no intervening higher ground in those quarters for some miles. In consequence of the tradition here I minutely examined the top in hopes of discovering some remains of the Roman summer camp but I saw nothing but the base of a small tumulus on a point at the north side and a few deep round hollows resembling wells; they may have served for that purpose. Not meeting with the object of my search and after we had enjoyed the delightful prospect from the top of all Wensleydale, the moors and hills on every side beyond and even Roseberry topin and the mountains of Cleveland and Hambleton beyond, we descended on the south side and had not proceeded far when we came to some remains that instantly rivetted our attention. On a fine gentle slope about

half way down the southern declivity of Addlebrough, commanding through an avenue in the hills a fine view both up and down Wensleydale, we found several large circles of various dimensions and one oval one, the latter was about 70 feet long by 36 wide with two distinct entrances on the west side about 2 yards apart from each other and the same in width. Two large circular ones were about 45 yards in diameter: near the north side of one of these and within the circle was a smaller one, resembling the drawings I have seen of certain old camps: the ruins of some smaller ones were likewise to be seen. They were all made by piling up large stones and if they are remains of Roman or Danish camps it is probable stones were used in preference to any vain attempt of throwing up earthen mounds in a place where the soil is but a few inches deep ere the base rock appears: some round deep holes also appeared in several places probably made as wells. From hence to the south in a direct line at the distance of about 400 yards upon another eminence of the same height we could discern other ruins of a yet greater magnitude: we made towards them; between the two hills we passed thro' a deep marshy valley; arrived at the other ruins, which inclined towards the north as the others did towards them and the south. We were amazed at their magnitude and were quite at a loss to conjecture their use: they covered a space of several hundred yards in length and described various figures: circles, ovals and squares and semicircles. They looked like the ruins of a tower, and in many places stones were yet remaining disposed in walls of a pondrous thickness.

Near this place to the west we came to the wonderful tumulus called Stone raise which is a great curiosity: it is formed entirely of large stones piled up without earth or gravel, differing in that respect from any I have seen. Notwithstanding that upwards of a thousand, nay 'tis said several thousand, loads of stones have been led away from it to build walls with, it yet remains a stupendous monument of this species of antiquity: we measured the base of it as well as we could by our strides and made it 369 feet in circumference and of such an height as to be seen for a considerable distance. It has been most completely rifled in the manner mentioned at P. 128,¹³⁰ and it now presents a number of small craters formed by the investigations of the money searchers. It is situated upon a hill about half a mile south of Addlebrough. In

addition to the particulars I formerly mentioned, I may say the men who first opened it about 50 years ago worked incessantly for 33 days. It stands on Thornton moor, and tho' the Thornton men would not assist in the labour, they intended to share in the profit if there was any; but the adventurers who had all the work resolved they should not and they carried a large sword with them every day to defend the treasure in case they found any; the wise man who read 'till the stones shook and rattled was a schoolmaster at Bainbridge: the teeth they found were deposited in a hollow place in the bottom of the tumuli formed long and narrow like a coffin by a walling of stones. Tho' the tumulus has apparantly [*sic*] been compleatly rifled, I do not believe the whole base has been sufficiently searched, but if it was to commemorate one great individual, which appears to have been the case, perhaps nothing more may be found. Tumuli are not uncommon in these parts, they are generally called raise: there is a raise Gill full of tumuli.

Having satisfied ourselves we returned to Low force to tea with Mr. Thwait. Thwait is a little, precise, irritable, natty, toothless, blinking, chatty, formal, orthodox old bachelor of about 70; he got his fortune in the East Indies, is a resident of Ramsgate, has an estate here and is now employed in superintending the erection of a house for his sister in law and niece both of whom were present: the niece is a very nice modest young contry girl; one to my liking.¹³¹

After Tea my uncle went with Thwait to view his new house and I went to sketch the Low force, a very pleasing waterfall: the midges or small gnats are very troublesome in this contry, they worrit a man to death. I got a new spider by the water side, saw many petrifactions and remarkable fine cup-moss. I returned at dusk and my uncle soon joining me we departed to Carr-end to supper.

118th. DAY. SEP: 13.

Found myself by no means well on rising this morning. I managed however to write from breakfast time to dinner, after which I was so ill as to be obliged to seek refuge in bed where I remained 'till tea time when I rose not much refreshed; I was however better. Not being able to do anything but talk, I conversed with my uncle all the evening.

I have heard of two more instances of the Peregrine falcon being shot at Hardraw Scar: these were a pair which had actually made their nest and were about breeding when they were shot last year. A Sturgeon was taken in the Tees that weighed 19 stone. The Stoat is a compleat wild beast. A farmer of Richard Thistlethwaites acquaintance in Dent had a number of sheep destroyed in an unaccountable manner; they dropped off one after another and it remained a mystery how they were destroyed. One moon light night the owner was induced to watch with one of his men, it was clear and they could see plainly; all the sheep were lying very quietly in an inclosure apparently asleep; they remained still for a long time; at length one of them suddenly jumped up and ran about the field and amongst the other sheep in a seeming agony and at last dropped down: the men ran to the spot and just as they got up a large stoat dropped from the neck of the sheep where it had been hanging and made off. They pursued and killed it: on examining the poor sheep they found it had a small wound on its neck made by a single bite and through which the stoat had sucked its blood. In this manner they destroy sheep and hang at the wound 'till gorged and almost suffocated with blood they loose their hold, dropping from the expiring animal in a state rendering them almost unfit for escape.

This small but very destructive beast of prey will also attack lambs in broad daylight on the moors and sometimes severe combats take place between the simple ewes and the stoats, the former butting the latter whenever it attempts to seize the poor lambs who shelter themselves behind the dam desperately affrighted, taking care always to keep behind whatever movements the old one makes in their defence: from the diminutive size of the stoat it seldom suffers in these engagements.

The Merlin is an inhabitant of Wensleydale and the moors during the whole summer. Dormice are common in the woods about Fountains Abbey and in Farnly wood near Leeds. When Fomarts are caught by the leg it is no uncommon thing for them to eat off the leg they are held by in order to escape: sometimes they are found in the trap in the very act of eating it off. Long-tailed Titmice are aptly called Feather pokes about Gildersome and Farnly, and one of the willow wrens or the yellow wren is called *windstraw*.

Owls destroy goslings. A farmer in Raydale lost a number of goslings unaccountably. A Pair of Owls had a nest and young ones in a barn; he knew of it and would not suffer them to be destroyed under the notion that they killed the mice but at length he lost so many goslings that he began to suspect the Owls, and upon looking at the nest which was made upon some hay in the barn, he found several young geese, cleanly picked and laid by the young: this was enough; he instantly ordered the family of owls to execution.

The foolish young geese also fall a prey to the Carrion Crows who use a kind of generalship: a pair of crows gravely march up to a goose who is leading her goslings about; the old goose is not so foolish but she apprehends danger for her young and immediately runs at the nearest crow; the other crow, watching its opportunity while the goose is engaged with its companion, runs and secures one or more of the goslings, with which the two robbers immediately make off leaving the poor goose a dupe to her ill judged valour.

Kingsfishers inhabit the beck that runs out of Bishopsdale as I have seen them there frequently. I must not forget to note that Edwards, a man at Bishopthorpe, was killed a few years ago by a sparrowhawk flying at him as he attempted to take its nest and knocking [him] down out of the tree.

119th. DAY. SEP: 14.

Drew and wrote the whole of this day 'till evening when I went with my uncle and aunt to drink tea with my cousin Thistlethwaite at next door. Richard T. is a very pleasing and interesting man, all innocence, simplicity, shrewdness and patriarchal interest.¹³² In conversing with him I got much information.

Ravens are extremely common in this part of the contry and in Yorkshire throughout; they nearly altogether affect the most lofty and inaccessible scars and crags, seldom betaking themselves to woods where such may be found. Richard kill'd seven at a shot in Langstrathdale upon a dead sheep in winter whilst they were closely besetting a Buzzard which had previously taken possession. Contrary to what all authors have advanced respecting these birds always going in pairs, Richard says that in Langstrathdale it is no unusual thing to see 60 or even 80 in a flock and that too in August. He has killed 13 at 3 shots.

The above dale was also and probably is at this time a habitat for the wild cat. Richard mentioned an instance of one being killed that measured $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long from nose to tail. It seems the water shrew mouse is by no means uncommon in the brooks and meadows of this contry but is never found in large waters. Richard knew of a ringtail's nest with eggs in Mossdale: one day when she was sitting close he suddenly ran in upon her with a stick and as she rose knock'd her down dead with one blow. Wishing to make further discoveries he placed the dead bird upon the eggs in a sitting posture and concealed himself near the nest. Having waited about half an hour he saw a fine Hen harrier arrive at the nest bearing in his talons a nice young heath poult; he instantly pick'd off all the feathers in a most dexterous and compleat manner and offered it to the hen who remained without motion upon the nest: the assiduous male used every exertion to make his unfortunate mate notice his attentions and receive the proffered food in vain: he thrust the heath poult under the wing of the dead bird and again took wing in search of more. Satisfied for the present Richard returned home with the determination of revisiting the nest on the following day. He did so and on each day for three successive days afterwards; at every visit he found additional game brought which was ranged in a heap by the nest. On his last visit he lay in wait for some time and at length the hen harrier appeared with some more game; he offered it to the dead bird as before and when no notice was taken of it, he seemed vexed, pushed the dead bird off the nest and sat the eggs himself. This assiduous and unfortunate cock was afterwards shot from the nest by a young man to whom Richard had told the story and who wanted faith to believe it. This may be depended upon.

Spiders of some species have it in their power to change their colour to suit the places they are in. Thus if you whitewash a room or place where certain spiders frequent, in a short time the spiders will have assumed a white colour: several species carry their eggs or young in a round bag which is affixed to the abdomen which they drop off on being attacked: the bag is usually white and about the bigness of the body. Several kinds (particularly those I caught near the source of the Ure) have the power of violently shaking their webs in order to entangle flies: this manœuvre [*sic*] I have often seen performed and it seems to be done by the abdomen of the

spider, already fastened to the centre of the main web by a short thick one, being rapidly turned round and round with great velocity like a spindle: in this manner, causing a great vibration, they often catch flies they would otherwise miss.

There is a curious trade in these parts that is not of a later date than 10 or 12 years. It is transacted by poor men, generally servants or datalmen; my uncle's servant was the first promoter of it and he has ever since and does now practise it with success. About the latter end of August they buy up all the lean young or indeed old geese they can procure and drive them in large flocks into Lancashire and some parts of the west Riding of Yorkshire, but particularly the former, where they sell them to the farmers to eat and feed in the stubbles after harvest. It seems the manufacturers are fond of good roast geese and consequently grudge not the payment of a considerable sum for them. My uncle's man and his brother are the chief traders this way here and they sometimes drive flocks that amount to 1000 head: their profit is not large perhaps not exceeding 3^d. per goose. It is besides a very tickle business on account of their awkward driving and they generally loose considerable numbers that die by the way; sometimes one half perish and then 'tis a heavy loss. They are never able to drive them more than 5 miles per day and sometime not more than one or two, especially in wet weather, then it is they drive the worst: the distance they drive them averages about 40 miles and the men are usually a fortnight absent sometimes more.

Within R. Thistlethwait's remembrance he sold geese from 6^d. to 10^d. each: they are now about 3/- lean for driving. Within this 40 years Richard has sold good geese for 7^d. For the trade above mentioned they are picked up in the neighbouring village 'till a sufficient number for driving is collected.

120th. DAY. SEP: 15.

This was Sunday and I did not go with my uncle and cousin Jane to meeting at Hawes because it was preparative meeting. I wrote a good deal this morning and my aunt, who never goes to meeting now, read some chapters out of Isaiah that affected me a good deal. I felt my own unworthiness and impurity. I walked out before dinner by the side of Semer water: my thoughts turned upon the engaging Study of Natural History.

I thought of the cruelty attending some of its departments, particularly Entomology. I was affected by my reflections and was not without a resolution to write some essays upon the subject, considering it in a new, important and religious light. The following very few heads by way of notes for a beginning I thought proper to submit to paper.

All our happiness proceeding from goodness. All our misery from vice and injustice. All animals are created for some grand or decided end; in what does our right over them consist? The advantages of Zoology and Botany. Considered in a true light, so far from being incompatible with a pure religion, Natural History is the best promoter of it. One of the first truths this study imparts is the teaching us how little we know. Pride and ignorance are driven far away: we are often at a loss to account for the motions of the meanest insect. An insect appears but small to the lord and master of the creation; but in its destruction ought he not to consider how far his cruelty is tending to defeat some benevolent view of the Almighty Creator? A man acquires wealth by little and little, so does he wisdom! – Let the eye become red with weeping, let the heart be torn by remorse, but will these sorrows bring back long lost innocence?

My uncle says there are no snakes in this part of the contry; the only one he ever saw was in a hole in, or near, the crag. After dinner I wrote and read 'till evening.

121st. DAY. SEP: 16.

Immediately after breakfast this morning I sat out for Simonstone, to spend a day or two with Dinsdale and Harrison and to visit the upper end of the Dale. There is a barn or hovel of stone in almost every field in these parts; they are used for the reception of hay chiefly: the major part of them are built without mortar, something in the manner of the walls, only more regular, and stable, with large corner stones and well slated top. Stacks are seldom or never made here, and the few that are made are so small and ill shaped that they evince the ignorance of the inhabitants in this mode of preserving winter fother: but they have a better method more suitable to this land of storms: nearly every field is possessed of a barn which contains the hay of that field together with an apartment at one end for the cattle it is allotted to fother. By this means the hay is well preserved, the manure kept more

from waste and is mellowed, and the cattle feed in shelter from the storms. The more modern barns are built with mortar.

Arrived at Simonstone I found all the females on the point of setting out into Swaledale, a circumstance I was by no means sorry for considering duly their cast. I became Dinsdale's guest. After dinner I went to Hardraw Scarr and begun to colour my sketch of that grand waterfall. I returned to tea, after which the intelligent and singular Tommy Harrison came in and we spent the evening in amusing conversation. We talked a part of the time about Pratt. His real property never exceeded a revenue of more than £500 or £600 per annum and yet he confessed that during the greater part of his life he had not expended a less average annual income than £2000, and when he died he left behind him at the least £5000: he always kept an open house; bore a most excellent character in the neighbourhood as a benevolent, charitable, peace making man: he was handsome and about 5 feet 10 Inches high.

122nd. DAY. SEP: 17.

It was so exceedingly rainy and stormy this day that we could not go out. Dinsdale and I drew at the same table nearly the whole day and T. Harrison popped in and out as he found it convenient, amusing our studious hours by his sage remarks and observations.

Dinsdale says that his cousin the attorney at Middleham and who had seen an old manuscript to that effect [says] that it was Allan the first Earl of Richmond who granted the domain of Nappa to the Metcalfes in the reign of William the Conqueror.¹³³ Edmunson Vicar of Grinton¹³⁴ can give me the population of Swaledale which has been estimated as 6000 according to Dinsdale's account of the last statement. I am to enquire also concerning the sudden swells in the river there which it appears are very remarkable. Brear of Middleham has a curious cupboard that was part of the furniture of the Castle.

Not wishing to sit a whole day without going out I persuaded Dinsdale to take a walk with me tho it was still stormy; he in a great coat and I wrapped in a real Scotch Tartan Plaid of the original form, paraded the hills in as sublime a light as I ever saw. Hardraw Scar cataract was in perfection and the violence of the wind acting in the narrow channel between the rocks blew the spray like smoke into the

air in every direction producing a novel and grand effect; sometimes the whole body of water was prevented from falling to the bottom and was twisted perpendicularly into the air. We returned after a sublime and romantic walk to supper.

123rd. DAY. SEP: 18.

According to a plan made overnight Dinsdale and I sat out to visit the source of the Ure which I have long wished to see. I moreover wished to know how far the maps are correct: we furnished ourselves with a wallet containing some cold provisions and a small bottle of rum, besides our drawing utensils. We proceeded along the banks of the Ure; about a mile above Hardraw it receives Appersite [Appersett] beck on the left and a little further on the right the romantic stream of Cotterdale, at its confluence equal to the Ure in magnitude. There are stone bridges over each of these streams near their junction with my dear Yore, which sensibly diminishes in size as we approach its source: not far from Thwait Bridge it receives the tributary stream of Mossdale after it has formed those beautiful falls. It gains no other rivers of any consequence from hence to its source tho' many little rivulets from the hills run into it. About a mile above Thwait Bridge it makes a beautiful cascade that would be much admired were it not that so many superior ones are found in the neighbourhood: not far from this I found and took prisoners some very beautiful and to me new caterpillars about 1½ Inch long, of a velvety black striped with yellow; they are not uncommon in moist places on the moors of this district.

Our road for the greater part lay over wild uncultivated moors feeding a few Scots and black faced sheep, amongst high and bleak hills with the river Ure now in a little compass winding and foaming in the bottom with her banks naked and bare and unadorned even by a single tree. It was sometimes on our right hand and sometimes on our left. I should not forget however to note the beauty of the scenery about Riggs [*sic*] house, the seat of William Hillary Esq^r,¹³⁵ which is as fine as any in the whole dale; for here are mountains, plantations, water and meadows finely grouped and laid out in picturesque beauty and from an eminence near the house a fine distant view into the vale below Hawes, with a grand background of mountains. Having walked about 6 miles, Wild boar fell and Bow [Baugh] Fell made their magnificent appearance; the

former in particular has a fine outline: we soon came to a low house on the moors near the river about 3 miles further; it was a public house for the accomodation of drovers; the people seemed frightened of us: made no stay but having enquired the source we followed the windings of the river 'till we came to the principal spring, which is known in these parts by the name of the source.

In no map that I have seen is the source correctly marked. The river is properly formed by three distinct rivulets proceeding from as many chief springs: one from the base of Swarth Fell; the middle one in a small round inclosure on an eminence a little distant from the base of Wild boar fell; and the most distant one in the base or near it of a hill called Hughes seat; the last is usually called the source in the maps but the middle one is the real source and is the only spring known in these parts as such. We accordingly made towards it: the inclosure is surrounded by a stone wall, consists of barely two acres of indifferent pasture: it is situated on a moor of peat, scanty ling, bogs and springs close to the magnificent hill of Wildboar fell and the confines of Westmoreland. There are several springs in the field but one is larger than the rest and throws up many gallons in a minute. My emotions on first discovering it were of a very pleasing nature: it was the head of my most favourite river and one in my consideration superior to the rest of England; it was besides the first source I have visited. We had our cold provisions with us and our small bottle of rum: we therefore sat down upon a mossy stone close to the main fountain and made a meal of happiness, drinking large potions of the chrystal fountain as it bubbled from the earth. We found Cray fish even in the very spring and I was assured by an old Shepherd who joined us that very large trout came up to the spring itself likewise to deposit their spawn in the proper season: he went so far indeed as to say that trout so large came up that they could only just squeeze themselves singly thro' the channel at a time: this circumstance may happen to a fish of two or three pounds weight in some places.

This shepherd entertained us exceedingly: he was a genuine simple rustic of very strong natural talents that had never been far from these moors on which he was born and upon which he had lived as a shepherd winter and summer all his life: he had all the shrewdness of a compleat Yorkshireman together

with odd gesticulation and genuine singularity of dialect: he said that for his part he considered the ground upon which we were standing to be the Highlands of England. I asked him his reason: 'Because,' said he, 'monny watters and rivers tak their rise here and run in all directions frea [?] us'. There was some wit in his reply. Certain it is, the rivers Swale, Eadon [Eden] and Ure spring very near to each other, the sources of the two former not being more than about 2 or at most 3 miles distant from that of the Ure: they rise from the same hill. This shepherd was the most inquisite [*sic*] on Political subjects, the very last news he had heard being as how the French intended to invade us: it was droll to find a man thinking news several years old so new: he observed that if they came in winter a single peep onto these moors would frighten them back and effectually prevent them from going further.

It was upon the moors a little to the south east of these that the present great mathematician Dawson of Sedberg[h],¹³⁶ as he tended his fathers sheep on the bleak hills, studied without intermission the *Principia* of the immortal Newton. What a sight! a ragged and apparently forlorn shepherd's boy, making himself master of the profoundest science in the world amongst rocks and mountains, whilst the sheep were bleating around him and the winds singing amongst the heath. In this situation and under these circumstances it is known that he made himself master of that mighty work in one year: he never went out without the book under his arm. The first mathematical book he obtained was a Euclid which he got by means of a drover going into Lancashire: it was an old shabby edition; it however served his purpose and he read it without difficulty.

I took two sketches. Having satisfied our curiosity at the source and after I had caught a number of the small spiders which shake their webs on the stone walls, we made towards the Eadon a few hundred yards distant which seperated the county from Westmoreland: we followed this winding, shallow and turbulent river past the public house up to Hell Gill bridge; this is a most curious place and is the seperation of the counties. I should premise however that the River Eadon is here called Hell beck. Hell beck Gill is a long, narrow, winding and very deep chasm in the rocky hill, at the bottom of which foams the river Eadon, perhaps at the depth of from 30 to 50 feet. The rocky chasm is in many places so narrow

that it is no difficult matter to leap over it: the sides are beautifully ornamented with moss of various species and tints, and overhung by bushes and trees tho' the latter are full scanty. Over this gill are two old bridges, one immediately over the other perpendicularly and so near as to render a passage over the lower one impracticable except on the hands and knees. Conjecture has frequently been excited by travellers being at a loss to account for the use of the lower one; but on my comparing the apparent ages of the two and the ruinous and very shabby appearance of the lower one as well as its awkward situation I could no longer doubt that it was the remains of an old bridge used before the present upper one was built and that upon the building of the last more convenient and stable one it was not thought worth the while to destroy the old one particularly as it contained no valuable materials. I took a sketch of the place as well as I was able allowing for the difficulty of its situation on account of its narrowness and windings.

There is a sign belonging to the public house before mentioned which has an odd effect near the bridge so far distant from the house it directs to. Many are the tales told of debtors and other men guilty of crimes perpetrated either in Yorkshire or Westmoreland taking shelter here from pursuit by warrant, for no sooner do they cross this place than they are safe from their pursuers: sometimes they take refuge down in the hollow below amidst the peltings of their pursuers above who dare not however actually hurt them. The road over this bridge leads to Kir[k]by Stephen and a few miles over it in Westmoreland, about four, is the Castle of Pendragon at which 'tis said the celebrated Countess of Pembroke sometimes resided.¹³⁷

We did not follow the Eadon far above this bridge tho' had we had more time we should have visited the source of the Swale. The character of this latter is very different from that of the Ure. The Swale is a remarkably turbulent rapid river and is never at ease 'till it reaches the Ure; the Ure on the contrary, after it has flowed about 20 miles becomes calm and smooth and deep, apparently conscious of superiority. It appears that Kingsfishers are very numerous on the Swale below Richmond.

I cannot but note as a remarkable circumstance that we observed some hay in this neighbourhood only just begun upon. It is called Wensleydale all the way to Hell Gill which is about 8 or 9 miles from Hawes. The old shepherd told me that curlews are not unfrequent on the moors.

Having made several sketches we returned by the way of Cotter. Cotter is a very lofty and unusually long hill as it reaches all the way from Riggs house to Hell gill at the least 5 miles long. Within this 30 years there was no other road through this part of the contry than one over this mountain and it must have been tremendous if not altogether impracticable for carriages. Nevertheless the famous Countess of Pembroke, coming on a visit into Wensleydale, hesitated not to pass over it but she was compelled to walk or ride whilst her carriage was carried over it by a number of strong men her attendants. Upon the summit I saw a number of the *Turdus Torquatus* preparing for their southern migration. This mountain is sufficiently lofty to command a charming, wild and extensive view over the surrounding valleys, moors and mountains; the noble hill of Whernside appears magnificently in the remote distance to the south west. There is a small Tarn on Cotter but we did not visit it.

Widdal Fell opposite to the End of Cotter rises nobly and is about the same height. Upon the top of this fell is a small Tarn of about 2 acres, the south shore of which is famous for consisting of a fine white sand particularly valuable for the sharpening of scythes; it is therefore much sought after by the contry men in the vicinity. Cotter end is remarkably steep on the side next Hardraw; nevertheless the road led straight up it without turning. From hence we had a peep into Cotterdale, a sweet valley containing a village absolutely sequestered upon the banks of the Cotterdale beck, which soon after leaving it forms the lovely cascade formerly mentioned. It was dark when we arrived at Simonstone after a charming day's ramble.

I should not however forget to note that I had a peep into Mossdale and saw the celebrated falls there but as they are inferior to some others in the neighbourhood and it was nearly dark I contented myself with viewing them at a little distance: the great fall tumbles down small steps and is unadorned by trees, its chief beauty consisting of the beautiful tintings of the rocks and moss it falls over. It did not appear to be more than 40 feet high. This valley which possesses some tolerable land at the bottom is surrounded by bleak moors.

T. Harrison came in and chatted with us all the evening: he talked much of the rebellion of 1745 and of the Yorkshire blues, a fine regiment of Yorkshire lads raised on that occasion.

124th. DAY. SEP: 19.

After breakfast this morning I went to Cotterfoss to colour the sketch I had before taken. I also made a pencil sketch of a very finely picturesque elm tree on the margin of that beck together with some Cattle; returned to dinner after which I bade adieu to the hospitable Simonstone and T. Harrison accompanied me to Hawes: we waded over the river in order to go a nearer way to Ashes, the seat of the Rev^d. John Metcalfe, a clergyman of great respectability and acquirements to whom T. Harrison introduced me. We staid not more than half an hour, spent in agreeable chat, when we bent our way to Hawes.

T. Harrison told me he was with Dr. Dawson when he measured the height of the principal mountains in this part and that I might depend upon the following being correct taken from the level of the Ure:

Stags Fell	1029 feet
Shunner Fell	1314 feet
Widdal Fell	1020 feet

The above three were the only ones he measured but he said that he conceived Stags Fell, Widdal Fell, Cotter Hill, Yorbar [Yorburgh] and Addleborough [*sic*] to be nearly the same height, within a few feet at least under or over. Dawson is a man of such high fame that his admeasurements may be relied on.

On inspection it appears indeed that there is little difference between the elevation of the principal hills in this vicinity. It is the common opinion here that Shunner fell is higher than Ingleborough; I think not. Certain it is the level of the Ure here is at a very considerable elevation above the level of the sea, perhaps not less than 2000 feet: a strict examination and estimation of the course of this river will prove this assertion.

I parted with my good and intelligent friend Harrison at Hawes and had a stumbling walk in the dark to Carr-end and was entertained on my way by the melodious pipings of the Golden Plover. It was supper time when I arrived.

125th. DAY. SEP: 20.

This morning after breakfast went out a fishing with my uncle in Crooks beck. I think there is not a beck in England so full of fish nor any bait so killing as Spawn: it struck me that as Spawn proper for the purpose is so difficult to procure that an excellent imitation might be made by pounding raw salmon

flesh with a sufficient quantity of salt and putting into it some ingredient that would make it adhere together. We caught 34 in a very short time and amongst them was a single Redeye, all the rest were trout. I wanted a redeye to paint, I therefore ran home and set about it immediately. I finished it in the afternoon.

Toads are very fond of Bees and are sometimes found in hives in this part of the contry: they will not unless compelled by hunger feed on dead insects but the moment they see a fly stir they dart out their long tongue with unerring aim, after having steadily fixed their eye upon it, and catch with a motion so quick as to be scarcely perceptible.

The Farms in this part of Wensleydale are Dairy & Grazing. Where the farmer is any way substantial these always go, at least generally go together, but there are cases where the Dairy is alone, the farmer selling his stock fit for feeding. Farms from £20 to £150 per annum but very few of the latter: chiefly small farms and consequently happiness and comfort is more generally diffused: there is but about one of £150 per annum. The largest quantity of cheese that I have heard of being made on any farms here in one year is a ton weight; the better sort of Wensleydale cheese is in my opinion the best in England, as I have tasted some in no way inferior to the celebrated cheese of Stilton; this surely proof sufficient of the excellent quality of the land in the valley and low hill sides.¹³⁸

126th. DAY. SEP: 21.

After breakfast this morning I visitted Ray Dale in order to take a view of Semer water and the Dale. Besides my cousin Jane and little Richard Thistlethwaite who were to be my conductors was a little girl of the name of Agnes Gillbank, daughter of my uncle's man at the mill.¹³⁹ I was uncommonly struck with her beauty and warmth of countenance: I thought her the sweetest girl I ever saw; her face was perfectly beautiful in the Grecian cast but more fire and ardour in her eye and lip than is usual in Grecian beauty: she was about 13 years old. I felt myself so rivetted to her I could not keep my eyes from her; several wild notions respecting her entered my mind: I seriously thought that if in a little time my finances could support it I would beg her of her poor father, procure an excellent education for her in London and at a suitable age marry her. May Angels protect her beauty and innocence.

The vale of Raydale is solitary and if not grand is certainly beautiful: it is the seat and estate of Henry Pierse Esq^r, near Bedale.¹⁴⁰ The only wood deserving the name in these parts is here and is probably the remains of the great forest which formerly extended itself from hence below Nappa. Were there more large trees in it there can be no doubt but there would be a considerable heronry here on account of its vicinity to Semer water where there are always plenty of these birds: as it is there is frequently a nest in this wood; there is also a very beautiful water fall close to it called Startling Scar. The view from an opening in the wood is very fine: I took a sketch of it.

William Gillbank, the father of Agnes and for whose sake I paid some attention to and gave him some money, tells me that in winter time there are frequently from 200 to 300 tufted Ducks at a time on Semer water. One Siskin taken on Ripon Common was kept a live [*sic*] for a considerable time in a cage by Brunton and afterwards sent to my Uncle and 2 fine specimens have been shot near Ingleby Cross in Cleveland and preserved there. Wheat ears, *Motacilla Oenanthe*, are very common on the moors where they breed but are not seen in winter; neither is the *Alauda Pratensis* though so very common a bird here in summer. I believe the large flocks of these birds we have seen near York in winter come from this contry. The *Podiceps Auritus* is common on Semer water where it breeds; the nest is very large and made of rushes: the hen never quits the nest without covering up the eggs; sometimes the nest breaks from its moorings and swims about with the hen sitting close upon it, which she will continue to do so long as any water is under the nest; but if by any accident, as it sometimes happens, the nest is stranded and left by the water on shore the bird instantly forsakes it. To those who live on the margin of this lake much amusement is often afforded them by the hunting this species by birds of prey; every evolution in the air by the latter and every art of swimming and diving in the water by the former is exhibited.

127th. DAY. SEP: 22.

Went to meeting at Bainbridge with my uncle, cousins, etc: sat in silence and was benefitted; walked home to dinner with Richard Thistlethwait; after dinner walked round the low end of Semer water with my uncle diverting ourselves by hunting cray fish. I observed that they seldom or never walk forwards

unless compelled but run or swim backwards with a wonderful alacrity and dispatch when disturbed.

The Bullhead will not take a bait by sight or distant smelling but it no sooner touches the fish than it is taken: loaches are similar. Carrion Crows are called Midding Doups throughout these remote dales and the Falco Aeruginosus brown-wig. In the evening wrote and read. Walls built with fine petrifications etc., of shells etc. from the tops of mountains.

128th. DAY. SEP: 23.

This being the day appointed, immediately after breakfast my uncle and I sat out to visit Nappa, Mill Gill etc., he on horseback and I on foot. As he had to visit Aisgarth in order to see an horse he thought of buying he set out before me. I went round by the low force and so on to Baynbridge by the water side. The Camp on Brough hill is beyond doubt a Roman one in good preservation. Being on higher ground I commanded a view of it: it is a square etc.

At Askrigg I sent for the Sexton to shew me the church, where I wanted to see the stone placed over John Pratt Esqr.

John Pratt Esq^r.
of Askrigg
Died May 5th. 1785
at Newmarket
And was interred here.
To commemorate the Time
And place of his Death
This may be a record.
The humanity of his Disposition
His untarnish'd honour
And his universal good name
Will long survive
In the memory of all who knew him.

The sexton told me he was 64 or 65 years of age. There is a plain black stone over the remains of the last Justice Metcalfe of Nappa.¹⁴¹

In the pulpit, or at least on the right side of it, was placed the last Garland run for and won by an Askrigg man on the last Garland Day mentioned before: the place where they run is called the Garland Hill. 'Tis a little above the town on the north side and very steep; the person who comes in second has

a pair of gloves and both the victor and the second have as much as they can eat and drink that day: this, with the Garland, gloves and the honor is all the reward of nearly breaking their wind in running up so steep a place. The field it appears is worth about £10 per annum and is situated near Carperby: it was bequeathed to the family of Harland on the conditions before mentioned and it still remains in the same family. The garland is large, two large hoops, two small ones and a stake, made of the finest and most beautiful flowers they can collect by begging in the neighbourhood. [*A small sketch is added here.*]

Askrigg is a very uninteresting place and I could fix upon no object worthy of being drawn. The church is an ancient one rebuilt. Before the last repairs there was a large piece of wood by the porch of the church which was filled with the marks of sword points. About the time of the Rebellion it was the custom of the inhabitants of this part of the contry to go armed to church for fear of surprise I suppose during service; but not being allowed to enter the sacred place armed, the men as they entered struck the points of their naked swords into the piece of wood above mentioned where they remained sticking 'till the service was over, after which it was very common to find the armed men quarrelling together and some of them fighting desperately, sometimes cutting and maiming themselves sorely. In the church is a stone over Mrs. Pratt.¹⁴² There is a cross in the market place resembling those in all the market towns of this country.

My walk to Nappa [a]bout 1½ mile was pleasant; on my arrival there found my uncle not come; nobody in the house but a nice plump red hair'd girl who was so suspicious of me that I could with difficulty prevail on her to let me sit down 'till her master and mistress came home: this damsel tho' of a warm constitution made resistance to certain amorous manœuvres on my part.

I waited alone for above half an hour before Mr. Win came home.¹⁴³ I was under the awkward necessity of introducing myself which I did as well as I was able and was well received. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. W., soon after which my uncle arrived. We explored the premises as soon as possible. The east end of this ancient mansion is alone inhabited, the west having long been suffered to decay unrepaired. The late Mr. Weddal had an intention of restoring this part to its ancient

grandeur and it is said a plan was actually drawn out and now it seems that its present owner Lord Grantham has some thoughts that way.¹⁴⁴ It shall highly redound to the honour of him who shall do it, be it who it may, and much expence would not be incurred in respect to the walls themselves which are still in tolerable preservation. The part now in ruin will be better described by referring to my drawing from the west side of the court yard.

We entered the dining room first; by measuring it with my paces I judged it to be 30 feet long by 24 wide; it has a lofted roof and has had a canopied or dom'd cieling, lighted by two of the high old castellated casement windows. There is yet the long, narrow and very thick oak dining table with a stone seat against the south side of the room running paralell with it. There was within this 50 or 60 years a good deal of old armour here, but now we could find no other than two massy breast plates which tho' heavy were so small and narrow that their wearers must have been thin men as I could not wear either on my chest on account of their narrowness.

The west tower, built in a compleat castellated style of architecture and now in ruins, consists of four rooms in height one above the other. These rooms have each except the top one an adjoining one. They are finished in a superior manner to the other parts of the house: round the freeze [*sic*] of the two lower ones run rich cornices of plaister representing the arms of Metcalfe, the crest of cocks and owls large, disposed amidst foliage alternately. See the arms in Nappa amongst my manuscripts, but there is there a mistake – 3 owls on a bend should be substituted for the three swanns. The lowermost of the apartments in the western tower which from its superior decorations appears to have been one of state is now appropriated as a turf or peat house it being nearly full of that useful commodity; a winding narrow staircase in the castellated form leads from this room in the south east corner up to the others over head.

Tradition says it was in this tower that unfortunate Mary lodged the two nights she was here and as I stood in the court yard imagination found no difficulty in figuring that interesting Queen looking out of one of the grated windows. History makes no mention of her being here at any time; but it is certain she was here for one day and two nights, probably on her way to Bolton Castle, or she was allowed to visit in the

neighbourhood. Mr. Weddal, grandfather as I think to the present Lord Grantham, let this farm to George Dinsdale's grandfather who found a large chest in the western tower, which on being opened was found to contain a number of curious trinkets, manuscripts etc. Amongst a number of curious letters was one of thanks from Queen Mary written in her own hand to the then Metcalfe of Nappa for the kind and hospitable entertainment she had received there: and George Dinsdale has now a pair of gloves which she left there on her visit. This letter of thanks with some other of great curiosity was given by Dinsdale's father to Mr. Brear of Middleham who lent them to old Maud of Wensley when he had a new edition of his *Wensleydale, a poem in contemplation*.¹⁴⁵ Maud died during the time they were in his possession and they fell into the hands of the present Col. Maud his son, who not knowing that they had been borrowed by his father gave them to Dr. Townson who I understand now has them.¹⁴⁶

I observed a singularity in the flooring of the rooms, at least so much as remained in the west tower: they consisted of long and broad and thick oak planks, not placed as is usual across the beams but lengthways or paralell with them, a mode much inferior to the present practice. I have not a doubt but that there was a similar tower to the western on the east end of the building which is wanted to render the building uniform. We could easily trace the foundation and Mr. Win told us that in digging thereabouts he had met with stone and mortar foundations in the direction we traced.

The western end has every appearance of a Castle, but from the elevation of the road immediately behind it, the premises are not capable of making much defence: there is a remarkably tall and fine lime tree growing near the tower which tradition says was planted by a famous Baronet who fled here for refuge but was afterwards beheaded in London, his name in the *History of England*.¹⁴⁷ There is yet some fine timber in the Park which has long ago been divided into meadows. I took a more distant view of the hall from near the old fish ponds which are now dry and drained: a terrace walk ran along the top of a wall overlooking the garden in the front of the house. The whole is a pleasing and interesting place and worthy the stranger's notice.

Win told us of a Trout of 9 pounds weight that was taken in Swaledale. The Swaledale trout are very far inferior to the Wensleydale trout, supposed to be in consequence of the mines in the former. A trout was taken in the Yore near Nappa that weighed lb.8.

Having satisfied ourselves with rambling about Nappa and thanked Win for his hospitality, we returned to Askrigg and stopped at Boy's Inn, formerly Pratt's house. We viewed the stables and other conveniences of the like nature which shew Pratt's taste as well as judgment in things of that nature; after which we walked to Mill Gill which I think the most beautiful fall of water in these dales: it is about 60 feet in a finely wooded, rocky and winding glen; every tint that a painter could wish for is here to be found both in the rocks and wood. Higher up is another fine fall of the same height or thereabouts called Arthur's or Whitefell force, and not far from hence near Ure bridge is a very pretty fall surrounded by wood called the Bowbridge fall, it being close to Bowbridge. A tributary stream of Mill Gill drops over a rock in the manner of the famous well at Knaresborough and has an equally good and strong petrifying quality; I saw large and fine masses of moss, weeds etc., well encrusted. We saw the *Mottacilla* [*sic*] *Boarula* and the *Turdus Cinclus* in abundance here.

After I had taken a sketch of the fall we returned to Askrigg to tea and was waited upon by the fine Miss Boyes, a celebrated toast in these parts. On our return homewards we called at the Free School of Ure bridge to enquire of the master concerning a trout of unusual dimensions which was taken in Semer water about 2 years ago and was seen by him; my brother John also saw it as it lay upon the bridge of Ure as he was accidentally passing that way. It was a most extraordinary fish and was found in a putrid and mutilated state on the eastern shore of Semer water after a very large flood. It was so far destroyed that its weight could not be ascertained with certainty; but its head alone on being cut off weighed between 4 and 5 Pounds, very near the latter, so that according to a moderate calculation the whole fish when a live must have weighed upwards of 20 lbs. and there was no doubt of its being a perfect trout; indeed Salmon was never known here neither could they get up. This fish had probably died from sheer old age.

Over the door of this Free School is the rude figure of a Mermaid of which no body can give any account yet it may probably have some connection with a tradition I have recently heard. There is a stone on the eastern margin of Semer water upon which 'tis said a mermaid was frequently seen sitting and combing her hair in old time and 'tis yet called mermaid stone; 'tis near the Carl stone before mentioned. This free school is chiefly supported by the rent of the Black Swann inn in York which belongs to it, but the income now arising from that does not amount to £40 per annum, that inn being leased at a low rent on account of the great improvements made by Batty.¹⁴⁸

At Bainbridge we enquired when they would begin to blow the horn before mentioned; they told us on the next Thursday evening and would continue it 'till Cristmas eve when they collected money for its support, after which it was continued 'till late in the spring. During the summer it is not blown at all: the person who blows it stands on an eminence near the summer tree in Bainbridge.

Many people have been at a loss to account for the curling and shades on certain parts of lakes and not on others: this is very frequent in Semer water and is easy to account for; 'tis the catching of the wind as it rises for in a short time the whole surface is covered.

129th. DAY. SEP: 24.

I drew and wrote nearly the whole of this day. My uncle tells me that there is seldom or never a winter but he sees plenty of the *Emberiza Nivalis* but they do not always appear in regular numbers: sometimes they amount to absolute myriads, at others but few appear according to the severity of the season; they have great length of wing and are active and lively, not many of them resemble each other in plumage. The Sweet Martin [*sic*] is not uncommon in Raydale Wood. A Pine Martin from the description I had of it was found attacking the rooks in the tall trees of a rookery in Langstrathdale.

130th. DAY. SEP: 25.

After Breakfast this morning went with my uncle to examine the remains of the Roman road through Marside pasture. We clearly traced it from the direction of Baynbridge or Brough hill in a direct line towards Kirby Lonsdale. My grandfather it

seems always considered this road as such and formerly it was called the Devil's Causeway: it is much elevated above the level of the lake below and has the appearance of a terrace excavated from the side of the hill: a row of stones as a kind of support on the south side also distinguishes it; in some places the traces are almost lost but in others the road is seen fair and level; it may be traced for some miles [but] we contented ourselves by walking along it for little more than half a mile. In a short time this fine specimen will probably be no more visible as Surveyors are now measuring out this pasture into small parcels for inclosure.

I cannot but mention a singular circumstance respecting the village of Austwick not far from Ingleton. Formerly there was but one knife in the whole village; this was called a whittle and was *pro bono publico*: a summer tree stood near the centre of the place and for the better convenience of the inhabitants this knife was kept sticking in the bole of the tree, where any one who wanted it might generally find it; but should it be absent the person wanting it stood near the tree and with a loud voice bawled out 'whittle to't tree,' which the person using it hearing was obliged by custom to run out and stick the knife in the tree. From this curious and poverty-like custom has arisen a kind of proverb which I have heard more than once since my arrival here: when anything is wanting, suppose a pair of snuffers to snuff the chandle, they would say 'whittle to't tree' – i.e. Bring the snuffers.

I drew and wrote a good deal to day: dined with William Middlebrook and took tea with Jane Harker, both at Counterside.¹⁴⁹

131st. DAY. SEP: 26.

Wishing again to see the beautiful little Agnes before mentioned I made an excuse to go and see Startling Scar up in Raydale wood and privately spoke to William Gillbank her father to let her go as my conductress pleading ignorance of its situation: according[ly] she became my leader and she looked more beautiful than ever. I know not that I ever spent a more happy morning: the scenery was bewitching and my companion fascinating. This waterfall is perhaps in one of the most solitary spots imaginable and well suited for amorous [*sic*] interviews; a winding, narrow and impetuous stream foaming amongst fragments of rocks and fallen trees runs

through the thickest part of a wood with here and there an abrupt scar appearing; and where it falls over the Startling Scar about 30 feet it is compleatly screened by wood. Here we sat; I attempted to draw with Agnes by my side but how was it possible, I trembled with admiration, love and ardour: to use the language of Burns I kiss'd her over and over again and that amid scenery more congenial than even the bonny rigs of barley.¹⁵⁰ The scene was perhaps peculiarly picturesque; my beauteous little innocent lay smiling and sighing in my arms with a bewitching manner and confidence that subdued me; she seemed like the happy genius of the place. How could it be possible for me to corrupt by word or deed so much beauty and innocence: let this scene this morning be remembered. We played and kiss'd and kiss'd and play'd till compelled to return to dinner we parted sorrowfully.

Leaping and football are at present the chief if not the only amusement of the rustics of this part now, but wrestling was even in my father's time much in vogue, as he was a great champion that way himself as well as leaping; the backsword and boxing scientifically are also in disuse, tho' the latter is occasionally used in drunken quarrels. My uncle was absent the greater part of this day at Aisgarth buying an horse.

132nd. DAY. SEP: 27.

I employed myself after breakfast this morning in catching and drawing the *Cyprinus Phloxinus* of Linné. These fish vary exceedingly in their marks and colouring but few here are without the blue, green, purple, crimson, silvery and gold tinges according to the light the fish are placed in: they also grow to a large size here; I have seen [one] of 3½ Inches long. They are curious and inquisitive tho' silly fishes: if a large landing net is put into the clearest water where they are swimming, tho' it frightens them all away at first, they immediately return and run into it by dozens together in order to examine it when by a sudden jerk they may all be landed. The Bullhead and Loach are also singular in their manners; they will not move towards a bait by sight but it no sooner touches the fish seen at the bottom than it becomes perfectly ravenous and seizes the bait with a wonderful and certain avidity.

The rays of the second dorsal fin of the *Cottus Gobia* are 16, of the anal 12.

Short description of the Cancer astacus: Largest size from 6 to 7 Inches long; 2 large serrated claws with 2 joints; 8 legs, 2 first pair claw'd and serrated; 2 long antennae from 2 to 3 in., 4 small antennae; tail of 5 joints; eyes prominent.

Wasps in this part of the contry sometimes make pendant nests from the twigs of gooseberry trees of a size not larger than a walnut.

Spent this afternoon in drawing.

133rd. DAY. SEP: 28.

This was Hawes Fair Day, and I accompanied my uncle there as I thought it a good opportunity of seeing the appearance, stature and manners of the natives. In Butterside pasture I thought I found the remains of a very large tumulus, or perhaps a general burial place, as it consists of a very large circle formed by 12 small hills or tumuli ranged in a circle round a platform; they are placed at regular distances from each other and appear to [be] formed by fragments of limestone and earth together: it seems my uncle has always considered this as some curious remains of antiquity; it is on the northern declivity of the Crag. As this large pasture is about to be enclosed it is probable some discoveries may be made here further illustrative.

I no sooner got into Hawes than I heard of the escape of the Swallow tail'd Falcon from Simonstone on the morning of yesterday the 27th. instant after a confinement of exactly 3 weeks. It appears the owner of it was shewing it to some strangers without having had the precaution to shut the door of the room. As he held it perched upon a stick near the open door it suddenly darted off, flew out at the door, and rose to a considerable height in the air where it was presently seen and attacked by a large body of crows who compelled it to alight immediately: it did so in the very tree in which it was first taken. Its former possessor was so impatient to secure his bird that he would not take the advice of John Thompson of Hawes,¹⁵¹ who was present and who advised him to fetch his gun, but he instantly pulled off his clogs and coat and climbed the tree; but the bird would not allow him to approach: it instantly took flight, mounted perpendicularly to an immense height nearly out of sight and then it took an horizontal and steady flight in a direction nearly due south and was seen no more.

It appears to a stranger truly astonishing how it is possible to collect together so great a number of people in such a small town as Hawes fair exhibits: it owes however its celebrity to the day on which it is holden being well timed, it is but one day before Brough hill fair, the largest for cattle perhaps in the whole North of England (bye the bye it may not be amiss to note that I have just heard that Skipton is the largest market for fat cattle in Great Britain excepting Smithfield and even to that it falls little short). I observed that all sorts of live stock as well as common merchandise is here called *goods*. I thought I saw as many men of 6 feet high in the fair as under, and in general the men are handsome, strong and very stout. I scarcely need say the girls are pretty.

I was a good deal diverted by watching the sale of the little Galloways that are bred amongst the hills and have never been broke; they are driven from the moors, on which they have roamed like shaggy bears from the day of their birth, to the fair in large companies where they stand crowded together in seperate parties according to their masters station in the fair. As they have never been haltered it is exceedingly diverting to see that operation performed in the open fair: when one is pitched upon by a purchaser, a tall stout bony strong ruffianlike fellow who is accustomed to the exercise seizes the unhappy brute round the neck with one arm whilst with the other hand he seizes the poor brute by the nose thrusting his fingers into the nostrils and grasping that tender part with his whole might: thus beset and tortured the wretch of a horse runs backward plunging and rearing and tugging with its enemy: as another hold upon the tortured animal a strong man pulls it by the tail with all his might, this to prevent it from kicking. Thus hampered the men and Galloway tumble about 'till all are tired and the beast is haltered: within this few years a purchaser might choose in one of these lots of horses for 5 guineas. This race of horses is chiefly confined to the mountains and even there they are gradually becoming less and less numerous.

The town was full; we could scarcely get thro' the mob and at other times scarcely a person is to be seen in the streets; but this town has an excellent market on Tuesdays: this fair is annual. The inhabitants on this occasion are particularly hospitable; open house is kept for all friends as well as relations visitting the fair where a table well covered with excellent

provisions is found ready to sit to almost any hour in the day: for this convenience the meat is generall[y] if not always cold, and a large piece of roasting beef is always found as an indispensable article at the head of the table.

If the manners of the people are not refined they are open and free and generous. I observed a custom which is as common as it borders on licentiousness. Walking about the fair I frequently saw the contry youths go up to the nice buxom girls saying 'Bess, Jenny, or whatever her name might be, coom a'al gie the a fairing if terl let me gang haame with ther at neet.' This offer I observed was generally accepted and on enquiry I found it was meant as an assignation for the parties to spend some time in an amorous way under a hedge or other suitable place on their return from the fair to their village. This kind of assignation is not always made between parties long previously acquainted but sometimes even with almost absolute strangers.

In almost every public house, I believe all, were much dancing and music from the violin; petty gambling was also exercised on tables in the fair. The streets were filled with stalls covered with every article of merchandize [*sic*] and toys. Today I learnt from Mr. Jackson, Lord Grantham's house steward, that he had seen a fine Osprey fishing in Newby Park near the house last week, that it suffered him to approach very near and he saw it strike several fish.

We staid in the fair 'till evening when we returned to Carr-end conversing by the way about birds. The Grouse on these moors, as they do in Scotland, in severe weather in winter flock about the hamlets on the moors, frequently sitting on the chimney tops for warmth and sometimes falling down them. In this state they are so tame that they will suffer themselves to be shot at repeatedly: not very long ago a grouse absolutely took refuge in the town of Hawes from the intensity of cold.

134th. DAY. SEP. 29.

Being Sunday went to meeting with my uncle's family at Counterside. William Thompson and some other friends from Hawes returned to dine at Carr end. I drank tea and disputed on politics with cousin Richard Thistlethwaite: my cousin Alexander came home today from Ayton; he had called at Wensley on his way and John Humphrey¹⁵² of that place had

given him a female of the *Loxia Coccythraustes* that was shot there not long ago, which he shewed me badly stuffed. Alexander told me that in Farnley Wood he has found the nest of the *Parus Caudatus* with as many as 23 and sometimes 24 eggs in them being stuffed quite full with the old bird beside.

135th. DAY. SEP: 30.

It had been my intention to leave Carr-end today but as my cousin John Fothergill was expected today to meet Alexander and as I had not seen him for 10 years I thought fit to wait to see him which I did to dinner.¹⁵³ I like Alexander much the best and think his abilities of a much higher cast.

I made a discovery in Yorkshire Ornithology today: the bird which Alexander has drawn for a Greenshank I have no doubt is the Cinereous Godwit. It was shot by my uncle at Semer water side and was a remarkably active and restless bird; of this generally scarce species I have now known several specimens. Flintoffs have one in their museum shot near Bowbridge and I saw a specimen once at York.

If Semer water was only better regarded by a resident I have no doubt but it would afford many extremely rare and curious water birds. Its Ornithological history is important as a large inn or resting place in the centre of the contry, narrow between two mighty seas: many ducks unknown light upon the water and stay during the day but depart at night.

Most of this day I spent in drawing.

Swaledale, Lower Wensleydale and Teesdale

136th. DAY. OCT^r. I.

This morning I bade adieu to Carr end after a charming stay in its vicinity and at it for more than a month. At Bainbridge I stopped to see the Roman camp on Brough hill. It is nearly a parallelogram upon a hill commanding a fine view of the dale on every side. According to my paces I made it 390 feet long by 300 wide; all round it on the outside of the mound is the appearance of a fosse or road 30 feet wide; near the centre of each side is an entrance or opening into it thro' the mound, and on the south side of the east entrance is a considerable circular mound close to the opening perhaps for the erection of the Roman standard. I thought that I could discern the remains of a similar one on the opposite side but it seemed to have sunk down nearly to the level of the general mound: the grand entrance appeared to me to have been on the south side, as I could clearly trace the Roman road up the hill to this entrance and for the sake of ease it took rather a winding direction up the declivity, differing in that respect from Roman roads in general. The interior part of the parallelogram is not hollow but raised like the top of a table and of such an inequality of surface as to appear more like the scite of a town than a camp: however, this roughness is in part tho' by no means altogether occasioned by the foundations of stone fences which have traversed it in various directions. Its situation is naturally strong tho' commanded by surrounding heights on each side tho' not near enough for any other instrument of destruction to act upon it excepting cannon. The people of the neighbourhood still maintain the tradition of this being the winter camp and the summit of Addlebrough, or Aid le Breough, the summer camp of the Romans: be this as it may, there are little remains on the latter whilst the camp on the former is very perfect.

I dined at Boyes Inn at Askrigg and drew some rare birds of Alexander's doing afterwards. The hill behind Askrigg which I was obliged to rise in my way to Reeth is of a very steep and long ascent, perhaps two miles. However the wearisome labour of ascending it is amply repaid by the fine views seen backwards from its sides and summit: over the lower

mountains of Wensleydale I could clearly discern those of Ingleborough and Whernside and some of the Westmoreland mountains. On the top of this hill are many coal mines close to the road and the contry people were busily employed in getting peat bury [?] .

Descending from this hill Swaledale with its distant black hills full of mines appears. This vale is narrow, winding and far inferior (tho its land is very good) to Wensleydale. I followed the course of the Swale, which is here shallow and turbulent and discoloured with the washing of ore, all the way to Reeth. The vall[e]y is extremely populous and well cultivated; not so the hills, whose summits are nearly incapable of it. Arrived at Reeth I proceeded to Fryers, at whose house I took up my abode. Found a letter from Mrs. W. of Coverham and one from my brother.

137th. DAY. OCT: 2.

Read and wrote this day 'till evening when Fryer took me to Marske and introduced me to John Hutton Esqr. one of my subscribers.¹⁵⁴ He is a tall, stout and remarkably handsome man, whose head would make a fine[r] bust than any Roman or Grecian sculpture I ever saw: he is a man of great talents by nature and tolerably well cultivated, a great lover of books, a sportsman and an agriculturist, fond of his bottle and good cheer, no pride, no ostentation; has about £5000 per annum from a paternal estate and is a good specimen of a compleat English Squire; is fond of bantering and likes a good butt in company and will always have one; is remarkably well informed, Lieut. Col. in the Loyal Dales Volunteers and is in every respect a pleasing, entertaining and interesting companion. Our conversation was sometimes serious, sometimes gay; we kept it up 'till between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. The only person present besides Fryer and myself and mine host was a Mr. Gordon a wine merchant of Gilling and brother to Mr. G of Fountains hall.¹⁵⁵

Mrs. Hutton the mother of mine host is a large, coarse and rather vulgar woman; she was a servant in the very house where she is now mistress.¹⁵⁶ It seems to be no uncommon practice for the Squires of this part of the contry to marry their servants and not seek alliances of a more noble nature; Chaytor of Spennithorne married his maid:

these indiscretions are sure to make the offspring more or less vulgar, especially the daughters.

It was on this estate that this Mr. Hutton's father bred all his famous race horses.¹⁵⁷ I begin to think a mountainous contry containing rich valleys and where the climate is not too cold the best kind of contry for the breeding of racers and hunters; tis certain, the air, water and herbage is sweeter and consequently more wholesome.

On our return 4½ miles to Reeth, Fryer (as he frequently does on the like occasions) fell fast asleep on horseback and lost his stick. Fryer tho' accustomed to great absence [*sic*] is a compleat *bon vivant*. I am told he is sometimes so involved either in mathematical calculations or sleep on horseback at night that his horse frequently being left to itself rambles out of the way and looses both itself and master for a time: thus it did sometime last week near Richmond and fell down a stone quarry violently bruising and wounding poor F in the face.

138th. DAY. OCT^r. 3.

Read and wrote 'till after dinner when Fryer and I walked to Marri[c]k Abbey, but first went to the village half a mile beyond for the key. It is situated on an eminence upon the northern bank of Swale about 2 miles from Reeth: the body has a very ancient appearance, the tower has been repaired; there are but two aisles now remaining, the middle one and the north: in the centre of the middle aisle is this stone. The remains of a tomb over a Metcalfe now forming one of the steps into the Chancel bears the following fragment of an inscription in old English characters:

Hic iacit Dña celiba Metcalfe.

This has doubtless been placed over a nun of that family or a good contributor to this abbey who has been buried here.

A step (also part of a tomb) leading into the sanctum sanctorum or precincts of the altar bears the following yet more ancient inscription [*see page 160*]. And the following, which beyond doubt appears to be a part of the last, is upon a stone forming part of the floor of the sanctum, etc., a fragment: 'SERINGRIT FUNDATORES HUIUS LOCI'. The above has doubtless formed part of the stone placed over the founder of this Abbey. It is a great shame that the ancient grave stones of this place should have been so mutilated; all over the pavement in places may be seen swords and

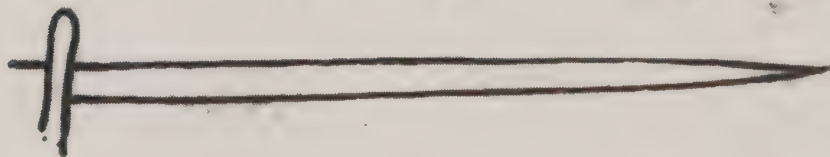
The remains of a tomb ^{251.} over
a Metcalfe now forming one
of the steps into the Chancel
bears the following fragment
of an inscription in Old Eng-
lish characters -

Hic iacet Dⁿⁱ a celiba
Metcalfe

This has doubtless been placed over
a man of that family or a
good contributor to this abbey
who has been buried here.

A step (also part of a tomb)
leading into the Sanctuary
sanctuarium or precincts of
the altar bears the following yet
more ancient inscription -

TV Dⁿⁱ 3^a ROGERI
TERO.



And the following which be-
yond doubt appears to be a
part of the last is upon a
stone forming part of the floor
of the sanctuary. It is a fragment

fragments of inscriptions in rude sculpture of which little can now be made in consequence of their being wilfully mutilated.

In the east window are these arms finely painted: [see page 162]. Neville field azure.

There are several black marble tombs without inscriptions in the middle aisle.

The roof and south side will very soon be no more; they seem now on the point of destruction; the cieling is boarded and ornamented with paintings and sculptured knobs: there are little or no remains of the outbuildings and the monastery, tho' there are some large heaps of rubbish overgrown with nettles and the farm house adjoining with its offices are evidently built out of the ruins of the Abbey. The church is yet used for weekly service but that cannot long continue, its ruin is so near.

The village of Marrick is about half a mile farther on the top of a steep hill. In the public house there I saw a long small sword which I understood was used in the sword dancing which is an amusement still practiced in this part of the contry and is one of so singular a nature that I must endeavour to give an exact account of it.

139th. DAY. OCT: 4.

Read, wrote and drew this day 'till evening, when Fryer and I walked to Grinton Church. I was much pleased with some fragments of remarkably fine and ancient Painted Glass in the East window, which at first I thought must have been brought from Marrick Abbey, but on inspection we found the remains of an inscription on the Glass with the words *Maria*, and afterwards *Bredlyngtone* in old English characters: now this church formerly belonged to Bridlington Abbey and as I think was dedicated to the Holy Virgin, so that if this glass was not brought from that monastery at the Dissolution it has most likely been here from the first: this church has nothing ancient about it excepting its form and this glass, so that I am apprehensive it has been built out of the ruins of one much more magnificent as it was a famous church in old time. See the Harleian Manuscripts.

There has been a Crucifixion in the East window superior in Drawing and design to any works I ever saw on glass, but it has been cruelly mutilated: this window and the whole chancel, as I am told, belongs to the Lady Wade, formerly

252.

SERINGRIT FVNDATORES HVVS LOCI.

The above has doubtless formed
part of the stone placed on
the founder of this Abbey
is a great shame that the
ancient grave stones of this
place should have been so
mutilated all over the pave-
ment in places may be seen
wards & fragments of inscrip-
tions in rude sculpture of
which little can now be
made in consequence of
their being wilfully mutilated
In the East window are three
arms finely painted



Neville -



Scrope


Neville field azure.

Miss Fenton but afterwards married to Lord Wade. Near the porch is a Roman Catholic cross lying over a grave as it is supposed. There are the arms and initials of Solomon Swale of Swale hall in one of the windows.¹⁵⁸

We staid in the Church 'till it was dark when we adjourned to Fremington, Fryer talking about his strong desire to steal the glass. We had the old Parish Clerk into the public house to drink a glass and smoke a pipe. From this man I got some curious and authentic information. Athletic exercises among the lower orders of the people are seldom practised now; those noble pastimes which were frequent even no longer ago than 50 years are now nearly no more: they have given place to pitchhalfpenny (the most frequent game here), spell and nor [*sic*: knur], cri[c]ket and such like; yet it is not long since this neighbourhood was famous for its runners and in particular for its excellent leapers. I am glad however to hear that wrestling is still in vogue amongst the miners on certain public occasions, festivals and merry-meetings: they have two modes of setting to; one by taking hold of each others hand and directing their efforts at the feet and legs, the other the old fashioned way round the waste [*sic*] where more strength is required.

A Belt for the waste is the usual prize and these are sometimes richly worked or embroidered for the occasion. These belts are commonly of strong buff leather: they are still worn by the old people here, at least among certain individuals: it is a very old fashion and a century ago neither old nor y[oun]g men were often seen without them: here they are principally worn by the miners chiefly under the idea that they impart strength in certain hard labour particularly in climbing up the shafts made thus [*see page 164*]. The wearers strongly insist upon their being stronger for wearing these belts: they probably had their origin for the purpose of holding vestments together before the invention of buttons, but now I believe they are worn for little if any thing more than ornament; they are buckled with a large buckle tight round the waist.

Football was amongst the former athletic games but it seems to have been dropped in consequence of accidents happening not unfrequently, particularly broken legs in consequence of the players wearing such terrible thick shoes

very old fashion & a century ago neither old nor young men were often seen without them - here they are principally worn by the miners chiefly under the idea that they impart strength in certain hard labour particularly in climbing up the shafts made thus 

The wearers strongly insist upon their being strong even for wearing these belts. They probably had their origin for the purpose of holding garments together before the invention of buttons but now I believe they are worn for little if any thing more than ornament - they are buckled with a large buckle tight round the waist.

Football was amongst the former athletic games but it seems to have been dropped in consequence of accidents happening not infrequently particularly broken legs in consequence of the players wearing such terrible thick shoes armed with iron - The men of Ayrshire were particularly famous at this game & they frequently challenged

armed with iron. The men of Arkendale were particularly famous at this game and they frequently challenged to play 13 of their men against 13 from any other quarter.

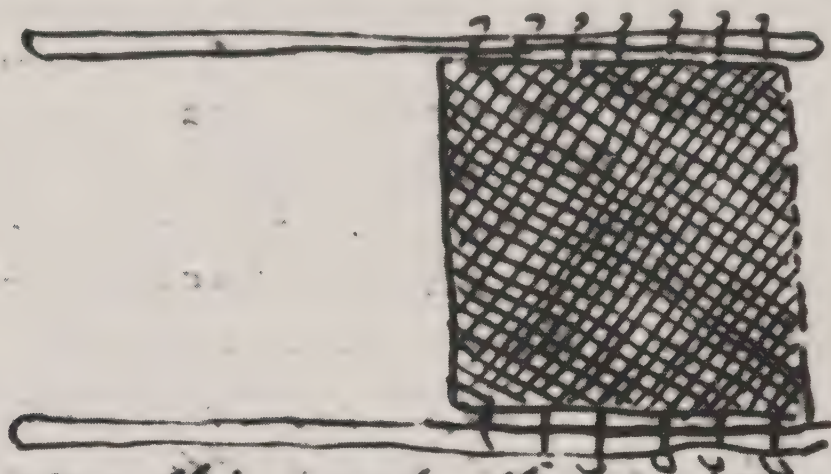
Red deer were common on the mountains of Swaledale so lately as within 60 years and they frequently were shot close to the towns of Fremington and Reeth: hunting them was a fashionable amusement even amongst the poor. My informant saw 13 fine stags together upon the fell behind Fremington not more than 60 years ago. Otters and Badgers were extremely numerous when he was young and now not one is to be found of either wher[e]as two or three might be got with ease in an afternoon 40 or even 30 years ago.

I have often wished to have an opportunity of ascertaining the growth of Fish. A well authenticated circumstance told me by this clerk assists me very materially. A few years ago a new fish pond of about an acre in size was made about half a mile west of Reeth, banked round in a valley with a stream from the hills running thro' it. Into this new pond he himself put a number of young trout and eels as stock: none of the trout exceeded 3oz: in weight and none of the Eels were larger than very large dew worms; yet when they drew the pond in two years time, they took out 105 trout all of which weighed 5 lb each excepting one which weighed 6 lb, a most extraordinary and rapid growth indeed, and some of the Eels weighed from 3 to 4 lbs and many of them were 2 lbs: this rapid increase of weight might in part depend upon the newness of the pond: they are now stocking it again and a new experiment will be made.

There has been caught eels in the Swale here of 3½ lb. Salmon have been sometimes taken: these must have leaped at Richmond Mill a considerable height. They used to fish for eels in this neighbourhood with a net called a prodding net: it is made like a Batfowling net, 2 shafts or handles and a square net [*see page 166*]. With this net the fisher pokes about in holes under banks and in likely places: the eels run into it etc.

At Mr. Milbanke's seat between here and Darlington¹⁵⁹ a swann was observed for a whole day with its head under water and its rump sticking up: something was naturally enough concluded to be amiss: the bird was taken out. It was dead, and its head and part of the neck was fast in the throat of a large Pike which had attempted to swallow it and which was taken out with the swan. As the Clerk was going fishing with

260. a Bat fowling net. 2 shalps
or handles - & a square net



with this net the fisher fishes
about in holes under boulders
in likely places. The cat ran
into it on - At Mr. Millau's
seat between here & Darling
a swan was observed for a while
day with its head under water
& its rump sticking up
something was naturally con-
cluded to be a snipe - the bird
was taken out - it was dead
& its head & part of the neck
was fast in the throat of
a large pike which had
attempted to swallow it &
which was taken out with
the swan - As the Clerk
was going a fishing with
another man in Gill Lake
near Lyburn - he observed a
cat lying quite straight &
motionless at the bottom of

another man in Gill beck near Leyburn, he observed an eel lying quite straight and motionless at the bottom: the water was clear and the fish not attempting to move away: they put a net under it and brought it onto land. Its mouth was wide open; it was not quite dead but was in the act of choking by having an huge toad stuck fast in its throat which it had attempted to swallow.

Fossil oak wood is not unfrequently found in the Swale but on the moors in the Peat nothing but Birch and a few alder: thus it seems when this dale was a forest it resembled Wensleydale in having fine oak in the valleys where the soil was good and birch etc. on the mountains where it was indifferent. Quantities of old armour and various ancient household utensils have been found in almost every part of this dale hereabouts. Seventy years ago there were but 3 slated houses in Reeth, all the rest were poor thatched dwellings. Its increase in wealth and inhabitants owing to the mines.

140th. DAY. OCT^r. 5.
Immediately after breakfast this morning went to Grinton Church to draw the fine pa[i]nted glass there. I locked myself in and drew in peace 'till dinner time; after dinner returned; am visited by the parson Edmunson: odd kind of scene with my drawing on the Altar table during the service of funerals, Baptisms etc. together with some other Church ceremonies gabbled over on the very table I was drawing on and at the same time, whilst people were kneeling about me: the scene was so ludicrous I could not but smile. My Uncle William did not know that they had the Vespertillio Altivolaus in this part of the contry; I however found one dead in this church today.

Out of a book of Edmunson I copied a statement of the population of this vale when last taken by order of Government. It is as follows:

An Account of the Population in the Division
of Melbecks in the Parish of Grinton, 1801

Inhabited houses	242	
By how many familys [sic]	259	
Number of males		600
Number of females		674
		<hr/>
		1274

Number employ'd in agriculture	15
in trade, manufactures and handicrafts	54
All others not comprised in the preceeding classes	1205
	<hr/>
	1274
Houses in Grinton	46
Inhabitants	186
Houses in Fremington	30
Inhabitants male of Fremington	93
Inhabitants female of Fremington	80
	<hr/>
	173
Houses in Reeth	170
Male Inhabitants	456
Female Inhabitants	500
	<hr/>
	956
Male Inhabitants of Muker	555
Female Inhabitants of Muker	564
	<hr/>
	1119
Houses in Grinton Division	140
Male Inhabitants	246
Female Inhabitants	272
	<hr/>
	518
Houses in Melbecks Division	242
Male Inhabitants	600
Female Inhabitants	674
	<hr/>
	1274

So that, according to the above account,
the total number of Inhabitants is 4040.¹⁶⁰

I staid in the Church 'till it was too dark to see to do any more. I have begun facsimiles of all the curious glass there: a Knight and dragon; Bishop's head; Apostle's head; Monk's head with a cowl; a Friar's head.

Fryer was absent at Richmond market today.

141st. DAY. OCT: 6.

Went to meeting in the School room this meeting not above 8 or 9 individuals: influence of certain places on one's worship. Dined with George Raw. After dinner walked with Fryer who was going to Askrigg, as far as the wonderful Roman fortification yet called by tradition Maiden Castle.¹⁶¹ It is the most wonderful thing of the kind I ever saw but as we are

going to measure it exactly and make a drawing, I shall defer my description.

As an amusement at certain times here a pig's tail which has been shortened is soaped or greased and turned adrift for the rustics to catch by the tail. Pigs are bled at times here and it is done by cutting the tail about two or three inches of it off.

Moor Game in the Roman fortification, and a shrew mouse with grey shoulders and not more than two inches.

142nd. DAY. OCT: 7.

After breakfast went to Grinton Church to work at my copies of the painted glass there and staid 'till one: came to Reeth to dine; after dinner returned to Grinton church and worked 'till four o'clock; returned to tea, after which I packed up some necessary articles and set out for Middleham, partly to see my nymph and partly for the purpose of sketching Middleham Castle from the south east. I had a wild, gloomy kind of walk of 10 miles in the dusk of the evening and by moonlight over hills and moors of dreariness 'till the last two miles which lay thro' part of beauteous Wensleydale. As I passed the ferry I desired the old man there, the famous fisherman, to come and take a glass with me at the inn and compleat my account of the fish found in the river here. After supper who should come in but Fryer from Askrigg: he had called at Spennithorne at Chaytor's and had made himself frisky with their *strong waters*. We were soon joined by the old fisherman and in consequence of a system of questions I make the following additions to my former account.

A Salmon was killed in the river a few years ago that weighed 47 lbs: it was taken in Jervaux ings near the abbey and was then out of season so that it would have weighed at the least 50 lbs in proper season. Salmon frequently, perhaps every year, endeavour to leap Aisgarth Foss in their way higher up. Were they able to surmount the top of the lower fall, this would be a much higher leap than the famous one on the river Shannon in Ireland: as it is, the poor fish for ever unable to gain the summit leap higher or at least as high as any leap of the kind in Great Britain. The unlawful fishers of the vicinity take advantage of this season of the year and at this place to kill them with their listers. After a Salmon has made a few unsuccessful attempts it becomes weary and runs under an old tree's root or large stone there to rest 'till its strength is

sufficiently recruited for another and another attempt. In this situation of rest, the water being clear, the poacher discovers the unhappy fish and with an almost unerring aim transpierces its back with a deadly wound. In consequence of the Salmon being unable to pass this fall, they lay their spawn in great quantities in the gravelly bottoms between Middleham and those cataracts, affording a fine tho' an unlucky field for the poacher. The history and risks the Salmon have to run from their entrance into the Humber so far as here inland in order to perform the interesting functions of fecundity is highly interesting in the detail: happy is it for the fish that they are ignorant of the enemies they have to encounter and the difficulties it is necessary for them to surmount.

Two poaching modes of killing them are here and in this vicinity in constant practice at the season they are here which is of course only in spawning time. The click hook I have already mentioned but my former account was erroneous¹⁶²: the line does not extend across the river but is only put into the likely places where fish lie; [it] is fastened to a stake that is left lying on the ground; when a fish is within reach 'tis suddenly jerked or clicked up and the fish is taken usually by the belly: the click hook is formed by three hooks of equal size back to back like the common snap hook. The other mode is by what is called blazing and is thus performed. In dark nights a tar-light is fixed in the cleft of a strong stick: being set on fire it is held in a suitable place, shallow water is the best, over the surface of the water. Curiosity immediately brings all the salmon within sight to the spot and they lie under the blazing light enjoying or admiring the novelty of the scene whilst the light is so great and the water so clear that a pin may be seen at the bottom. Two men are employed, one who holds the light and the other goes into the water with a lister behind the fish where he strikes which he pleases. These listers are neither more nor less than large eel spears having many barbed grains near each other and a wooden shaft of 2 yards or 2½ yards long: the fishers are extremely expert with this cruel instrument; they rarely miss their aim even at the distance of 10 yards.

When salmon are weary with having been chased about they always take refuge in deeps under the roots of old trees where they remain motionless 'till sufficiently recruited. The fishermen know this and they have a method of tiring and

chasing them which they call stoning. Perhaps half a day is consumed before the desired effect is produced: men on each side of the river chase the poor fish by throwing stones incessantly into the water behind them 'till the fish are tired or arrived in a suitable place: when under the roots they are seen and struck by the lister; sometimes two are struck at once. The largest Barbel that was ever taken here was killed this way by a lister and it weighed 10 lbs, at a time when they were stoning for Salmon.

The business of working a hole for the reception of the spawn is the labour of the female alone and happy is it for her if nature has enabled her to experience any delight in so painful a labour: the fish may easily be seen at work in the most curious and rapid manner, sometimes wriggling her body sideways, sometimes turning round like a spindle boring with her nose, making sand and gravel fly from her on all sides discolouring the water: the fish frequently makes a hole so large as to take a man up to the middle. In this she deposits her spawn and covers it up, and trusting it to the protection of nature returns towards the ocean. I understand the Lamprey is only found here in the spawning season, coming in April solely for that purpose and returning when the business is over which is generally in less than a month.

It is reported that a large treasure in money was found in Jervaux Abbey a few years ago: two families in particular became rich all at once. They were employed in pulling down a part of the abbey: the fact is not doubted.

The furniture of the castle of Middleham became widely squandered when that building became untenable. Besides Mr. Brear's chair and cupboard, I have heard of a bed stocks at Grinton curiously carved with arms etc. and of a small toilet or dressing table, now in the old ferryman's house here.

From my going to bed 'till 4 o'clock in the morning I enjoyed my nymph tho' my pleasure was not a little damped by occasional qualms of conscience on her account. I was left and rose in the morning as weak as a cat.

143rd. DAY. OCT^r. 8.

Fryer joked me and my nymph rather freely this morning, being acquainted with our amour. Immediately after breakfast we sat out together for Wensley, he as usual on

horseback and my worship on foot. Our ride and walk was exquisite: this is certainly one of the finest vallies in Europe.

Arrived at Wensley we got the key of the church and went thro' it by ourselves. The splendid pew of the Scropes brought from Easby Abbey and placed here is a great curiosity and is perhaps one of the grandest in England. It is said that the removal of this pew caused their lord to engage in the Pilgrimage of Grace and how he escaped beheading is not yet clear – see the *History of England*. For an account of the decorations of this pew see my manuscript: 'tis divided into a passage and 3 compartments; the letters and ornaments are splendidly gilt; has been considerably larger in its former situation: Tomb of the Scropes: Marchioness of Winchester:¹⁶³ painted Glass: Tomb of the Saxon chief. Visit to Bolton hall: a few good portraits; Henry Lord Scrope; the warrior of Flodden field, with his lady the daughter of Lord Darcy apparently by Holbein, very fine on pannel; Harry Lord Scrope armed for the tilt yard very fine; and Thomas Lord Scrope of Bolton, son of Henry lord Scrope last, with his lady, Margaret, daughter of the Duke of Norfolke; and the exquisite portrait of Emanuel the last lord Scrope, lord of Sunderland, by Vandyke in his very best style; this is one of the finest portraits I ever saw.

I went with Fryer to Leyburn to dine as he wanted to write a letter by that day's post. On my way, caught some new species of spiders, particularly one very beautiful: small oval body, top bright scarlet, sides yellow, legs 8 and remarkably long and delicate and of a light pale brown and hairy: it was dead and had been caught by a large spider in its web for food. The kind I call the fern back'd spider makes a curious kind of house besides its webby fastening 4 nut leaves together so as to form 3 distinct apartments one within another; in the furthestmost are deposited the eggs. It is done by very strong webbs. I saw a whole holly bush covered by the webs of this species: they roll themselves up and lie motionless like hedgehogs when they fall I suppose as a security.

After dinner went again to Wensley, called on Col. Maude who was not at home, visited Mr. Humphrey with whom we drank tea and grog: he shot a pair of large divers a few years ago here in a flood that were somewhat larger than a goose. Fryer and I sup'd together at Leyburn after which he went off to Reeth and I staid there all night.

144th. DAY. OCT^r. 9.

Walked down to Wensley, got the key and drew in the church for an hour. Col. Maude sent his servant to me there begging my company to dinner; being engaged to dine at Bolton hall I could only call and promise to dine with him on some future day. I looked over Latham's *Index Ornithologicus* there for the Swallow tailed Falcon in vain.¹⁶⁴

From hence to Bolton hall, a charming walk of one mile. Bolton hall was finished in the year 1678 when the family moved from the Castle here. It is built in brick in the fashion of Elizabeth's reign. I was very hospitably entertained by Mrs. Sadler and young Sadler.¹⁶⁵ After dinner we searched amongst the old Manuscripts in the Evidence closet but on account of the catalogue being lost we made little out: there are some very ancient papers but they appear to relate solely to the estate which at this time in Wensleydale yields about £9000 per annum. I saw several old papers of the 12th, 13th and 14th centuries. It is authentically reported that the Duke of Bolton who possessed and bred the famous race horse called Bay Bolton once lost this estate by gaming but that this horse won it back again, in consequence of which he became so endeared to his noble master that when his course was run and he became a tenant of the grave the Duke honoured him with a ceremonious sepulture and erected a monument over him. Whether this report is true cannot now perhaps be ascertained; but certain it is the horse in question was decently interred and a monument consisting of a flat column about 9 feet high at his head and another at his tail marking his length was erected over him and may now be seen at the distance of about 2 miles from Bolton hall exactly opposite to it on the other side of the valley: formerly a double row of large trees led up to it but the uniformity of such an avenue if ever there was one is now destroyed.¹⁶⁶ I staid at Bolton hall 'till dusk and then sat out for Middleham and in my journey thither lost my way. Spend the night with my mistress.

This part of Wensleydale may be a little more distinguished from the upper end by the sight of various corn fields interspersed amongst the meadows and by being broader. A very few years ago this delightful valley was very little known to travellers or to summer visitants but

since a great proportion of the company visiting the Lakes now go this way instead of the more barren route thro' Lancashire, its fame may become justly extended.

145th. DAY. OCT^r. 10.

In my way back to Wensley this morning I took a sketch of the bridge and church: part of the old bridge spoken of by Leland still remains in the former.¹⁶⁷ Col. Maude is laying out a great deal of money, foolishly in my opinion, on a new house on Lord Bolton's land.

My walk thro' Bolton Woods and park towards the Castle was delightful: the river tumbling over large stones and wide fragments of rock rolls at the bottom of high banks studded with rich wood: at the end of the wood next the Castle is a fine view of that building seen thro' a kind of vista. I took a sketch.

I arrived at the Castle after Mr. Wood's usual dinner hour, but had a very comfortable one set out for me by the charming and engaging Mrs. W.¹⁶⁸ It was droll enough, but I was a long time wandering amongst the ruins of the Castle before I could discover and find my way into the habitable part: this Mr. W. informed me was no unusual circumstance.

I questioned Mr. W. concerning the glass in Queen Mary's room which had been so sacrilegiously stolen by a Lady of quality: he saw the transaction himself and said it was taken by a daughter of the last Duke of Bolton, afterwards married to Lord Inchinbrook [*sic*]: he was standing by her side when she sent her servant for a knife to take it out with.¹⁶⁹ In the unfortunate Queen's own lovely hand was written these words on one of the small panes of glass: 'In this doleful apartment was I Mary of Scotland Reg. confined so long'; and a little lower down in the same window 'Pray God send me a speedy deliverance.' This glass which derived its value and importance from its locality would have been justly deemed a great curiosity by all travellers this way, but what was its fate [?]: the Vandalic lady ordered it to be packed up and sent to her seat in the south of England; it was broken to pieces on the journey and is now no more. Let my indignation have bounds! On visiting this interesting apartment afterwards it was plain that one half of the little window that contained

this glass, still exhibited the same panes that were in it at the time of the Queen's cruel imprisonment; the half which contained the interesting inscription is now filled with modern square panes. This sacrilege was committed about in the year 1764.

It was in the winter of 1759 that the north eastern tower fell during the night into the village with a most tremendous crash: it was supposed that this tower fell in consequence of the chief force of the besiegers in the civil wars being directed against this corner, in consequence of which it had been much damaged. Wood tells me that Grose's Account of this castle is a good one and may be relied on so far as his own observation goes.¹⁷⁰ I did little this afternoon but sit in the house and converse.

It is clear that the early inhabitants of the district of Wensleydale first settled on the hills and as the wood was cleared away descended into the valley: there are yet the remains of small inclosures on the summits of the hills which were formerly cultivated but are now extensive sheep walks, and amongst the reasons alledged by the Monks of Fors for the removal of their abbey was the vast number of wolves that infested those parts besides the corn not ripening well. Now the circumstance of the wolves is decidedly against the universal assertion of all our historians.

Mr. Wood's family is particularly agreeable: the rooms of the castle are very lofty and have been fitted up from the ruins at a great expence.

146th. DAY. OCT: 11.

Immediately after breakfast I took a ride with Mr. James Wood¹⁷¹ to Bearpark to see a curious stone there which it is said was brought from some neighbouring abbey: as it, Bearpark, belonged to Marrick Abbey, that has the greatest claim upon it. The stone is now fixed in the back part of the house and is about 2½ yards long by 1 high in very rude sculpture: see the drawing.¹⁷² Bearpark is a farmhouse delightfully situated on the Northern bank of the Ure exactly opposite to A[i]sgarth. The arms in the stone mentioned above have a curious allusion to the crucifixion of our Saviour: the inscription under it as well as I could make it out was as follows (the first word was illegible): '. . . nomen domini ihu bene dictum,' in old English characters.

From hence we had a charming tho' short ride of half a mile to Asgarth Bridge: this beautiful little ride even within this 10 or 15 years lay thro' a fine old wood, now there is only a little brush wood. The bridge at Aisgarth is modern; Maud of Wensley knew the old one and lamented the fall of its ivy-mantled battlements – see his *Wensleydale*.¹⁷³

We rode on to the village and procured the keys of the church. In the church yard exactly opposite to the Porch is a mound of earth, stones and human bones covered over with grass. I took it for a tumulus, as I picked out quantities of human bones in a calcareous state and the whole was so lightly formed as easily to be pulled in pieces with a stick. On enquiry I understood that this mound was merely formed of the rubbish that [was] spared in pulling down an older church that stood on the spot where the present one now stands: be that as it may, it is certainly as full of human bones as any tumulus I ever examined.

The Church is very large and is formed by 3 aisles; indeed this must be one of the largest parishes in England extending all the way to Westmor[e]land and without doubt it contains as many square miles as the whole county of Rutland. There are the remains of a curious old screen of oak which was brought from Jervaulx Abbey at the dissolution: on a part of it, which at present divides the vestry from the other part of the church, is the following inscription: A K + +, a long blank, then AS, Abbas Anno Dñi 1536 – this was the last Abbot of Jervaux. In another part of the church are the remains of the same screen: on one part I observed an old warrior's head very rudely carved, like this [*a small drawing follows*].

In the east window were the following arms beautifully emblazoned on the glass. Argent 3 calves with horns sable, for Metcalfe. Field parted P pale, 1st gules, saltier argent for Neville; 2nd Argent; saltier engrailed gules for [*name missing*] 1st and 3rd quarterly, the 2nd and 4th azure a bend or; for Scrope; and an escutcheon field argent bearing a bugle in chief sable for [*name missing*]. I observed hanging up some old garlands similar to those I described at Flamborough. The situation of this church is singularly romantic and demands the travellers notice.

From hence we rode to Hening at the entrance of Bishopdale and called upon that strange character Disney: here we found Mr. Ottovell Wood who had been apprised of our proposed visit.¹⁷⁴ There is a pretty waterfall about half a mile behind the house of Hening, beautifully situated amongst wood but it

requires constant and heavy rains to render it fine. Hening is a farm house delightfully situated upon an hill commanding a noble prospect of the fine vale of Bishopdale: the room we were shewn into was Dinsdale's [*sic*] sitting room and a curious epitome of his crazy character: the windows and tables were covered with plants, shells, fossils and minerals: a library, paintings, print and drawings etc. adorned every part of the room, in the centre of which stood a table covered with wines and fruits which as I afterwards understood constantly every day remains so for the accomodation of himself and such chance friends as may call upon him: he is a youth of fortune, handsome, little, of most singular dress and certainly mad.¹⁷⁵ I amused myself with looking over a collection of valuable sketches by old masters 'till it was time for us to depart for Burton to dinner. We passed thro Thoroby [Thoralby] and so on to Burton which is a large village at the entrance to Bishopdale and so built as to surround in an oblong square a large green, the whole commanding a charming view into Wensleydale. The Temple, Bolton Castle, wood, rock, mountain and water is fine variety. At the top of the green is Mr. Wood's house, our object, in view: here lives the Rev. Geoffrey Wood,¹⁷⁶ brother to Mr. W. of Bolton Castle, who entertained us very hospitably to dinner: he promised to do all in his power to aid my work and spoke disrespectfully of Dr. Townson.

Bishopdale is a lovely valley of rich land and the farms from £20 to 200 per annum and even higher in some single instances; they are chiefly if not altogether dairy and grazing as in Wensleydale. After dinner walked down to Burton Foss, a sweet waterfall, of which the sketch I took will convey a better idea than many words.

In the evening returned to Hening where we drank wine and tea with the mad Disney who bothered me with talking about his late purchase of an estate in Cumberland whilst I wished to confine my attention solely to the fine sketches by old masters and the rare coins he has been fortunate enough to pick up, though a man without taste and without brain. I know of few situations capable of being made more of than Hening in the way of cultivated and picturesque pleasure grounds. Returned home by Asgarth Force in a remarkably clear moonlight night.

After supper this evening even tho' 10 o'clock who should come in but the strange and unaccountable Fryer without supper. He stays all night. His mysterious and disagreeable behaviour in bed, much to my astonishment.

147th. DAY. OCT^r. 12.

Soon after breakfast this morning, Mr. James Wood, Fryer and myself rode to Bolton Hall. Some how or another I could not feel myself so comfortable with Fryer as heretofore and I experienced a considerable depression of spirits. The gateway in Redmire chapel in Bolton lane is very old and undoubtedly Saxon. Entering Bolton Wood thro' the fine vista before alluded to I stopped to sketch it.

Arrived at Bolton hall, who should be going from it but my uncle William with his son Alexander whom he was setting part of the way on his journey back to Ayton after his fortnight's visit at Carr-end. I rode after them and overtook. I prevailed on my uncle to return after conducting Alexander as far as Wensley and seeing Col. Maud: during his absence I employed myself in the park near the river in sketching Bolton hall but I purposely left out the stables in front of the house not only because they spoil the view but because they are to be pulled down in a very short time. Mr. James Wood, an agreeable genteel young clergyman elect, sat by my side the while: returned to the hall I found my uncle arrived on his return towards Carr-end.

We all walked out together in the gardens behind, which are chiefly laid out in the old Dutch taste particularly where the very fine yews occupy a large square divided into four equal parts by as many straight walks in the centre of which is a fountain: behind this are three fine terrace walks one above another perhaps about 10 feet: the walls of these have such a fine aspect that they are covered with richly bearing fruit trees: the prospects from these every way into Wensleydale are singularly delightful and Penhil[l] opposite has much of the appearance of Table mountain at the Cape of Good Hope.

Passing an old fish-pond Mr. Sadler entertained my uncle and I with a curious anecdote respecting a pike and chub which contracted a kind of friendship for each other; the Pike was about 4 lbs weight, the chub about a pound. It was the custom of the Pike according to the habits of the species to lie motionless on the top of the water in the heat of the day. Mr. S

one day observed him in this situation in a corner of the pond; at the same time he saw the chub sailing round and round the pond, 'full of mirth and full of glee'; but what surprised Mr S was that instead of the Pike making the silly chub his prey as he expected, whenever the latter came near the pike they played with each other by taking hold of each other's tail and whirling round, jumping over each other and using every variety of manœuvre in the most playful and sportive manner: this fun was repeated each time the chub visited that corner of the pond, but the pike remained stationary, watching for its prey the trout, who took care to keep a respectable distance, and other young fry. The above I consider a very extraordinary instance considering the opposite natures of the two fish.

Mr. Sadler told me much respecting the building of the Knights Templar as it has been called which was discovered near Mrs. Anderson's present dwelling house several years ago. The place near Swinethwaite yet called the Temple has immemorably born[e] that title and the natives had long a tradition amongst them that there stood a Temple in which the Knights Templar were accustomed to meet. It happened several years ago (perhaps 12) that in making some alterations on the estate, the green mounds and part which had generally been supposed the foundation of the ancient temple was opened when, to every one's astonishment, not only the foundations but a considerable portion of the lower walls of the temple were discovered entire: the building was circular and of about 10 yards diameter; within the outer wall was another and like it circular and about 2 feet within forming a walk all round the centre being a circular hollow space something like Ranelagh. There were several entrances into it at stated distances: the whole was remarkably strong, the cement in particular and well built and amongst the rubbish were found several capitals and parts of columns but of what order I could not learn: this great curiosity was discovered about half a mile above Mr. Anderson's house near the edge of the scar seen from the road, and was justly deemed so valuable by Mr. A. that he intended making a building over it and preserving it for the inspection of the curious and learned: and going from home to a distant part of the contry immediately after the discovery was made he left orders to the above effect; but what was his mortification and vexation on his return to

find that his back had no sooner been turned than some barbarous and ignorant workmen tore up the whole to build some new walls with on the estate. Mr. A's vexation on this occasion rose to absolute fury but the temple was alas gone for ever!

In the wall on the left hand side of the road about half way between Mr. A's house and his elegant temple commanding a view of the cataracts at Aysgarth is a stone upon which is carved a cross and the words 'temple cross' upon it: this may probably only be a boundary mark. This neighbourhood is still distinguished by the title of temple.

Fryer went home from Bolton Hall or rather to Richmond. Being engaged with Mr. James Wood to return to Bolton Castle to dinner, I bade adieu to my uncle and rode with my companion to Mrs. Anderson's in order to see Mr. Pratt's portrait which she obligingly shewed me. I observed a strong resemblance between her and the picture and did then no longer doubt her having been his natural daughter as has been supposed.¹⁷⁷ He has been a jolly, short, small featured, sharp-looking, portly and handsome man. Mrs. A has two pictures of him, one the original, very good, artist unknown; the other a pretty good copy of the same.

After being treated with Madeira we ran on to the Temple commanding the charming view of Aysgarth and the high end of Wensleydale: my object here was to draw which I accordingly did. The building this elegant temple at the cost of £800 merely for the sake of enjoying the prospect more at ease or over a dish of tea was considered by all who knew him as highly imprudent in Mr. A who had not an income of more than £1000 per annum. It was however an unequivocal mark of his taste. From hence we rode to Bolton Castle to dinner.

I forgot to mention that this morning in company with Fryer I visited the chamber in which the lovely Mary of Scotland was so long confined. This is in Mr. Tennant's part of the Castle and this morning for the first time I saw the fine Miss R. and the finer Miss E. Tennant of whom more hereafter.¹⁷⁸ There is an unhappy difference between the head of Mr. Wood's family and the former owing to Tennant's brutish temper: on this account the young Woods would not go in with us. Queen Mary's room with the exception of furniture and the glass before mentioned remains as it did at her departure; has the same light, door and plaister flooring. It

is on the third story on the western side of the castle next adjoining the south western tower: it had once a window that opened to the west from which might be commanded a most charming view up the dale: this was most probably walled up immediately previous to the Queen's arrival that she might be deprived of a sight that would constantly fan the flame of freedom; the window without doubt appears to have been blocked up some centuries ago. The window left for her accomodation and which now remains is very small, a casement, and looks into the court yard exactly opposite the eastern entrance upon nothing but dead walls: the apartment is altogether extremely gloomy, tho' superior to many of her Scotch prisons in the various castles I have visited in her own contry. What were my sensations as I paced up and down the long narrow tho' lofty apartment now alluded to and looked out of the very window she so often regarded with anxious eye and many and oft the time bathed in tears sighed for liberty, little dreaming she would never more see her native land: nay I could easily imagine myself looking out of the window with her into the courtyard whilst her keepers were exercising themselves in arms below. Could I but have seen her hand upon the glass also: Oh! the vile Lady Paulett!!!

We also amused ourselves with the delightful prospect from the top of the battlements. I envied this charming tho' wild place of residence.

148th. DAY. OCT^r. 13.

Sunday. This morning rode with Mr. Wood and his two sons to Woodhall. In our way enjoyed some most lovely prospects and visited some old lead mines near Woodhall: here I collected a number of fossils, minerals, etc. We stopped at Woodhall which alternately with Bolton Castle is Mr. Wood's residence; returned to the Castle to dinner where I met Mr. Basket, Mr. Sadler Senior and Junior and Mrs. Sadler who staid 'till evening: the young Woods and I escorted them on their way home as far as Redmire, when we turned down to see the Spane well, a bottle of whose water resembling Harrogate I corked upon the spot for analization [*sic*]: after this we lept [*sic*] stone walls at a mad and desperate rate with our horses, all of whom could leap well: my motive for taking leaps that in cool blood would have frightened me originating from the bravados of young Woods. Returned in the dark to

Bolton Castle, calling in the way at Redmire public house to see some fine girls: here Ottovell Wood figured away in rodomontade to the great admiration and edification of the louts assembled on the occasion.

149th. DAY. OCT: 14.

Wishing to see Col. Maude's manuscripts, soon after breakfast I sat out for Wensley accompanied by James Wood. Arrived at Wensley we found that Col. M. had gone onto the moors a shooting; leaving our names we therefore returned towards Bolton Castle. At Bolton Park we turned up Hill Gill, a deep woody glen appearing immediately within the Park gates; my object here was to see the ruins of the house in which the Mad Duke of Bolton played so many of his curious pranks. By his orders in the thickest part of the gill almost compleatly concealed by trees was built a stone cottage containing 2 rooms and in a rock opposite was excavated a cellar to contain his liquors. Not unfrequently at Midnight would he order a sumptuous dinner to be prepared for him in this place to consist of the most rare delicacies and curious viands: when told the entertainment was ready he would go, declare it was not fit for a hog, throw all down and dashing the plates and dishes into a thousand pieces instantly dispatch servants well mounted to every part of the contry for delicacies perhaps out of season or not to be obtained for money. At other times he would order this place to be illuminated by a thousand variegated lamps and making it his headquarters hunt at midnight through the surrounding woods by torch-light, riding upon men's backs instead of horses, picking out the most lusty men and servants on his estates for this enterprise, in this manner spending whole nights. In short, to enumerate all his mad pranks would be as tedious to the writer as the reader.

But they were all feigned, and never was madness better feigned. Old Maude according to good authority was his faithful friend and most adept assistant. This madness it seems was feigned on the following accounts whose historical truth it will be necessary for me to investigate. This mad Duke was the last Duke of Bolton and as it is said High Admiral of England from age in the service. Commanding a ship, I think in the American or the old German war, he met with a Spanish Galleon bound for South America most richly, immensely

laden with specie: he suffered this ship to pass after little or no firing. No one since doubted that it was in consequence of receiving an immense sum as a reward; letting her go he instantly feigned madness, exclaimed she would blow the English ship out of the water and crowded all sail for England: old Maud who was then surgeon on board the same ship was the only man on board in the secret and who sided with the Duke. Immediately on his arrival in England his officers comenced an action against him: the Duke instantly retired to Bolton hall and by his well feigned madness escaped condign punishment. Throughout all the cunning old Maud assisted him and in consequence 'tis thought he was made steward, in which office he remained 'till death.¹⁷⁹ I understand there is an excellent hit and allusion to this circumstance in the *Adventures of a Guinea*.¹⁸⁰ Of the house in Hill Gill before mentioned little now remains, only the foundations and part of the walls about 2 feet high: 'tis so overgrown with wood we could scarcely approach it.

From hence we went to Bolton hall and called upon Mr. Sadler: we found the family just dining; we joined them and eat [*sic*] heartily. After dinner I mounted young Sadler's famous hunter which had not been rode for some time. I leapt a number of stock-bars, posts and rails and all the gates before the house upon him: he did not clear his leaps well and once I thought he would have broken his own and my neck. In the evening we walked up to Preston scar and to Cote where we called upon Mr. E. Tennant:¹⁸¹ – he was not at home but his sweet sister Rebeccah was there who entertained us very hospitably. They have a fine tame Fox here which runs about with the dogs, having a clog fastened to his neck. In a state of domestication a Fox looses his offensive smell and in every respect becomes as tame and familiar as a dog, except in being more cunning and restless, never appearing at repose but in constant activity. All depends upon taking them young. We walked home in the dark.

Mr. Wood Senior tells me that when Curlews appear in the bottom or hollow of Wensleydale from the moors 'tis an indubitable sign of bad weather.

150th. DAY. OCT^r. 15.

This day Miss Kettlewell and I were left alone, Mr. W. being gone a tithing with his son Ottovell and Mrs. W. with her son

James being absent at Richmond. Whilst I was drawing and Miss K at work, the engaging Miss E. Tennant came in. I was instantly struck with her strong resemblance at first sight to my beloved sister Mary Ann but on closer examination her features are bolder and more determined. She has some of the bewitching mental graces of Mary Ann tho' not all, but I think she has none of my sister's weaknesses. I felt that I could be happy with Bessy Tennant for life and I became enamoured. I did nothing this day but play, toy and sing with the girls. This was a day I shall always look back to with the most exquisite delight.

151st. DAY. OCT^r. 16.

This day I spent like the preceeding in the most exquisite enjoyments 'till Mr. Wood with Ottovell came home; then my business became of another and less agreeable nature; I drew and wrote 'till evening.

152nd. DAY. OCT: 17.

This morning appeared unfavourable and the kind Mr. W. would not let me depart. I therefore drew the whole day 'till evening when first Fryer came in search of me and then Mrs. W. and James returned from Richmond. Fryer was prevailed upon to stop all night and the evening was spent very agreeably, but in the night Fryer made the same unpleasant attempts as before alluded to.

153rd. DAY. OCT: 18.

Fryer left me early this morning I think not in very good humour; I care not however what he thinks of me. After breakfast I took my leave of this kind family under mutual protestations of regard and accompanied by Mr. James Wood, whose hunter I rode, proceeded over the moors towards Reeth. About half a mile above the castle saw the spring which formerly supplied the garrison by means of leaden pipes with water, which during the seige [*sic*] being cut obliged the garrison to capitulate. The conduit was discovered by the beseigers thro' accident, it being carefully concealed together with the spring underground. Saw vast quantities of Moor Game and many smelting mills in the hollows.

Having conducted me to the top of the hill Mr. W. returned and I pursued my route on foot. I drew and wrote the whole remaining part of this day. In the afternoon Fryer went off to

Leyburn without letting his wife know as usual and I saw no more of him: his conduct towards his wife is cruel and not to be palliated: I wish he may not become a victim to his propensity to the bottle etc., which I have great reason to fear.

154th. DAY. OCT: 19.

Breakfasted with George Raw. Wrote for two hours afterwards, then sat out for Richmond where I arrived about 2 o'clock. Delightful situation of Marske. Eclipse of Mr. Hutton's breed of Horses.¹⁸² After dinner I made my shoppings and walked to Easby Abbey where wrapt in sweet contemplation I staid 'till evening: returned to Richmond but found no Fryer tho' he had promised to join me there.

Had much conversation with Crossland my Landlord who for a man in his situation in life is tolerably intelligent. It must appear scarcely credible to foreigners and even to many of our own contrymen when told that English Jockies frequently acquire fortunes of £100,000 and £150,000 by riding and betting. Old Chiffney besides some others at Newmarket at this day is said to be worth no less than £150,000.¹⁸³ The trade of Betting is derived to a compleat system and with due care a fortune is the certain consequence; but of all trades this wears out the most with its anxiety: to illustrate by the story of the York man risking all his property.

It seems Pratt acquired his taste for racing thro' marriage: he married Mr. Hammond's sister and thro' this means was not only initiated by Mr. H, who was first a groom and afterwards steward to the Duke of Bolton, dying immensely rich, into the mystery but through him obtained the Duke's breed of horses which were for a long time very eminent. All Pratt's famous horses were descended from the Duke of Bolton's breed.

155th. DAY. OCT: 20.

Left Richmond about 11 o'clock this morning for Barnard Castle by the way of Ravensworth. To Kir[k]by Hill 5 miles: the contry open and well cultivated in places romantic. The church of Kirby Hill stands on an high eminence overlooking a rich valley extending east and west as far as the eye could reach; at the bottom of this valley compleatly commanded by all the hills is the village and castle of Ravensworth, the latter situated in a marshy ground.

From the whole outside of the church being neatly whitewashed I did not expect much within. At the lower end of [the] base of the south west buttress of the tower on the outside is a stone bearing this Inscription in modern characters supplying the place of one more ancient, now no more: 'This church was built Anno Domⁱ. 1397. M.T.' There are marks of antiquity about the outside tho' they have mostly been repaired away. The cieling of the chancel is curiously painted to represent foliage and flowers; the top of the whole church was formerly so painted but now the chancel only is kept up at some private cost. There is a small monument to the memory of Francis Laton but none curious or worth notice. Most of the windows contained painted glass but now none remains except a few broken pieces.

Kirby hill is a remarkably pleasant village, containing not more than 8 or ten neat houses surrounding a green: there is an excellent institution here: an hospital founded by a Dr. Daykin. The property given to it when endowed amounted to about £27 per annum: without any other increase than the cheapening of money, it has now an income of upwards of £900 per annum: for an account of it consult my little book containing its ordinances etc.

From hence I walked down about half a mile to the Castle of Ravensworth, formerly as it is said a chief seat of the Fitz hughes. A small part of the ruins now remain tho' it has evidently been a very large and stately castle. It seems to have had but one moat and the space within its limits, and which appears to have been entirely covered with building, comprises at the least two acres. Here again my indignation was roused by being told that a great part of the Castle has been pulled down at different times to build walls, hovels and houses with: by such means and other dilapidations for petty purposes has the noble edifice been reduced to its present small remains, of which the two sketches I took will convey a pretty accurate idea. Till within late years the bounds of its park might be distinctly traced as a great part of the ancient inclosure, a strong wall, remained. In pulling down a part of this old wall that extended towards Kirby hill in order to make some alteration in the inclosure a considerable quantity of silver coin was found but of what reigns I could not make out. I

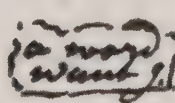
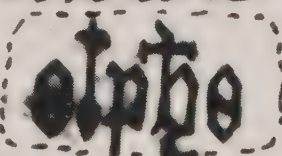
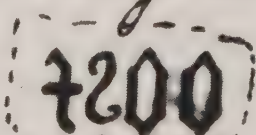
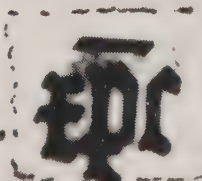
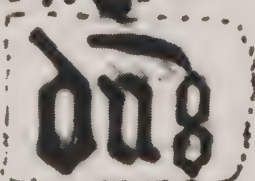
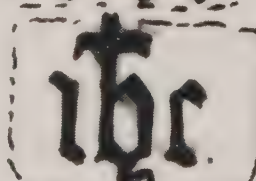
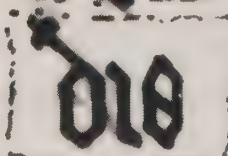
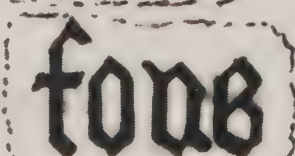
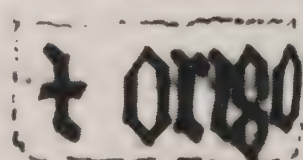
was directed to two persons in the village who were said to have many of them in their possession, but one of them was out of town and the other had parted with his share.

The greater part if not all this estate belongs to Mr. Fletcher of Burroughbridge¹⁸⁴ who lately sold Stavely by Shuttle to Mellish for 2000 guineas, a strange price for a young race horse – but to return to the Castle of Ravensworth. The only gateway now remaining opens near the principal tower towards the north and the village; on each side inwards was a large clear grove for the admission of a portcullis. Near the centre of the area or the ruins stands by itself a remarkable tower (see the drawing) which without a doubt formed part of the chapel. Not only the abutting stones that supported the bells remain in the inside but a landing place near the top in which are two holes thro' which the ropes that pulled the bells must have passed. The front of this tower faces the north and it is evident that two walls ran from it, one westward the other eastward, so that this curious tower was but part of a more extensive building. Upon its east, west and north side, just below the fretted windows, are the following very curious remains of a remarkable inscription: [*see page 188*].

On the south side there are no words, but that side appears to have been built against another building. This inscription has long puzzled the inhabitants of the neighbouring contry and as I was informed some learned Cantates also. I believe the foregoing copy is pretty correct as I climed up to the letters: each word is carved in raised characters upon a single stone and placed on the tower in the manner which will appear in my drawing. Over the fretted windows is a stone in this form: [*a drawing of an arch follows*]. This Castle is situated lower than any I have seen and in my opinion the scite has been by no means well chosen.

Having satisfied myself amongst the ruins, I passed through the large, populous, apparently rich and pleasing village of Ravensworth towards Foxhall on the Carlisle road where I arrived to a late dinner. My landlord being rather an intelligent man for his birth and education, and I being somewhat fatigued with my days work, I resolved to take up my quarters here for the night. This evening I here bought a silver penny of Edward 1st in good preservation and one of Edward 3rd both of them found near Ravensworth Castle, where many coins have been found at various times. Not far from hence

320. stones that supported the bells remain in the inside but a landg. place near the top in which are two holes thro' which the ropes that pulled the bells must have passed. The front of this tower faces the North & it is evident that two walls ran from it one westward the other eastward so that this curious tower was but part of a more extensive building— Upon its east & north side— just below the pretty windows are the following very curious remains of a remarkable inscription—

East			
North.			
West			

On the south side there are no words— but that

eastward on Gart[h]erley moor are some extensive fortifications by mounds.

156th. DAY. OCT: 21.

Being told of a man at Ravensworth who was in possession of a curious gold ring found near the castle I walked down there immediately after breakfast. I soon found the place but [the] wife of the man who found it had unfortunately worn it upon her finger for 12 years, in which time she had worn out all the characters on the outside (and there were as many words on the out as the inside) and broken it besides; this latter misfortune had obliged her to lay it aside as no longer of use: they wanted me to give them 10/6 for it, I bought it for 5/-: the words 'Sidon nee' in ancient characters of Britain are very perfect in the inside.

Returned to Fox hall I found the house filled with Col Morritt's Volunteers going to Bedale on duty¹⁸⁵: they were very merry and I had some fine fun amongst them, particularly with a very clever fellow in his way, a fifer who played admirably much to all our entertainment and satisfaction: he had lost one eye but the other was a piercer and he was a very droll dog. I treated 4 of them with ale. The whole body are fine looking men.

Towards noon I took my departure for Greta Bridge along the great Carlisle road. This road yet continues the name of the high street and there can be no doubt but it lies along the ancient Roman road leading to Lavatra[e] etc. To my left near Barningham is or rather was Scargill Castle, but now so little if any remains exist that from the report I heard I felt no inclination to go so far out of my way to see it. I understood that merely the scite remained. The distance from Fox hall to Greta bridge near 6 miles to dinner, the whole distance thro' a most delightful and richly cultivated country that may be called a valley all the way. Greta Bridge consists of two most capital inns and a noble bridge across the Greta near Rokeby Park, a sweetly romantic situation. Garland begins his tour in Teesdale at this place.¹⁸⁶

There is a village called Brignall about a mile and an half from hence up the Greta which I have long wanted to visit, hoping it might prove the same Brignall at which Mr. Johnson the friend of the great Ray lived, a place I am resolved to discover that perchance I may learn something respecting him

or at least see the situation of a place from which he sent so many rare birds.¹⁸⁷ Accordingly after dinner I took a sweet walk thither, the way lying thro' the fields on the Northern bank of the romantic Greta. It is a small straggling village about a quarter of a mile from the river. The Clergyman a Mr. Blackburn was not at home.¹⁸⁸ I borrowed the key of the church and walked down to it at some distance from the village, close to the water side in a hollow surrounded by trees and rock, in a most sweetly retired situation; but I was alas disappointed in the object of my search. Nothing ancient about the premises. Tho' this chapel was old but [*sic*] is now compleatly modernized by repair: close to the door I started a fine hare that ran and jumped over the wall much to my delight. There is nothing but the very charming situation of the place and its cleanliness to admire. I returned disappointed and in the full conviction that it must be the Brignall near Driffield in the East Riding where Mr. Johnson resided, particularly as the birds he sent to Ray were chiefly water birds and such as are found in the carrs there.¹⁸⁹

The walk of about 4 miles from Greta Bridge to Barnard Castle is beautiful and romantic in a high degree along the southern bank of the Tees. About a mile and an half from Barnard Castle I arrived at the grand new bridge over the Tees by a single arch of an extensive, lofty and magnificent span; the river is here confined in a deep rocky bed and is finely margined with oak trees. I did not cross this bridge, which has a toll upon it even for foot passengers, but proceeded a little further to Egglestone Abbey, a principal object of my search here. The ruins are situated upon a green knoll or hill rising pretty steep from the river: they are not extensive but are richly ornamented; the church has not been large. Part of the Abbey that was originally inhabited is so yet, being divided into several small tenements for the accomodation of some paupers; they appear to have been the cloisters and dormitory over them – my drawings will shew more than any description. There is a small scattered village behind and poor: the whole is beautifully and picturesquely intermingled with trees.

I proceeded to Barnard Castle along the Yorkshire side of the Tees. The old mill belonging to the Abbey, having been from time to time repaired and augmented still continues a mill for the grinding of corn by water. Whatever Barnard

Castle has been of old its splendour is now no more, but perhaps to a lover of antiquity and the vestiges of departed greatness the remains of ancient grandeur that arrest his attention as he passes thro' the town may console him, tho' they certainly cannot excuse the dirt and filth and ruin that strike his eye almost in every part of the town, which is not a small one for a contry market town. I passed over an ancient bridge of two pointed and ribbed arches, but the parapet is modern. According to Garland's recommendation in his tour of Teesdale I took up my quarters at the King's head, Mr. Woods, which I found a very comfortable inn tho' not so reasonable in respect to charges as I should have expected in such a part of the country.¹⁹⁰ It was too late and I was too glad [of] a comfortable fire side to stir out from it any more today. I therefore spent the evening in reading and writing when not bothered and interrupted by a talkative and vilely ignorant and insignificant and disgusting traveller who was unfortunately in the same room with me.

157th. DAY. OCT: 22.

Whilst my breakfast was preparing this morning I rambled out into the Castle, whose ruins are situated immediately behind the inn. The whole extent of its scite is certainly very large but not so large as Garland makes appear: he says 'tis the largest in England (meaning the area).¹⁹¹ He certainly cannot have been to Caerphilly Castle which is near a mile in circumference.

Barnard Castle stands upon a bold and finely tinted rock rising to a very considerable perpendicular height over the limpid waters of the Tees upon its northern bank, commanding a noble, extensive, rich and picturesque and romantic view both up and down the lovely Teesdale. Bounded to the west by a lofty range of distant mountains, to the east by a country so rich that Arcadia herself could not blush to own paralell beauties. It is of an ancient style of architecture and some of its parts bespeak their origin to have been at different times. I do not think the scite of the old castle was so extensive as the present ruins make appear. That part of the present Castle which I term the old Castle may easily be distinguished from the other by its being surrounded with a deep moat over which on the east side is a bridge: the space within this moat (to the south the river and rocky precipice and to the west a steep declivity form the moat on those sides, the other is

artificial) according to my best guess consists of one acre, and besides a strong wall running round the moat side, this space contains the chief part of the ruins which consist of an ancient and remarkably well built round tower partly covered with Ivy, and a lofty wall and segment of a small square tower to the bridge. In this wall, which is well supported by buttresses, are several windows of fretwork and one square bow window high up near the round tower on the western side. My drawing takes in the whole of this part which is all that is worth drawing of the Castle.

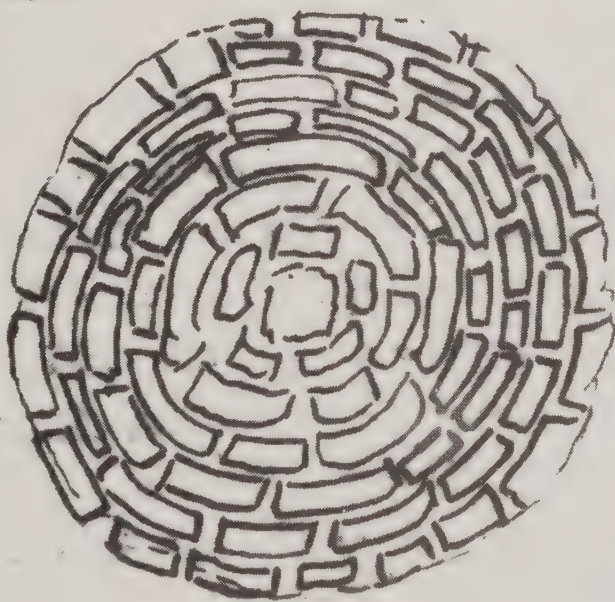
The round tower is an extraordinary structure and its walls of a wonderful thickness, being upwards of 9 feet thick; in these even passages are excavated. The cieling of the lower room excited my admiration; it was scarcely if any concaved and yet was built in this manner, supporting another room and great weight above [*see page 193*].

I could not very well ascertain whether the form of this old Castle – i.e. within the moat and space aforesaid – was round, octangular or multangular, but it appeared to resemble the octangular the most: the other part of the Castle appears to have been an open space or nearly so, of nearly 3 acres, surrounded by a very strong wall, with heavy buttresses and small but strong and square towers at the angles: this wall also inclosed the greater part of the old castle, and I have no doubt but it was added to the old castle to protect the neighbouring inhabitants with their cattle etc. in time of Scottish or other warlike inroad, as the benefit of a castle so situated as this is in those times must soon have been apparent. The stone of which the Castle seems chiefly to have been built is the Roman grit, or strong coarse sandstone.

After breakfast I took a walk up the river and having pitched a point of view for the castle and bridge together I sat down and drew for an hour, when I returned through the town and visited the church. Garland is not severe enough by any means on the state of the church and churchyard: the whole together with the general state of the town is a disgrace to the inhabitants who must be a beggarly set indeed to let so much nastiness and daily ruin pass unnoticed: the graves with their stones are many of them rooted up as I suppose by swine and the whole is a scene of dirt and filth and confusion.¹⁹²

The inside of the Church is little or no better, all is confusion. There are two wooden helmets, gloves and several ancient torn banners hung up in the south end of the cross aisle to the honour of the family of Bowes. The font is ancient and curious and

up near the round tower ^{333.}
 on the western side. My
 Drawg. takes in the whole
 of this part which is all
 that is worth Drawg. of
 the Castle - The round tower
 is an extraordinary
 structure its walls of a
 wonderful thickness - being
 upwards of 9 feet thick. in
 three even passages are excavated - The ceiling of the lower
 room excited my admiration - it was scarcely if any
 concaved & yet was built
 in this manner supporting
 another room & great weight
 above -



together with a statue lying in an obscure place under a pew, is described in Hutchinson's *History of Durham* where there is also a print of it.¹⁹³ Nothing curious besides occurred and I left it filled with disgust.

From hence I went and called upon Hutchinson the Antiquarian.¹⁹⁴ With him also I was soon disgusted: he is a blockhead without a single iota of imagination and how such a man could have crept into public notice is almost a miracle; tho' a F.A.S. his antiquarian knowledge is in a very small compass. I asked him a question or two concerning the ancient characters and symbols on the font in the church: he said that according to his opinion they were the private marks of the maker and that it was no curiosity: this was enough for me together with the sight of his heavy head and I left him. But perhaps some allowance should be made for him as he is now an old man. However it is generally understood that all the credit of the *History of Durham* passing under his name is properly due to Mr. Allan of the Grange near Darlington who it is well known furnished Mr. H. with all his most valuable materials and even arranged them for him. Mr. A was indeed a man of considerable talent and antiquarian research.¹⁹⁵

I next walked to Athelstan [Egglesstone] Abbey where I took 3 sketches and then returned to dinner. The noble bridge called the Abbey bridge is a very fine structure in respect to its single arch but no man of taste can relish the parapets which are built in the ridiculous form of ramparts with castellated towers at the end. This affectation appears here highly absurd; the arch is elevated very high above the surface of the water below, these confined to a narrow rocky and deep bed, fringed with noble oak trees on each side.

After dinner I sat out for Middleton in Teesdale, 12 miles, on my way towards Cauldron Snout and the source of that river. I first passed thro' Lartington, a very sweet village with a capital mansion belonging to a Maire Esq^r.¹⁹⁶; next Cotherstone, a very large straggling village surrounded by the most romantic scenery near the confluence of the Baulder [*sic*] and Tees. I passed over the Baulder by an ancient bridge of a single pointed ribbed arch with a new parapet, in a beautiful, romantic and fertile Gill. Here I met with a contry lass with whom I walked and frolicked all the way to Romaldkirk, another large and pretty village next to Egglesstone where I again crossed the Tees into Durham. All the way hence thro' a

most delightful and richly cultivated country; this last village is one of the sweetest I ever saw, situated upon the rocky and woody northern bank of the Tees where crosses a good bridge of two arches.

A little above this the wild Lune flowing from the ancient forest of that name contributes her waters to those of the Tees. My walk from hence to Middleton was chiefly in the dark but the distance was little more than 3 miles. At Middleton I lodged at the Cross Keys. I think Teesdale so far nearly equal to Wensleydale in fertility but not in extent. Teesdale has more arable land, more wood and rock, consequently more romantic scenes. But Wensleydale upon the whole is certainly more rich in Agricultural produce.

158th. DAY. OCT: 23.

Rose about 7 o'clock, early for me, and immediately after breakfast I sat out towards the far end of Teesdale. Leaving Middleton the contry became more open, less woody and the hills rose to more elevated regions. A little more than 3 miles turned to see Winch [Wynch] bridge. This is a truly Alpine curiosity; 'tis a crazy old bridge of rotten boards and railing hung upon chains suspended across a considerable and rugged chasm in the rocks, at the bottom of which rolls the Tees in a rude tumultuous manner: it is so old and pendant that it blows to and fro in the wind, filling the minds of the persons crossing it with no very agreeable sensations; but to behold it in a place of saf[e]ty is a grand sight – my drawing will very materially aid an accurate description of it.¹⁹⁷ The rocks here are beautiful and besides being tinted with the various mosses and lichens that grow upon the surfaces, from the crevices birch, mountain ash and yew trees peep out in a sweetly romantic manner. This very picturesque tho' dangerous bridge leads to a place almost as interesting, to the village of Holwick situated, as Garland justly observes in his tour, upon the edge of the lower precipice of a tremendous chasm in a range of high and rocky mountains appearing to have been rent by a dreadful earthquake.¹⁹⁸ The groves and marks in the rocks being very numerous and nearly all perpendicular, give the sides of the precipices very much the appearance of basaltic columns when seen at a little distance and will remind the traveller amongst the western isles of Scotland of Staffa. Holwick is a small tho' not a wretched village for such a

situation. I did not observe more than half a dozen houses. There are many beautiful little falls of from 5 to 20 feet on the river a little above Winch bridge, the channel of the water being exceedingly rocky. Winch bridge did not appear to be more than 30 feet above the surface of the water.

The land in the valley as far as Newbiggin on both sides the water is highly cultivated, perhaps one third arable and two thirds meadow and pasture. A most capital breed of ponies is produced amongst these hills and I observed great numbers in the fog where they were feeding themselves as fat as porpusses. The general character of these horses seemed to be small but thick and lively heads, strong back and loins, round hindquarters, short legs, strong and short jointed: in fine the most serviceable animals possible in an hilly or perhaps any other country.

People were very busy in getting in their potatoes against winter. I observed a vast number of women employed in the fields and but very few men whom I suppose were engaged in mines or other work: this put me in mind of Scotland and also of an observation I had occasion to make in Wensleydale: that the men liked Dairy farms because the women had nearly all the work to perform or at least the greater part, and the women disliked those farms for the same reason.

Amongst the dales during this time of the year the teams and carriages are very much employed in leading coals and peat to the houses for winter fuel, a business altogether necessary as it cannot be performed in the depth of winter and hapless indeed is that poor family who shall have neglected this business. In no part, even the remotest corner, of Teesdale did I observe any peat burnt, the inhabitants having no occasion on account of the great quantity and good quality of the Palatine coal, whereas in Wensleydale coal is seldom burnt by the poor.

The country towards the famous cascade of the High Force began to loose its fine cultivated appearance and assume one more grand and wild. Not far from the Force I observed several of the *Fringilla Montifringilla*. The whole scenery about this cataract is grand and would border upon the sublime had it not too much of the beautiful. I think it superior to all the falls of England, Scotland or Wales that I have seen, the tremendous Foyers excepted. Its dimensions are variously given by Garland and Hutchinson but I think the latter is the

most correct.¹⁹⁹ In high floods here must be a scene capable of gratifying any mind and the water is never trifling; but in dry weather there is but one fall, in rainy two, between which rises a rock so grand, so beautiful, that with a poet's licence we must fix there the residence of the genius of the river and to which all who view it must pay a silent, secret, awful reference [*sic*]. Oak, birch, ash and yew adorn the rocks here which are of themselves not only beautifully coloured but grotesquely and rudely formed, affording in places herbage for both sheep and goats. The old gloomy yews here natives have a very fine effect in the view. I took 3 sketches: one distant to shew its general situation in regard to the country, another with its single fall and a third with its double fall in time of flood.

I endeavoured to climb up its steepest precipice and having got near the top was deterred by a bold projection, reasoning upon the absurdity of breaking my neck there, and returned; but owing to this enterprising schem[e] I made a discovery, to me very pleasing at the time as it opened a most interesting train of reflexions in my mind. All this part of the rock between the two falls consists of blue and veined limestone, black veined marble filled with petrifications like the Derbyshire spar used for fire places, and a fine kind of slate; but what chiefly delighted me was: in the surface of the solid rock of limestone and marble, I observed the most numerous and perfect petrifications of cockles, oysters and muscles I ever saw – and one species of muscle or oyster in particular which I did not before know to be British, as it exactly resembled in size and form the famous pearl muscle figured and described by Bruce in his *Travels* Vol: 5, P. 219, the largest of the three figured in his excellent plate and which he says is chiefly found in the northern end of the Arabian Gulf and on the Egyptian side. It is of a large size and much elongated as it narrows towards the hinge (See Bruce).²⁰⁰ The Petrifications alluded to were so perfect that even the silvery or pearly lining of the shell remained. I fruitlessly endeavoured to break some of them out of the rock but being in one huge gigantic mass with a plain surface I found it impossible. Let all Natural Philosophers who are not afraid of their necks visit these noble and very curious organic remains of a former world, probably once formed in and washed by an ocean as distant

as is now the Red Sea, many, many thousands of years ago, but now forming the bed and precipice of one of the noblest cataracts in these our happy British Isles.

On the highest turret of the castellated rock near the edge of the precipice overlooking the great fall is a kind of natural chair in which I sat for a considerable time looking down upon the tumbling waters with awful delight: from this situation also may be enjoyed the finest views both up and down the river. I should think these rocks a fine aery for the Falco Peregrinus and I have not a doubt of their breeding here. The Yorkshire side of the river here is Lune Forest and consists of the wildest moorish mountains.

Leaving the High Force not without regret I proceeded up the river, following its course by clambering over rocks and mountains, 'till the river wound round the bottom of Cronkley Scar, a haggard and lofty precipice on the Yorkshire side overlooking on the Durham side a fertile valley well cultivated and containing a few hamlets. Here I descended and crossed the river twice in my way to Widdy Bank, a single house, the last before the traveller sees the cauldron snout: here I was directed to cross over a mountain by a nearer road: the distance this way was full 2 miles and I was in constant danger of being bogged. A wilder common or moor I never crossed, the scenery both near and afar off being one dreary dead waste of moor and mountain with no living objects except black faced sheep and almost innumerable quantities of moor game and on the craggy precipices to my left overtopping the river were numerous herds of goats.

At length and upon a sudden I came full upon the sublime cataract commonly called the Cauldron Snout. In none of my travels have I seen a scene resembling it. It is purely wild, unadorned and sublime in the fullest acceptation of that term. The Tees rises not many miles from hence out of the north eastern end of Cross Fell: as [*sic*] it gathers some small mountain streams and before it has flowed above 4 or 5 miles it arrives at a broad and deep bed: here the waters slumbering in a state of almost compleat inactivity scarcely seem to move: nevertheless they imperceptively [*sic*] glide through a solitude, vast, dreary and profound, where no animal or vegetable life that can enliven a picture exist or at least are very rarely seen, amidst the brown heaths and bleak mountains which frown over its glassy, stagnant black surface. All is

silence and awe: 'tis an impressive scene and wants but the addition of ancient oaks sinking under a load of ages and bending their knotted trunks scarred with the thunder of many a storm over the sleepy pond, to be a perfect existing specimen of all that poets have feigned and painters drawn of the infernal Styx. I confess it strongly affected me and bade me to recollect the strange opinion of the first visitors to the British isles of those parts which were not explored and which is detailed with so much simplicity and superstition by Holinshed or Verstegan, I scarcely remember which. From hence compelled by the secret, certain and irresistible laws of nature, the reluctant waters quit the drenchy pool and are instantly hurled down the craggy and murderous precipice of a mountain where they are dashed with headlong fury from point to point, from cavern to cavern for several hundred feet, awakening the affrighted echoes in their cells by their loud and convulsive cries, 'till arrived in the bed appointed for them they collect their scattered particles and with more than ordinary speed hasten from the horrid disturber of their repose.

To heighten the sublimity of this scene is a foot bridge across the chasm near the top of the cataract for the convenience of the solitary shepherd or miner passing that way; it is formed of two long and very thick pieces of timber thrown across and railed on each side.²⁰¹ It is perfectly secure. I had scarcely seen it when I observed a shepherdess collecting her flocks; wishing to ask some questions I made towards her in a run. I suppose she was alarmed. My dress was very different from what she had been accustomed to see for one thing and perhaps my ardour for another. She ran with a swiftness I have seldom seen exerted by a female; her flocks and dog ran also; and wishing to convince her of the mistake she evidently laboured under I pursued her with all speed. The chase was a fine one over the hills but I was vanquished by the fair one so far that I resolved to give up the pursuit and return, as I had a drawing to make and the sun was declining. However to make some amends I put her with her crook, her dog and flock in the foreground of my picture.

Almost opposite the cataract Maise [*sic*] beck separates Yorkshire from Westmorland so that in a few seconds, the traveller may be in three counties. There are quantities of trout in the sleepy pool of the river before mentioned, called the

Wheel, and a few Eels. The circumstance of trout being found in such places as this is another striking proof of the various changes this world has undergone; they must here and in all such places be aboriginees. No mention is made in scripture of the preservation of Fish by Noah or with him. Let some consideration be bestowed on this interesting subject and let those who contend for the truth of the narrative of the deluge as related in the Book of Moses remember, that to contain a pair of all the animals known at this day, it would require a machine almost infinitely larger than the ark as described. If the size of the ark as described be maintained with ability (but how I know not) it is certainly a proof of the locality of the deluge as a smaller number of animals would then require preservation: against this again may be urged the almost positive proof of the deluge in every known part of the world: however one like me allowing his imagination to work upon apparent facts would say that these proofs and remains which consist almost entirely of petrifications and mineral or fossil productions which are found all over the world are not the effects of a deluge but the remains of a former and an older world new modelled into the present creation, after lying fallow in a state of chaos even before the days of Adam our great Progenitor: such an one before he entered into any serious disquisition would require the profound investigators of Natural Philosophy, and the able chymist, to shew to him that a body of waters vast and miraculous, as they rose, matured and subsided, breaking up plains, overturning mountains, crashing woods and forests, and in short reversing the whole face of nature by a devastation sublime and miraculous beyond even the highest flight of human thought, had the power in their progress and effects to bring about the changes and compounds of matter we daily see in the mineralogical world.

But to return. I did not hear of any trout being taken either here or in the river of a greater weight than lb 1. The Sea Eagle (I judge it to be that species from its size and prey) sometimes visits this stagnant river for the sake of fishing, and its appearance must be in perfect unison and character with the scenery.

A little beyond the Cauldron Snout are a few hamlets, one or more of which is called Birkdale. My uncle William once told me a curious anecdote respecting this neighbourhood and a funeral – to write to him for it.

Having gone a little way towards the source of the Tees through the solitary waste before mentioned, and being fully satisfied with the view of the tremendous cataract by the way, I came as far as Widdy bank. I called here again to enquire if there was any house in the neighbourhood at which I could obtain refreshment, finding myself somewhat weary with the violent exercise I had taken in climbing and rambling over the mountains where were no beaten tracks; the mistress of the house and a shepperdess [*sic*] came to the door. I was instantly invited in and in a few minutes some of the richest milk I ever drank, butter, cheese and bread, all that the house afforded, was set before me with a kindness and hospitality I shall never forget; nor have I often enjoyed a meal so fully: when I had done I found my two females (no man appeared about the premises and I thought of Ledyard's just remark²⁰²) very busy near a cupboard in a corner of the room and whispering; they were mixing a glass of hot spirit and water with sugar, and presented it to me with numerous apologies for having nothing better to offer. I could not insult them by refusing, tho' the spirit was kept in the house in case of necessity as a medicine.

I had a long conversation with these innocent pleasing women and we were evidently mutually pleased with each other: the young shepperdess gave me her whole history; told me that as she tended her flocks upon the mountains how often and how ardently she sighed after a better knowledge of the world and how she longed to travel and in particular to London. Alas! poor girl, she little knew of the vice, the misery and absolute iniquity that dwells in every avenue of the crowded metropolis: this I urged to her. She was tender hearted and amorous and of a complexion that I did not dare to give the least encouragement, or from [what] she said I did not have a doubt but she would have followed me to London, as she said nothing could or should deter her from following one she loved over all the world; she wanted me to go over the mountains about 2 miles to her mothers house to sleep all night; yet the poor girl was pure and innocent in her intentions beyond any doubt. The name of this charming, interesting girl was Jeanny, and, to use the language of the great, the dear, the immortal Burns,

Is there in human form that bears a heart
A Wretch, a villain lost to love and truth
That can with studied, sly ensnaring art
Betray Sweet Jeanny's unsuspecting youth, etc. etc.²⁰³

It was with great reluctance that I tore myself from this humble, this hospitable roof, but the day was fast declining. As the mistress of the house would take no money I was obliged to give some to a little daughter of hers playing upon the hearth and yet unaccustomed to that source and spring of all corruption.

From hence I walked to Moor Rigg, the lone public house on a moor 2 miles distant at which it is usual to hire a guide, but I took none in any part of my tour. By far the most agreeable method of travelling is by a map and compass and in no part of a tour however intricate to take a guide; by this means you frequently see beauties that escape the notice of ordinary travellers. From hence I returned to Middleton to a late dinner after a walk of nearly 30 miles reckoning my deviations.

Nearly the whole of the land on this (the Durham side) of Teesdale in my route belongs to the Earl of Darlington who is too much occupied with his sporting views to bestow that attention upon it which the good quality of the land merits: the vallies are fertile and many of the hills, even the dreary moorlands, would produce useful timber. The Yorkshire and Westmorland side chiefly belongs to the Earl of Strathmore, another sporting Lord that pays little attention to the improvement of his estates.

The tennants here as in most other parts of the country possessed by large landholders where I have travelled grievously complain of the state of their houses. No allowance being made in their takes for repairs etc., they have naturally an objection to laying out money upon an uncertainty of enjoying the benefit, and the Landlord requires constant and long application before he or his steward will even consider the matter and then they generally refuse, rather choosing to loose an old tennant than render his habitation a fit residence, even for a tender horse. Men of great landed property have also, at least generally, a desire to let out large farms, in order to save trouble, thereby cutting up the beauty of a country: small farms. The superior benefit of small and large farms to a contry in general appears to me to rest on this simple question: Can a man pay as much attention to 50 acres as he can to two?

In most instances throughout the country a very cursory observer may distinguish the houses of freeholders – that is, small freeholders – and their land also from those of great

landholders by their superior appearance. I hope they are on the increase as I am persuaded the contry will then be materially benefitted. A monopoly of land has the same bad effects that proceed from a monopoly of corn or any other marketting commodity.

Except in this dale and near Marske I have no where observed Yew trees growing in an apparently and doubtless an indigenous state: by the size and method of growth of those amongst the crags and cliffs of Teesdale, I think the reasoning in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for the year 1790 absolutely vague and unfounded.²⁰⁴

The breed of Galloways I observed in this dale and described before are very far superior to those I mentioned at Hawes fair. I cannot but remark the curious method the owners of the herds of unhaltered ponies you see in the fairs adopt in order to carry them thro' a mob. A huge barbarian of a man with excellent lungs, and capable of making himself properly heard, runs in amongst the people filling up every street and avenue, making a roar so loud and hideous, at the same time waving his hat in one hand and a stick in the other and setting a most terrific face with the violent effort of roaring, that the mob alarmed at his approach give way on every side, leaving a broad and free passage for the equally affrighted galloways who compleatly out of their element follow in a body close at the heels of the man so screaming, being driven behind by men appointed for the occasion. I never saw so compleat, sudden and effectual a method of opening a mob.

Being rather fatigued, and wishing to enjoy one of the happiest days of my life again in reflexion, I resolved to stay at Middleton all night.

159th. DAY. OC: 24.

Immediately after breakfast I left Middleton, a large straggling village that enjoys some kind of petty market on Saturdays, and crossed the Tees by stepping stones close by the town towards Romaldkirk by a different way from that by which I came, going all the way on the Yorkshire side passing thro' Mickleton, a large straggling village. The whole way well cultivated.

Arrived at Romaldkirk I visited the church. At the north end of the cross aisle in the eastern corner lies the figure of one

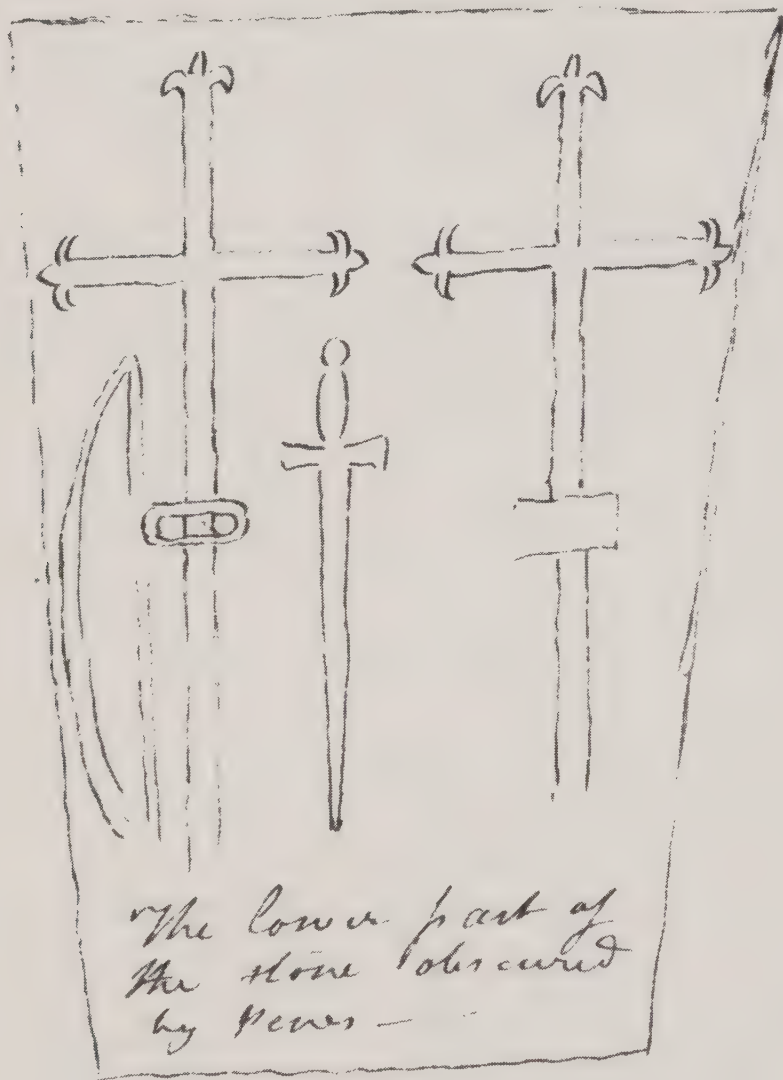
of the Fitzhughs. The statue is rather less than the middle size, dressed in a coat of mail like chain work not armour, in the act of drawing his sword; his feet resting against a lion couchant but his legs are not crossed. The glass in the windows has been richly painted but now little remains and that little much mutilated and defaced. There is a tomb of a rector, as it is supposed, near the altar that has had an elegant brass inscription round the edge and let into the stone together with a brass figure in the centre but a great part of the inscription being tore away the meaning could not be fully made out tho' the letters were perfectly legible. About the middle of the northern part of the cross aisle was the following stone as well as I could make it out being nearly concealed by pews. I could not discover any inscription [see page 205]. The Church is large and the style of Architecture as near as I could tell that of the age of Henry 7th.

My walk to Cotherstone about 2 miles very sweet. Saw the ruins of what is said to have been a Castle of the Fitzhughs, most delightfully and romantically situated upon a hill at the confluence of the Baulder with the Tees. I scarcely know a sweeter situation. I have no doubt and there can be none that it was a residence of the Fitzhughs, but it was no castle but a large hall, and 'till very lately the eminence upon which it stood was called *Hallgarth hill*. The ruins now there are very small, being only the foundations of some strong walls and a few upright masses. However let it be remembered that the ancient seats of the nobility and gentry were built like fortifications.

An intelligent inhabitant of the present very large and straggling village of Cotherstone informed me that the old town was situated close to the old Castle as it has been called. On the opposite side of the Baulder in ploughing a field some few years ago a number of coins were found near a spot where as tradition says formerly stood a kind of nunnery or religious house belonging to the Hall. A considerable number were found but one Simpson, the tenant or owner of the land upon which they were found, had the greater number of them and he was not at home. I however saw two at a house in Cotherstone, one of Henry the 3rd with the word *Terci* now rare, and a Roman coin very perfect in the impression but unfortunately without the marginal letters which appeared to have been cut off These I could not purchase. It appears to me

being torn away the meaning 29.
could not be fully made out tho
the letters were perfectly legible.

About the middle of the northern
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following stone as well as I could
make it out being nearly con-
cealed by pews. I could not disco-
ver any inscription



from the present state of Teesdale that it was well cultivated and very populous from very old time.

I walked from hence to Barnard Castle by the river side and never had I a pleasanter ramble. I would recommend all tourists travelling this way to take this walk. I know not where he will find so many romantic beauties crowded in an equal space: rock, wood, water and mountain shew themselves in every diversity of picturesque group, and ever and anon as the river winds he catches glimpses of the town and antiquities of Barnard Castle thro' vistas in the trees. It was on this delightful walk that I finally resolved to publish my 'Illustrations of British Zoology,' and to dedicate it to my Uncle James to whom I chiefly owe all my present enjoyments.²⁰⁵ Wishing to reach Reeth this night I sent a note to Mr. Hutchinson the Antiquarian excusing my not calling according to promise on the account of opening the tomb in Marri[c]k abbey, this being the day appointed.

After dinner I left Barnard Castle for Bowes, 4 miles, the road nearly all the way lying up hill and from its situation and straight direction I have no doubt but it follows the line and bed of the old Roman road between these two places. The land all the way in tolerable cultivation. The ruins of Bowes Castle are seen at two miles distance from it. Bowes is one of the most miserable places I was ever in and consists of but one irregularly built and dirty street apparently not quite half a mile long. It is situated in a very open country, scarcely any timber about it, and beyond it Stanemoor's [*sic*] wintry waste is seen to extend itself westward as far as the eye can reach. I put up at one Rudd's, the chief Inn in the place, but got a wretched dish of tea.

Expecting to be highly gratified I made great haste to see the church, which is a small but ancient building in bad repair. Over the Porch on the south side is a small piece of sculpture in Bass [*sic*] relief representing a crucifixion tolerably well executed for the time in which it has been done. Nearly the whole of the pavement in the inside consists of ancient and very curious gravestones but broken and mutilated into a thousand different shapes. I know not when my indignation has been more roused. I vented it in terms most bitter to the clergy who certainly ought not to have the power since they seem to have the inclination to commit these outrages: whenever a piece of flag has been wanted or a new grave dug

these curious specimens of antiquity have been broken up in the most wanton manner. Out of great numbers I could make none out with certainty: upon one in particular was a dog at the foot of a cross in bas relief finely executed; at the other end of the same stone there seemed to be something else in relief but it was thrust under a pew and could not be seen; at the other end of the church upon a stone was cut a bow and bugle horn with a staff etc. in rude sculpture which doubtless rested over some sleeping hunter of ancient days but now thrown at the mercy of a barbarous sexton. Curious stones with swords and crosses lay scattered about the entire pavement. The windows have contained painted glass but that together with the who[le] church seemed going to ruin. I left it in violent indignation.

I next expected to see the tomb, mentioned by Garland in his tour as already executed to be placed over the real Edwin and Emma of Mallet, but altho' executed long ago and money sufficient subscribed, it is not and perhaps now never will be raised over those hapless lovers who lie interred in the yard close to the west end of the church. I walked over their graves full of pleasing yet melancholy sensations.²⁰⁶

I next visited the Castle which is very near the church. It is certainly a very ancient edifice and exceedingly well built tho' such a heavy and dull mass of building as by no means to make a good drawing. It is a square of 18 by 12 of my paces and the walls are so thick that they appear quite monstrous in so small an area: they are nearly 4 yards thick. I question whether it has ever been any larger or not on account of its being moated round and no remains of other buildings appear. The walls appear to be built by forming two parallel and well jointed and finished walls at the proper distance from each other and then filling up the intermediate space with rubbish and strong cement. I can make an accurate drawing of it from Hutchinson's little vignette and my notes and recollections.

The whole of this place is classic ground tho' now like the abode of swine. I hastened from it with more disgust than delight and proceeded on my journey to Reeth, 12 miles distant, as darkness of night began to fall. This was a mad act as the first part of this road is most difficult to find: for 4 miles there are no tracks over a dreary waste of heath and should the unfortunate stranger travel to the westward he may never more see his friends and his home as there are nothing but

moors of vast and unmeasured extent amongst which the celebrated Stanemoor has the preeminence for vast and sterile extent. It was dark and a wonder that I was not lost but my good fortune and some little geographical knowledge of the contry saved me in spite of the predictions of the Bowes people before I sat out. I never had a more disagreeable walk than this in my life, over moors and mountains and thro' mists. I however arrived safe in Arkendale [Arkengarthdale] and from thence the road was good and easy to Reeth.

160th. DAY. OC: 25.

Found a Parcel from York which contained the musical Opera of the Cabinet for which I had written as a present for the charming Miss T. I immediately dispatched it to Bolton Castle. In my sister's letter were many sage and prudent pieces [of] advice induced by my writing for the enclosed which I could have dispensed with. *Do these marks of affection* ever produce the desired end? I remained in the house the whole of this day drawing and writing.

161st. DAY. OC: 26.

Remained in the house the whole of this day also drawing, writing and reading.

162nd. DAY. OC: 27.

Sunday. Went to meeting. Read all afternoon. Drank tea at George Raws; a great deal of small conversation on Politics. Fryer takes care to read all the time.

163rd. DAY. OC: 28.

Spent this day in reading, writing, drawing and thinking on my future literary plans.

164th. DAY. OC: 29.

Wrote all morning. In the afternoon, the parson being drunk in bed and unable to attend us, Fryer and I went by ourselves to open the tomb in Marrick Abbey. But not having proper crows for the raising of the massy stone lying over the nun we were obliged to give the business up for the present after an unsuccessful attempt. At the east end of the north aisle lies the greater part of a gigantic figure of a Knight dressed in a coat of mail with his feet resting against a lion and lying upon a tomb

at the west end of which are these arms: [*drawings of two coats of arms follow*]. The east end and south side are against the walls and only about half the length of the monument remaining, I could discern no other escutcheons on the north side besides the following [*drawings of six coats of arms follow*]. The figure bears upon his shield the arms of the house of Aske. There can be no doubt but that this is the tomb of the Founder, Roger de Aske, and in the opposite corner of the same aisle lies a mutilated figure of a female upon another tomb without escutcheons tho' doubtless his lady. What has a ludicrous effect: the hips and part of the thighs of the Knight having been broken off in a removal or breaking up of these tombs and the lady being without, they are attached to her figure. It is a pity this curious monument has been so mutilated and defaced.

In the east window finely painted are the arms of Scroope [*sic*], of Neville and one unknown – a barrier of 7 [*word missing?*] azure and or; [*name missing*]. The whole of this church will very shortly be down. Inscription on the tomb we wish to take up: + SUB IACIT PETRA MONIE ALIS YSABELLA SOROR TOME PUDSA DE BAR FURYT.

We had some Ale at the village of Marrick which is very straggling upon a hill top half a mile beyond the abbey eastward in a bleak situation. The public house is a poor one but what is remarkable the woman who keeps this miserable pot house is own sister to Mrs. Hutton of Marske, mother to John H Esqr., now living in the utmost splendour. Mrs. H was a cook at Brough hill and when old Mr. H went to the fair there on a certain time he got to bed to [*sic*] her, she being a remarkable fine woman, got her with child, liked her, kept her a long time and when she had done breeding or nearly so married her. This marrying of inferiors after keeping them as mistresses seems to have been the failing of the squires of these dales: witness Hutton, Chaytor, Herrington etc.²⁰⁷

165th. DAY. OC: 30

Wrote and drew 'till afternoon when I accompanied Fryer who was going to Leyburn as far as Grinton where he went forwards and I went to visit the ancient encampment here called Maiden Castle to take its dimensions etc. It is certainly a wonderful piece of antiquity; is at the elevation of several hundred feet above the river at the bottom of the valley upon a

barren moor and nearly exactly opposite to the village of Helah [Healaugh]. Its situation facing to the north is very remarkable. From its unequal form and situation facing to the north is very remarkable. From its unequal form and situation I think it cannot be a Roman work; perhaps it may be more ancient as it very well suits the descriptions we have had handed down to us of the towns of the ancient Britons. I have almost a firm belief in this conjecture. My drawing will shew the form pretty correctly: the avenue approaching from the east to the only entrance it has is 125 of my paces long and 8 wide; this avenue is formed [by] massy walls rudely formed which have been overthrown tho' in several places parts of them still remain upwright: these walls have been vastly thick in most places, the ruins are 10 yards thick or wide.

The fortification itself is 120 paces long and 100 wide in the broadest space, and 420 in circumferance. It is surrounded on all sides by a noble mound except on the north side which is open and formed very like the edge of a theatrical stage next the audience. The highest of these mounds are on the south side and as near as I could estimate the largest is 25 feet high above the area and the next to that 20 feet, the rest above the bottom of the moat about 12 feet. Strong walls have been erected along the top of these mounds all round and what remains of these now measure about 8 feet thick.

On the north side where there is no mound, the moat or ditch is very deep: from the ruins it evidently appears that along this now open part also a strong wall once stood; and from the steep declivity of the mountain towards the river on this side I doubt not but this part which now appears the weakest was the strongest in a compleat state of fortification, as the mountain behind to the southward rises abruptly and far overtops the highest mound. In some parts, particularly in the foundations of the walls, the stones used in building are very massy. The neighbouring precipieces afford such abundance of stones that they would not have to go far for materials.

This must have been a most secret and secure retreat when all this part of the contry was one continued and almost impenetrable forest; even now the view from this place is wild and romantic over moor and mountain. The only entrance, as I before observed, is on the east side and here the moat is filled up by a kind of bridge of stones, but probably this may have been formed by the ruins. I cannot tell whether the little round

building marked in my map is a part of the ancient fortification or only a sheep fold; it appears ancient.

In making out an accurate account of this curious place I should observe that 10 of my paces average 10 yards and five feet measured. And also that about half a mile eastward from this place is a long high and straight mound thrown up and extending nearly across the valley. May not this have been part of the works of an enemy, perhaps the Romans attacking the fortress described[?]

166th. DAY. OC: 31.

Wrote all the morning. In the Afternoon sat out for Bolton Castle. Delightful walk over the moors ruminating on the future and the step I was about to take; my disagreeable and too well known sensations on approaching the castle; see old Tennant in the yard; bluntly and rather gravely asked in; my sweet Bess looked charmingly; Ottovell Tennant comes in from shooting, a good natured rather agreeable wild harum scarum fellow.²⁰⁸ I remain in the house all the day but unfortunately have few or no opportunities with the lovely Bess, tho' I sat up very late with that view.

167th. DAY. NOV: 1

After breakfast I went out a shooting with Ottovell to Sorrow Sykes an estate of old Tennant's. We staid out 'till 4 o'clock in the afternoon having but indifferant success; we only got one hare. Bessy looked more lovely than ever on our return. Old T wanted much to let the farm mentioned above to me; I humoured him a little about it in order to get into his good graces for Bessy's sake. Ottovell stuck so close to me that this day neither could I get the privacy with her so much wished for.

168th. DAY. NOV: 2.

This morning I took my departure still without the so much desired opportunity, but I had promised Fryer to be at Richmond in the course of the day. Ottovell accompanied me with his gun as far as Bolton hall: adjoining the Park I had the good fortune to shoot a fine Woodcock by a difficult shot amongst trees; this bird I afterwards made a present of to Mrs. Chaytor of Croft.

I dined at Leyburn and arrived at Richmond early in the afternoon. I found Fryer rather merry. We this day had a drinking about 'till 4 o'clock in the morning much to my sorrow afterwards. We first visited Ward the Druggist, who is esteemed a good botanist²⁰⁹; at his house we drank far too much which set us a going and the mathematician, the historian and the botanist parted not from one public house to another 'till all three were far gone in the service of Bacchus: as for the mathematician he became so tipsy we were obliged to support him and prevent him from falling as he stood.

169th. DAY. NOV: 3.

Rose with an abominable headach[e] and my breakfast made me sick, all the consequence of the last night's folly. I sat out however with Fryer, who rode, to walk to Croft near Darlington. We went by Scorton and called upon Mr. Heaton [*sic*: Eaton] there with whom we dined and spent a very agreeable afternoon: he is a natural son of the late Earl Grosvenor, has been a sailor and is a wild rattling dog, lately married to a very nice girl, a Miss King: his sister in law is one of the finest girls I ever saw in my life; her face is very fine.

We staid here 'till late in the evening when we proceeded towards Croft, where we arrived a little after 8 o'clock and immediately went to Col. Chaytor's house²¹⁰: we found there Tim Hutton and his wife from Clifton Castle. We were very hospitably entertained . . .

[*Two pages missing*²¹¹]

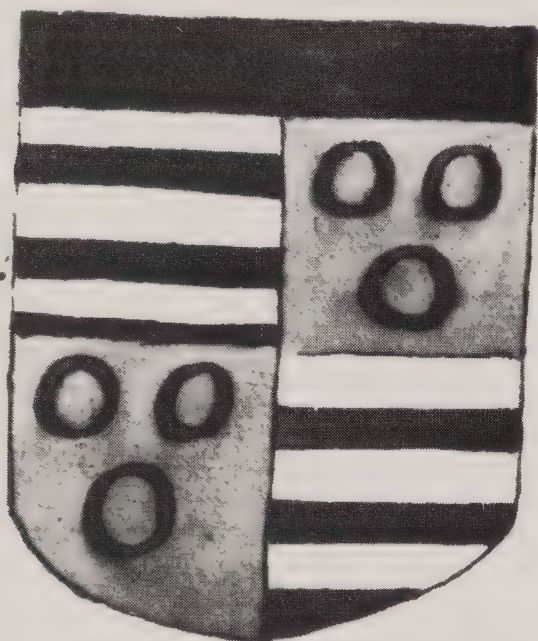
171st. DAY. NOV^r. 5.

Was knocked up early by Fryer returned from Staindrop. Went into the church. In a window of the south aisle [*see page 213*]. The yellow field of the amulets is so deep that I cannot tell whether or not 'tis meant for an orange as it approaches red. In the south aisle stands a large table monument to the memory of Richard Clairvaux who was armour bearer to Henry 6th; round the edge of the table is the following Inscription in old English characters:

17th Day. 1st Mar. Arrived 5.35.
 Nov 5. I up early by Tager
 returned from Stained 20th. Went
 into the church. In a window
 of the south aisle.

A.D. 1492

Opposite
 Clainware
 Tomb

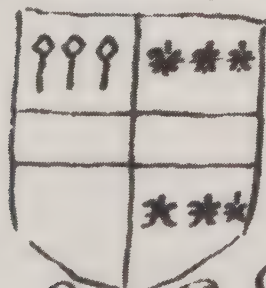


Azure in chief
 3 Annulets
 on a field
 Or;

Argent-
 azure

The yellow field of the annulets
 is so deep that I cannot tell
 whether or not 'tis meant
 for an orange as it approaches
 red.

S.W. corner of the Steeple



S.E. corner of the Steeple



R. P. { In old eng. } T. B.

For the
 Clainware

Clervaux Ricardus jacet hic sub Marmare Clausus,
 Crofte quondam dominus huic miserere deus;
 Armiger Henrici regis pro corpore sexti,
 Quem deus excelsi duxit ad altra pali;
 Sanctimus Edwardi quarti tertii que Ricardi,
 Gradibus interius alter utrique fruit.

Qui obiit An. Don. 1490.²¹²

In the centre of the steeple on the South side is this stone [*a small drawing of a stone with the inscription I H C*]. The inscription as it is engraved round the edge of the monument [*a large sketch of the monument follows*]. The east and west ends bear the same device which is as follows [*see page 215*]. The north and south sides do not bear the same devices: they are as follows [*see page 215*]. Below the sketch of the south side I have given an accurate sketch of the singular device at the 4 corners which I suppose to be a badge of office [*see page 216*]. I am told by a very good student of heraldry that he never met with this device before. It may be a Quiver for arrows or a frame to be covered with mail for the breast. It certainly must be meant as a badge of the office of armour bearer.

In the corner of the opposite aisle, the north, is a heavy ridiculous table monument to Sir Ralp[h] Milbanke over a very large family vault:²¹³ banners and pieces of false armour with his spurs are suspended in solemn pomp over it: at the west end against the wall is a marble monument executed by T. Banks in memory of Mr. J. Milbank of some elegance.²¹⁴ The stalls about the altar have more ornament about them than I have usually seen: they are ancient and the architecture Gothic with many decorations. Many parts of the church appear to be very ancient and it has doubtless been repaired almost into [a] new one.

Both Fryer and I were of opinion that it would be no difficult matter to place a pair of horns on Chaytor's head with a little pains.

We sat out for Reeth about 11 o'clock and went by the way of Middleton Tyas and Richmond. We called at Halnaby the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke but at which none of the family have been for 3 years: the estate is extensive, I believe about £6000 per annum, and the house a noble one and well situated: it seems remarkably well contrived in respect to the size and disposition of the rooms. I was in hopes of finding some good pictures but I only noticed the following: a fine Portrait of

56. The east & west ends bear the same device which is as follows

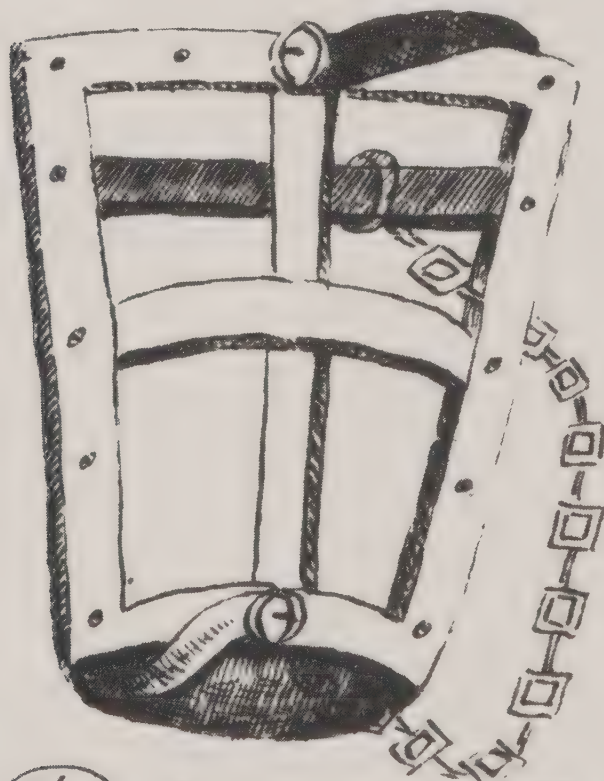


The North & South sides ^{do not} bear the same devices ~~which~~ are as follow

North side



Below the sketch of the south side I have given an accurate sketch of the singular device at the Acorn which I suppose to be a badge of office



I am told by a very good student of heraldry that he never met with this device before. It may be a device for arrows or a frame to be covered with mail for the breast. It certainly must be meant as a badge.

Prior – as I take it the original, from which Vertue's print was taken – Jn^o. Vanderbank Fecit, 1732; an holy family tolerably fine which from the style should seem to be Guerchino's; a Cleopatra small on copper very soft and beautiful; a good small portrait of Shakespeare; 2 foreign views of towns I believe Venetian.²¹⁵ There were many family portraits and other pictures of no great value of which I could obtain no information from the old woman of the house. The rooms are richly decorated and the stables are built in front of the house after the old fashion.

From hence we proceeded to Richmond passing thro Middleton Tyas. At a public house by the side of the great North road we stopped and took a glass of rum and milk each. Here Fryer was again very importunate for me to write a life of the celebrated Gough of Kendall [*sic*], promising to furnish me with anecdotes etc.²¹⁶ He alledged as a reason for his not doing it himself that I was more accustomed to writing than himself. We arrived at Richmond to a very late dinner. I looked into Heysham's Catalogue of Cumberland Animals this evening here, but was disappointed.²¹⁷ I thought that a man might produce something better after so many years experience as the Dr. seems to have had. We sat out for Reeth late and did not arrive 'till 12 o'clock.

172nd. DAY. NOV: 6.

Found that Joshua Blakey and his wife from Wensleydale had arrived the preceeding day.²¹⁸ Read, wrote and drew this day. In the evening George Raw's family came to tea.

173rd. DAY. NOV: 7.

Remained in the house drawing, writing and reading all day 'till evening when I accompanied the Blakeys and Mrs. Fryer to George Raw's where we drank tea and staid 'till supper: 'tis amazing what a great way a little wit goes in such an assemblage as was there and then present.

174th. DAY. NOV: 8.

The Blakeys returned into Wensleydale immediately after dinner and they were no sooner gone than Fryer and I sat out for Leyburn. This evening is a remarkable one to me for on our way just as we reached the middle of the bridge we met the Richmond post who informed us of the splendid victory

over the combined fleets and of the never to be forgotten death of Lord Nelson. I as an individual could not restrain my tears on the occasion and I believe throughout the whole Kingdom more sorrow will be felt for his loss than joy at the victory however glorious. Perhaps the death of no single person *ever* occasioned so much general mourning. He has long been the Idol of this contry and the dread of France. For my part I walked all the way to Leyburn occupied with the most melancholy yet the most exulting [*sic*] reflexions occasioned by the foregoing disastrous yet glorious event.

Arrived at Leyburn we found a large company of the neighbouring gentry who having attended the market on this day had there heard for the first time of this great victory and loss. The scene in the room where they sat was highly ludicrous: they had all or most of them got drunk on the joyful occasion of the victory and ever and anon shouted and cheered, but between every shout a dead pause occurred and the whole company sobbed aloud for the loss of the great Nelson: though the occasion was solemn or at least no subject for laughter it was impossible to resist smiling at a scene so eccentric.

I was this evening introduced to the Rev^d. Dr. Custbody, Rector of Wensley,²¹⁹ who raised my indignation by endeavouring to discourage my great undertaking by absurdly enlarging the field of research, by making many foolish and ridiculous observations, and by observing that it *was the very rock on which Dr. Townson had split*, together with a great deal of similar nonsense. I told him merely in reply of Alexander's reply to Parmenio and that my motto was 'Aut Caesar aut nihil.' I likewise saw Col. Maude and Mr. Foss the architect of Richmond. It had been my intention to go down to Wensley but finding Maude drunk I deferred my visit 'till Sunday according to invitation. I supped at Leyburn and returned with Fryer to Reeth about midnight.

175th. DAY. NOV: 9.

Fryer went to Richmond market this day and I employed the morning in writing to my lovely Bess and making her a certain proposal.²²⁰ In the afternoon I went to Grinton Church to copy the arms of Swale and some others. Fryer has since told me that the arms of the house of Swale are: argent 3 Stags

heads sable; the painted glass in the church is exactly the reverse, doubtless a mistake of the bungling artist.

In the side of the north aisle are six windows: in one of them there is a female figure in splendid robes with a ducal crown upon her head. In another is a figure as I take it of Moses somewhat mutilated. The mutilated crucifixion in the east Window has been remarkably fine.

As I returned I made some observations on the inhabitants (the miners) and the contry immediately about Reeth. The miners are generally tall and all strong muscular men tho' not particularly stout nor of very healthy appearance in the face. They wear a kind of short shirt or jerkin over their cloaths made of coarse linen or canvass [*sic*]. It has sleeves, is made about the neck like a shirt but does not come much lower down than the waist. On their feet they wear very formidable clogs, so large, loose and ponderous that they give their wearers a peculiarly lingly and awkward gait in walking; they must be worn large and loose because the soles, being made of thick wood and shod with iron cannot spring or be in any degree elastic: there is more iron put round the soles of these clogs than is used in the shoes or plates of race horses; indeed it is nailed on and formed in a similar manner.

The wages of this class of labourers are good and are paid generally monthly or at least in considerable sums; this is occasioned by the scarcity of small change which must be obtained if the men are paid weekly. The men in consequence with their families are obliged weekly to go in debt to the shops for their necessary provisions.

The land about Reeth is chiefly meadow and pasture land that lets very high, as high as £4 per acre; – very little corn grown here. The hill sides are generally inclosed but the tops are brown heathy wastes scarcely affording sustenance to the Black faced sheep that dwell upon them.

As Mrs Fryer and I sat at supper in came a pupil from Newcastle of the name of Gibson who is as old as Fryer himself though now coming to study Navigation, he being intended as a Captain of a Whale fisher: he had been two voyages and this evening told me several curious anecdotes. Whales sometimes escape after being wounded by the harpoons and these generally if not always die of their wounds. The monster of the deep is no sooner incapable of defence or flight and is dead than he is attacked by his various

enemies who eagerly contend for his huge carcase: sometimes a dead whale of vast dimensions may be seen jammed close between two floating mountains of ice and upon his back which is out of the water a pair or sometimes more of the polar bears so exquisitely described by Thompson may be seen ravenously employed in devouring that part of the *mighty dead* whilst at the same time under water his belly is furiously assaulted by a troop of sharks lean, hungry [*sic*] and gaunt who incessantly dart at the huge carcase with certain and irresistible aim, each time separating a considerable lump of flesh with their cruel jaws. Sometimes a desperate conflict ensues amongst the sharks and sometimes an unfortunate whale previously wounded by the fishers and scarcely able to defend itself is attacked while yet alive by the bears and sharks who presently put an end to the tortures of the poor fish by inflicting still greater and additional ones.

I conceive much valuable information in Natural History might be obtained from a voyage to Greenland or Davis's straights [*sic*] which might be performed in five or six months and for a reasonable expence and consequently any man of a little leisure has a most agreeable excursion in reserve. Davis's streights [*sic*] I think is to be preferred to Greenland. A bird which from his description must have been the redpole [*sic*] alighted on the shrouds perfectly weary and was caught by him when very near the straights; it soon became tame and rewarded him by many little attentions such as sitting upon his head, etc., during breakfast or reading etc.

176th. DAY. NOV: 10.

I was engaged this day to dine with Col. Maude at Wensley. I personally persuaded Fryer to accompany me. We went over the moors towards Bolton Castle as I had written an important letter to the lovely Bessy which I wanted to have delivered; accordingly when we arrived within an hundred yards of the same I dispatched Fryer with it whilst I walked slowly on to Redmire waiting for him to overtake me which he did in less than a quarter of an hour. He told me that Bessy appeared gratified on hearing from whom it came which of course delighted me but she did not open it in his presence. Heaven knows what will be the result!

Fryer being exceedingly foot sore and tired we proceeded very slowly towards Wensley where we arrived about 2

o'clock; the Colonel receiving us very politely. He gave us an excellent dinner and at his table we met the modest and intelligent Mr. Humphrey of Wensley, a Mr. [*illeg.*] an adjutant in the Loyal Dales Volunteers, a heavy dull silly sleepy fellow, and also Mr. Clarkson of West Witton, another officer in the same corps.²²¹ Before dinner I amused myself by looking over Latham's birds in which I found an account of my Swallow-tailed Falcon which it seems is a native of Peru and Carolina. Latham's description is very far from being correct.²²²

Col. Maude was so obliging as to lend me several old letters that were found at Nappa, the same which he had lent to Dr. Townson, all of which it is my intention to copy.²²³ We spent a very pleasant afternoon. Col. Maud is a very agreeable man and one who has seen a good deal of the world; he has a little hesitation in his speech that is not disagreeable. It is a singular circumstance that tho' Perch are very common in the Ure below the ford near Middleham none are ever found above it. Col. Maude shot a fine specimen of the Great Snipe under Leyburn shawl a few years ago. It should seem from this that they migrate, as it was a very singular and unusual situation for a bird of this species or genus. Sparrows only plentiful in corn countries; I recollect my uncle William observing that there were none in Raydaleside.

In the evening we proceeded to the Cote, a large farm on which Mr. Tennant's eldest son resides; it is a mile from Wensley. Fryer rode, his horse having been sent after him, and I walked as usual. We found Edward Tennant Junior at home, also his sister Rebecca, a nice little plump lass, and his brother Ottovell the parson: we were kindly received and hospitably entertained insomuch that we were induced to stay all night. Fryer and I were bedfellows.

177th. DAY. NOV: 11.

After breakfast we returned towards Reeth, passing over the dreary moors between Leyburn and Swaledale. Good coals got on this moor near the Cote. It was a very thick mist so much so that we could not see above 20 yards before us and were nearly wet through. I had the satisfaction to see several of the *Emberiza Nivalis* for the first time upon the road picking amongst the dung. They are beautiful birds very common on the northern and the north western moors of Yorkshire where

they uniformly appear first on the high roads. To request my uncle to kill and send me some to describe. I observed today in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1787 an account of Hedg[e]hogs killing black beetles in the house, a circumstance which 'till now I thought had been known only to myself.²²⁴

178th. DAY. NOV: 12.

Confined chiefly to the house; nothing particular; read, wrote and drew all the day.

179th. DAY. NOV: 13.

My business of this day similar to the last except receiving an agreeable letter from York: J. F. Junior.

180th. DAY. NOV: 14.

This afternoon, accompanied by Fryer, I went to visit Mr. Hall's works in Arkendale.²²⁵ In consequence of that gentleman's exertions and very superior management of the mining company's concerns, this dale has lately become extremely populous and its inhabitants and houses still continue to increase. I believe it is considered that the lead mines of Arkendale are some of the oldest in the Kingdom if not completely so; but some years ago owing to the veins being lost the gentry freeholders and mining adventurers of this district became discouraged and relinquished their works nearly altogether, much to the injury of the poorer classes of the community who 'till then had enjoyed at least a comfortable existence through the profits attendant on their employ as miners. To paint the distress of many poor families ruined and driven to emigration would now serve no purpose in this place. Let it suffice that within late years the spirit of mining enterprise has been revived with more ardour than ever.

As being the chief means of repopulating the country besides producing many improvements in respect to the working of the mines and smelting the lead, Mr. Hall deserves the highest credit, tho' many find great fault with him as an agent because he will do every thing in the most superior style and is consequently very expensive to his employers: it seems he has been accustomed to the mining business in various parts of Europe (northern Europe). We found him from home; he is in London. However, we obtained one of his clerks as a

conductor and visited the new smelting mill. The machinery working the hearths is the invention of Boulton and Company of the Soho near Birmingham. The Clerk informed me that this together with some other works cost £50,000, before any money began to come back to the proprietors, but that now every thing goes on well and the business is exceedingly profitable: it seems that lead is now double in price to what it was a few years ago and it is allowed here that Mr. Hall is the principal means of advancing the price.

The smelting mill we now visited is one of the largest buildings in England under one roof. It is an octagonal building of stone; it has six harts [*sic*: hearths]: an hart is the oven or boiler for smelting the lead. These are worked by an immense water wheel in the middle, which acting on a centre blows the bellows etc. This mill is capable and does occasionally smelt 3 marks of lead per week and a mark of lead is worth £1200. When the ore is first taken from the mine 'tis then ground very small in a mill, generally on the spot, not unlike a corn mill. After it is reduced to powder it is washed thro' a si[e]ve and the ore being the heaviest sinks to the bottom leaving the waste and rubbish and earths at the top in the sive: formerly this was done by the hand and so ill that it is now found highly advantageous to work the old heaps of rubbish, formerly thrown aside as done with, over again and from these by the use of finer sives and a superior mode of washing by machinery from £100 to £150 worth of lead is got weekly from the old rubbish. Hall, confident of his own talents and superior method of washing, bought a quantity of old heaps grown over with grass for £1000; people thought him mad, but the result has even been greater than he himself imagined.²²⁶

Another of Hall's improvements in this part of the country was to work no more perpendicular shafts but to use levels instead: there are now no shafts worked by him here even tho' he knows metal may be obtained: the reason is the labour, trouble and expence is threble [*sic*] where shafts are used. By means of proper rail way up a level one horse can draw at once twenty times at least as much as two horses can by means of a shaft; for a single horse on the iron way can draw a number of waggons filled with ore at once by having them fastened to each other whereas in a shaft two horses are necessary to work a wheel that pulls up but a small bucket full at once. The

deepest shaft in this neighbourhood is 78 fathoms or 156 yards or 468 feet, and there are several from 60 to 70 fathoms, immense depths in the earth to admit of free circulation of air: what is more extraordinary, the deepest shaft just mentioned is descended by the miners not in the common way of descending by a bucket and rope but by the wood work of the frame that supports the sides of the shaft, a side of which would something resemble this [*a drawing of a frame follows*].

In a mountainous country (and mines are seldom worked in any other) levels may be always obtained tho' sometimes the distance necessary to run them is very considerable: one not far from Richmond as I was told already runs nearly two miles and is not yet arrived at the ore; men are paid so much a fathom for making these. When men paid by bing, i.e. by weight, have made some thousand a year; bad plan: the reason why, uncertainty; Mr. Hall never uses it.

Amusements amongst the miners: Fives, football, cricket, wrestling and leaping. Wrestling and leaping generally practised at public times, particularly at Whitsuntide and Easter when belts are wrestled for and gloves are leaped for.

We had Mr. Hall's clerks to the public house where I treated them and from them I got most of the above intelligence.

A moorcock or male of the common *Tetrao Scoticus* was killed in this neighbourhood that weighed 32oz: exactly 2lbs avoirdupois: this is a great size tho' I suspect not unusual. From an accurate description given me by one of the clerks present who was a sportsman a pair of the Rough legged Falcons bred last summer in Spanham cliff not far hence: it is a vast cragg amongst wild moors towards Stanemoor; it used to be an amusement of the contry people and boys of the vicinity to pelt the nest with stones from the top of the cliff till at length the birds forsook. To inquire into the truth of the flock of Eagles lately appeared on the Holderness coast. The same man told me that he killed a trout of no more than a pound weight near Catterick bridge that had 27 minnows in its throat and belly undigested.

Returned in the evening to Reeth when I agreed with Fryer for the following books: Bruce's *Travels* £13.13.6, Cook's and Hawksworth's *Voyages* £3.3, *Ordinary of Chrysten men* £1.11.6, Coverdale's *Bible* £2.2, *Iconologie*, Consett's *Tour* and Phillips's *Voyage to Botany Bay*.²²⁷

181st. DAY. NOV: 15.

This was the day I had fixed upon for my departure from Reeth. Immediately after breakfast I according[ly] prepared my baggage and bade adieu to my kind friends here. Fryer accompanied me to Richmond; he was much depressed in his spirits: I strongly suspected pecuniary embarrassments as the cause and I afterwards found this suspicion but too true. I had a pleasant walk to Easby Abbey in the afternoon by myself: there is a fine specimen of the origin of the lancet arch by an intersection of the pointed arch; it was too cold for me to make a good sketch of the same.

Returned to Richmond I met with Mr. Eaton and Mr. Edward Tennant Junior, also Mr. Thompson Junior: we retired to Crossland's where we became pretty merry. In the street I had met Mr. Ward the attorney's clerk who gave me a letter requesting that I would give it to poor Fryer. I saw in a moment that it was an attorney's letter. I lamented but what could I do; poor Fryer suddenly came into our company in good spirits: I was honour bound to deliver the letter entrusted to my care tho' I knew the stab it must evidently give. I gave it to him and he was gay no more; we endeavoured all in our power to cheer him. We first went to Mr. Eaton's house where we drank brandy and water and played upon the organ; but nothing could soothe Fryer, he was restless and left us, we pursued him and got him to Chadwick's dram shop; here he smoaked and drank . . .

[Two pages missing]

himself unable to contend with them; he wished for his pistols and declared that he would shoot himself. Great God, what a situation for me, walking round and round the sublime castle of Richmond at the hour of midnight in a storm and in conversation with a man bent upon immediate destruction; and that man, too, one capable of blazing as a star of the first magnitude in his own peculiar walks of science. All the arguments I had ever thought of as efficacious upon such a subject I repeated with peculiar energy and as I conceived with irresistible conviction . . .

[Quarter of a page missing]

that on a former occasion he had loaded his pistols and was just on the point of committing the dreadful deed when he was rescued by the timely interference of a friend; that he always considered suicide in the light of a happy resource when weary

of the buffets of fortune: this horrid sentiment I consider to originate in him from the dreadful want of religious principles, pure and well founded. As we were approaching Richmond not long since he suddenly, after a long and profound silence, observed that he knew not what to make of Christianity: either in the theory or practice it seemed to him an object of ridicule and he thought that . . .

[*Quarter of a page missing*]

of which he fully acknowledged the belief of a God or great first cause but no more. It was a distressing subject to me and I wished to drop it. Unfortunate Fryer wanted to remain out all night. I dreaded some fatal consequences, begged him to wait 'till morning ere he came to any conclusions, when being both cool we might consult together. I carried him partly by force to our inn where he wanted not to go to bed; I however prevailed and we both passed a most restless night.

182nd. DAY. NOV: 16.

Rose very little refreshed this morning. Fryer spoke no more of what passed last night and I was far from being willing to resume so unpleasant a subject; we went to Catterick to breakfast and he seemed to have revived his spirits. I would not therefore remind him of his misfortunes and cast down his newly raised hopes. We made very hearty breakfasts; I was hungry after a walk of 5 miles.

Fryer this morning introduced me to a very extraordinary, clever and interesting man, a painter of Catterick of the name of Ridsdale, who instantly became a subscriber to my work and promised great assistance; he is a good antiquarian, an adept in heraldry and the descent of property, well acquainted with this part of the country, of which he is a native and a very droll and convivial fellow.²²⁸ After breakfast went into the church where our Antiquary seemed completely at home. The font is curious and the figure of Sir Walter Urswick with an ancient monkish grave stone.

At half past 12 o'clock I went to Scorton according to my appointment to dine with Mr. Eaton. I forded the Swale near Catterick and found the whole distance not more than a mile. I was gladly and hospitably received. Barbara King looked lovely and majestic to an Angelic degree; her face I think perfectly beautiful. If a man has once been at sea he never forgets the manners and habits of the sailor. They are sure to

drink hard. Eaton regularly gets drunk after dinner. Being a natural son of Lord Grosvenor's he forgets not the nature of noble blood.

After dinner we walked round his nice little estate. In one of the fields we found a nest of Hedgehogs, the old dam and 3 young. I had no idea 'till now that they sucked or dwelt with the parent so long, for these were very large. The country people here as well as in some other places have an absurd idea that this harmless animal sucks cows during the night and they destroy them accordingly: many people declare they have found hedgehogs in the very act; it is not altogether improbable though perhaps not very likely. This animal preys upon frogs.

Observing an hedgehog one day very seriously engaged in some undertaking that appeared to require its utmost exertion, I went up to it; seeing me, it instantly rolled itself up as usual, but as it laid upon its back I perceived the hind parts of a very large frog hanging out of the small opening thro' which the animal breathed. I opened it by force and found that the animal had got the head and shoulders of the frog in its throat where it had stuck in the endeavours to swallow it. Hedgehogs have a very strong scent and many pointers stand at them. They are doubtless very fine eating; 'tis said by those who have eat them that the young ones are far superior to young pigs, partaking something of the same flavour.

In the evening Mr. E. walked with a sweet girl of the name of Hogg from Richmond and I with the lovely Barbara to Bolton Church in order to see the monument of Old Jenkins. It was too late to see that in the church but we saw the one raised by contribution in the church yard: 'tis an obelisk raised in a pyramidical form with an urn on the top of the whole about 12 feet high. On one side is the name and age of Jenkins, on the other an account of its erection by contribution.²²⁹

We returned to tea, soon after which I took my leave and returned to Catterick where Ridsdale, Fryer and I spent a very pleasant evening 'till two in the morning. In the course of conversation I happened to laugh at Ghosts and apparitions. Ridsdale suddenly assumed a grave countenance and said that he had himself once laughed at such things but he had lately met with a circumstance of so solemn a nature that it would never be effaced from his brain. Having been at Scorton upon a little business of his own he staid 'till evening before he could

return home. The distance by fording the river Swale was but one mile but by the bridge 3 miles; not doubting the safety of the ford which he had often crossed before, he of course chose the near road and sat out accordingly for the river side. There was no moon but the stars shone very brightly and admitted him to see near objects with tolerable distinctness. Walking along the banks of the river it happened that he was induced to look behind him when, to his astonishment, he beheld a tall obscure figure silently stalking or rather gliding at a certain distance after him in the same path he was then treading. He was not a man subject to fear. At no period of his life had he ever experienced that ignoble sensation. He stood still; the figure instantly did the same, keeping the same exact distance. Concluding it was some person afraid of intruding upon his company and yet still more afraid to be entirely alone in the night, he walked on; but as he went he could not resist the inclination which from time to time arose to look back, and whenever he did, so he uniformly observed the same figure at the same distance and when he stopped the figure also stood still. He was a little surprised that he heard no sound proceed from the steps of the unknown even amongst loose stones.

At length he came to a style [*sic*] over some rails that crossed the pathway and went down to the edge of the water to prevent cattle from tresspassing [*sic*]. Willing to try the mimicking of the figure further he did not go over the style but instead went down to the end of the rails that rather overhung the water and taking hold of the last post swung himself round the end when he again reached the path: which he had no sooner done than he stood to watch the figure, which went down to the water's edge and swung itself round exactly in a similar manner. This circumstance astonished him greatly and perceiving the figure still following he was resolved to clear the matter up: accordingly he halted; the figure did the same: he then turned round and resolutely marched towards it; it moved not: he came close up to it and suddenly thrust out both his hands against it. Terrified and appalled he felt nothing and at the moment when he had darted against it a sudden and broad light gleamed against the upper part of its face which was human, solemn and placid. The light that gleamed upon its countenance exactly resembled that which would proceed from a lamp held up against the face. The instant that he withdrew affrighted the

light disappeared and he observed the same obscure mysterious figure standing before him. All this time no sound was heard, saving the loud murmur of the impetuous Swale tumbling along its stony bed. For the first time he felt fear and he walked quickly on 'till he arrived at the ford, the figure following: he jumped down from the bank, went to the water's edge, sat down upon a large stone and very coolly began to pull off his clothes; but as he gradually undressed himself he kept his eye constantly fixed upon the figure who stood erect upon the bank above him apparently watching his motions with great exactness. Being now considerably lower than the bank he could more clearly discern the object which appeared dark against the starry horizon.

The river Swale is very subject to sudden inundations and it happened upon the present occasion that a flood was in the river, whose current was therefore very impetuous. This ford which I have myself crossed is very broad and in the middle of the river is an island that divides the ford into two passages, the first of which on the side in question is shallow and the other deep. Having stripped off all his lower garments and tied them up in a bundle he boldly ventured across the first shallow ford and got onto the island. In the same moment that he entered the water the figure glided down from the bank to the very edge of the water, shewing marks of perturbation; he stood for a few seconds to watch its motion and then resolutely prepared to cross the other passage, which was highly dangerous on account of the extraordinary impetuosity of the flood.

Just as he was about to enter the water a second time he turned round and observed the figure bow down its body towards the surface of the water several times in immediate succession, shaking its head and holding up its arms in an attitude of mournful adieu: a sudden horror crept through all his veins and a sensation that carried irresistible conviction entered his mind that if he ventured into the flood he should be lost. So strongly that [*sic*] was he affected by this belief that he instantly turned round towards the figure and recrossed the first passage, the figure receding as he advanced; and he had no sooner gained the shore than it gave a kind of exulting flourish and disappeared for ever. Ridsdale felt relief mingled with awe and he hastened back to Scorton where he staid all night. He afterwards made all the enquiry possible but neither

man nor beast had been near the place where this . . . [*part of a line missing*] vision; his good . . . [*part of a line missing*] had appeared to . . . [*rest of sentence missing*].

Fryer went to bed about . . . [*word missing*]. Ridsdale left me about 2 o'clock in the morning after which, hearing no noise in the kitchen and knowing that two very nice girls were there, one of which I had already coquetted, I stole softly in and found them both asleep over the fire. I awoke them by giving each an hearty kiss; with these girls I sat up 'till near four o'clock spending the time very agreeably.

183rd. DAY. NOV: 17.

Immediately [after] breakfast which was a late one we adjourned to Ridsdale's house where he shewed us some very excellent heraldic drawings. He was employed by Mr. Maire of Lartington to draw the arms of all the Kings, Princes and Nobility of England; he drew upwards or I believe exactly 1200: the work occupied his leisure time for near 4 years, at the end of which time, shame be it spoken, Mr. Maire gave him *only* £414 – what rascality! He also shewed some excellent Prints after which we . . . [*part of a line missing*] sat out for Sir John [Lawson's] at Brough [hall], it [being my] intention to solicit his subscription for my work.²³⁰ As we passed the very large pond in the park Ridsdale told us that it contained a very extraordinary pike so large and powerful that it had broken every net in which it had hitherto been caught and so ravenous that it seized and worried a beautiful spaniel that was swimming in the pond before several witnesses; amongst others, Ridsdale was present.

Arrived at the house we found Sir John not up though it was 11 o'clock. Both Ridsdale and Fryer were very desirous for me to attack him thro' the medium of servants, a thing of all others I the most disdain; accordingly while I attacked the house at the front door they entered behind and Ridsdale being intimate with the butler seated themselves in the servants. As I had broken the ice so far I was determined to see Sir John; we therefore walked in the gardens 'till 12 o'clock when we re-entered the house. Sir John did not get up 'till half an hour afterwards, when I was introduced to him before he had breakfasted, which he did in my presence. I made a set speech [*sic*] to him on the nature and importance of my work and was very graciously received. I was much against my will

obliged to listen to a great deal of small talk; however in return he became a subscriber and shewed me the few pictures he had in the house, none of which were remarkable except a lovely pencil drawing of the Pretender by Hussey.²³¹ He carried me also into his chapel where I was a good deal pleased with some painting on glass by my friend Ridsdale of whom Sir John spoke in high terms; the colours on the glass were fine and rich. Just as I was coming away Col. Strickland from Westmoreland joined us.²³² There is a tolerably fine painting of the descent from the cross over the altar table of the chapel, the artist unknown.

I took my leave of Sir John with many thanks and rejoined my comrades in high spirits. I found them drinking strong ale and they were both nearly drunk, Ridsdale entirely so. Fryer gave me an account of the fresh water cockles near Barnard Castle, the place from time immemorial being called Cocklebury. It was near 3 o'clock when we left Brough hall for Hornby Castle the seat of the Duke of Leeds distant about 3 miles. Fryer went the horse-road, being on horseback, but we went a nearer road over the fields, being on foot.

Brough hall is a noble stone mansion having a very fine and extensive park with a noble serpentine fish pond. The estate is good and yields I believe about £7000 per annum. Sir John has another large estate in Northumberland. Roman antiquities are constantly found in this neighbourhood but as my friend Ridsdale has engaged to collect and write down all the particulars that way I shall not now trouble myself with relating the indifferent accounts I have yet heard. I should however note that Sir John told me himself that he pulled down the chapel on Catterick bridge at the time they were about widening that structure and with the stones he built the present excellent inn there.

Our walk lay thro' the village of Tunstall which is straggling but not large: the whole country is in the richest state of cultivation. We at length arrived at the village of Hornby, delightfully situated in an hollow; it is a small very neat and straggling village with an handsome church: we made most hearty dinners at the public house for 1/8^d per head upon beef and ham, after which having procured the key of the church we went thither. I already have an account of its most valuable contents: the figures of Sir John Conyers and his lady in alabaster are curious and two of the arches of the north

aisle are of curious Saxon architecture tho' evidently not very ancient: the pew belonging to his Grace of Leeds is plain and neat.

We next visited the Castle not quite half a mile distant situated in a noble park well wooded and watered and upon a fine eminence. It is a very large quadrangular building embattled on the top with corner towers: some part of it is very ancient as witness the ancient inscriptions in the court yard; some parts and one entire wing is modern tho' built after the ancient style. There are very few good pictures for such a house and through the stupidity of a maid who shewed us the principal rooms I could not learn the artists names who executed the few. I however noticed the portrait of a French Duke on horseback, size of life, in the stair case, a fine portrait of George the second, picture of Charles the 1st's family with the great dog as I take it by Vandyke and the original picture from whence a print of a similar subject is taken, a portrait of the late Duke of Leeds and several others I cannot now recollect as capital. We visited the library and found many of the books choice and rare tho' not very numerous (perhaps 1000 volumes). Only a few servants are kept in the house now and those only for the purpose of keeping it clean; the family is now at Kiveton near Wakefield. The Duke generally comes here about April.

It was quite dark and very cold being a hard frost when we sat out for Catterick distant 3 miles. Fryer on horseback [went] by the carriage road but Ridsdale who was now very drunk and I went over the fields: a thick and sudden mist came on after we had gone about a mile and as I was a stranger in that part of the country I submitted myself entirely to the guidance of my drunken friend who declared he knew the way better than any other man in the country; this was unfortunate for it prevented me from asking the road which I should otherwise have done. We were soon entirely lost which Ridsdale no sooner perceived than he became more bewildered and intoxicated and would go neither one way nor another. I who was perfectly sober at this became much irritated and at last in a great passion as the prospect of lying out all night in an intense frost and mist became more certain; at length I seized Ridsdale and forced him along with me back to Hornby where I arrived with much difficulty, and having enquired the way along the road without entering the fields at

all, I compelled Ridsdale to go that way with me and we arrived at Catterick in good time to supper where we found Fryer squeezing Barbara the maid. I was glad to find him in such good spirits considering that this was the very day in which he ought to have paid the money in question. We persuaded him to stay all night and we spent a very pleasant evening together.

184th. DAY. NOV: 18.

I was awoke pretty soon this morning by Fryer coming into my room to bid me adieu as he was about to set out on his journey homewards. He walked up and down the room for some time before he spoke; at length he came to my side with tears in his eyes and in broken accents he bade me farewell. I felt greatly, but more for his melancholy situation in respect
...²³³

[*Two and a half pages missing*]

in Borrowdale. I spent the forenoon with him most delightfully. How I regret that this able, this interesting youth cannot live long! Death has marked him for an early prey. I almost persuaded him to accompany me to York; he has promised to come soon. I left Ripon near 1 o'clock and Brunton set me nearly . . .

[*Half a page missing*]

At York and Thornville Royal; and Return to Bolton Hall

186th. DAY. NOV: 20.

Employed this day chiefly in preparing for my literary labours. In the evening having ap[p]ointed an interview with my father we met in my brother's warehouse [*sic*] when I informed him of my attachment at Bolton Castle and asked his advice. He seemed pleased and said that he had heard my Grandfather Fothergill speak of the Tennants. I told him that I should write to the old Gentleman on the following day and shew him my letter: this was all that we did this evening.

187th. DAY. NOV: 21.

This day I wrote a letter to old Tennant of which the following rough sketch was the groundwork.

Dear Sir

You will doubtless be surprised by receiving a letter from me upon the present occasion but as I cannot suffer myself to be guilty of any clandestine proceedings where the honour and happiness of a family is concerned I am no longer able to delay the communication of my sentiments to you on a subject that very nearly concerns my present and future happiness.

From the very first moment in which I beheld your daughter Elizabeth I felt an unusual interest awaken and a strong attachment insensibly steal upon me. She possesses all those charms and necessary accomplishments which I have long wished to find realised in an object worthy of the situation in life in which I have hitherto moved. I love your daughter with the sincerity of an affection I long to evince in a more forcible manner than I have yet done. I conceive it would be highly dishonourable of me to visit your family any more without stating to you the object of those visits that no unfortunate circumstance migh[t] arise in future.

It has always been my earnest desire to gain the object of my attachment through my own merits and not by the interference of parents. I therefore particularly request that you will not communicate the matter to her at present whatever be your determination respecting me but should I be

so fortunate as to gain your approbation for my free access to her presence and opportunity to establish myself sufficiently in her regard without her being as yet conscious of my application to you –

My family, or at least that branch of it which resides in the dales, is not altogether unknown to you, but as a parent anxious for the welfare of his children you will naturally wish to be more intimately acquainted with my connexions, situation in life, and pretensions. I therefore think it necessary in the first place to inform you that *all* my relatives are in the most respectable situations in life and rich; two uncles in particular are possessed of great wealth and from these my expectations are of course considerable; one of them has estates in the West Indies that yield £7000 per annum and the other has landed and funded property in this contry to the amount of £14,000 per annum: my nearest relations are all highly independent of the world and my father himself affluent. I mention these merely as my dependencies: for my own resources I have surely a right to call myself independent when my annual income has never yet been less than £2,500²³⁴ since I became established in the world, and this will continually be on the increase even by my own exertions without the aid of friends or relatives. I have now three literary undertakings, the first of which will not yield me less than from £2000 to £3000, the second £1500 and the last £700 upon a mean calculation. It is my present intention to engage in no mercantile career because I see no necessity. I have it in my power to acquire a considerable fortune without any such means, upon which I hope shortly to retire into the contry, the life of a contry gentleman and farmer being the most agreeable to me.

My destiny is now in a great measure in your power; you are able to make me one of the happiest of men by granting your consent. Give me your daughter and it shall be the constant endeavour of my life to render her happy and myself worthy of your best regard. Of your circumstances I know nothing but from report yet I beg leave to observe that whatever portion you intend for your daughter I will most readily settle at the least one half upon her; however these things can be enlarged upon hereafter: at present I can only say that you may assure yourself of the truth of what I advance by address to my father who resides in York, and permit me to

intreat that you will at least resolve the painful suspense under which I must labour 'till I hear from you by an early, if not an immediate, reply as I long to hasten again into the presence of her who is now so necessary to my happiness.

I have the pleasure to subscribe myself your assured and devoted friend,

Charles Fothergill

With some alterations and many corrections I sent the above letter, after reading it to my father who appeared fully satisfied with it. The answer I afterwards received was as gracious as I could have expected; my father and brother thought so in a particular degree – see it amongst my manuscripts.

188th. DAY. NOV: 22.

From this day to the 218th. day, which was Sunday the 22nd. of December, was spent rather idly tho' I read, wrote, and drew a good deal, and wrote to my uncle requesting his permission to dedicate my Zoological work to him, to which I received an affectionate answer. Dr. Moyes the blind Philosopher being at York was much at my father's and brother's houses and consequently I saw a good deal of him. He aspires much to general knowledge but according to my opinion is deep or profound in nothing. I attended most of his chemical lectures, which are amusing, if not instructive; to these I generally carried the beautiful Mary Benson who always commands every bodies attention: at these lectures also I renewed my acquaintance with Arthur Strickland Esqr. who is a tolerable Ornithologist, he invited me to dine with his family on Sunday the 22nd. of December.²³⁵

218th. DAY. DEC^r. 22.

This day I went to a five o'clock dinner with the family of William Strickland Esqr. out of Bootham bar; this gentleman on his father's death will be a Baronet. His family has the reputation of being one of the most genteel and accomplished in York; I found them so: the young ladies 6 in number though not particularly beautiful are singularly pleasing, and Caroline highly accomplished; the eldest son I did not at all like,²³⁶ he seemed an affected beau and talked of things he knew nothing about: he found great fault in particular with

my favourite Shea. Mrs. S gratified my vanity by asking if I was not Fothergill the great naturalist. I met Captain George Cholmondeley of the Royals at table, a tall, thin, agreeable, gentlemanly man.²³⁷ I spent the evening very agreeably and came away about ten o'clock.

219th. DAY. DEC^r. 23

The time being now fast approaching for Col. Thornton's final departure from Thornville Royal and as I much wished to pay him a visit before he quitted that noble seat for ever, I took an opportunity this morning of making a third with George Fisher and Richardson in a chaise to Thornville.²³⁸ On our arrival George and I shook off Richardson and introduced ourselves to Thornton in the gallery without delay. The Fishers had done something or another contrary to his orders: the consequence was immediately on our entrance he mistook me for George and began a broadside from one of his tremendous passions, which I perceiving wheeled round and examined the pictures or pretended to do so whilst he raked George in high style: however he very soon turned to me smiling good naturedly and taking me by the hand, begged my pardon and welcomed me most warmly and cordially to Thornville. Soon after he went out a hunting with a small party of gentlemen who were waiting for him in the park.

One of my objects was to make a list and criticize his collection of pictures, which is one of the best in the county if not in England, particularly for sporting pieces as his are certainly unrivalled. After I had done this job I played at Billiards with George Fisher 'till the party returned from hunting and it was dinner time. We did not sit down to dinner 'till 6 o'clock; it was served in five courses and the variety of old and scarce wines would be tedious to enumerate; the Burgundy, old hoc[k] and champagne were however the best: I never was in any house where such excellent and magnificent dinners were served up: at table we met the celebrated Mrs. Thornton and Mrs. Probe. Mrs. T was in the dumps; she and the Col. were not today on good terms and I understood from Probè that it originated in the night of last Thursday when the Col. was taken so ill that he thought himself near his end; on this occasion his mistress refused to get up and administer to his relief: this had very justly raised his anger as it shewed neither affection nor care for him. As I

heard the circumstance I could not help contrasting such behaviour with that of a tender wife; may not nearly all the failings of this extraordinary man be traced to his misfortune in not being suitably married? If Mrs. Probe had a little more fire she would exactly come up to my ideas of Jezebel; she is a most competent compleat looking whore.²³⁹

We had much mirth, wit and glee after dinner, with singing; but amongst all the merriment it was plain that the prospect of death weighed heavy and sad upon the mind of the Col. and he more than once observed that he would give half his property to be 21 years of age: he frequently lamented that his course was so far run and then he would suddenly affect mirth it was evident he could not feel. He is a most fascinating man in his own house and you irresistably lament his want of virtue: his talents and many excellent qualities are lost in a vortex of iniquity and continued round of dissipation. Mrs. T. looked lovely to a degree and sang delightfully, but is she not a painted sepulc[h]re? It was a late hour when we went to bed.

220th. DAY. DEC^r. 24.

Every morning by Thornton's order himself and company are awakened at half past eight by his huntsman blowing three distinct blasts from the bugle; he blows the best horn I ever heard and the effect in those long passages on being thus awoke is inimitably fine and sportsman-like. It echoes through every room in the house. Assembled for breakfast the man or head cook brings up his bill of fare for dinner and Thornton writes down the courses, putting many of the articles to the vote of the company; and he next puts to the vote what room they will choose to dine in, after which the morning's diversion is pitched upon.

Fishing was the diversion pitched upon this morning as the Col. wanted some for his table; previous however to our going out I played a few games at billiards and sat a short time with the Col. in his library, a room fitted up exactly to my taste as a sportsman, an amateur of the arts and a man of letters: the room is octagon[al]; on marble over the chimney is engraved a law of the house that any bet made in the house shall be declared off by either party paying a guinea into the hands of the landlord by 5 o'clock the next day. In the windows, 3 in number, are three small but select and beautiful pieces of painted glass representing camelions [*sic*], insects

and a cockatoo; over a door at each end a portrait; the books mingled with stuffed birds occupy the ends together with a great variety of curiosities in antiquity, natural history and the arts: a number of guns, curious arms, pictures, drawings, sketches, astronomical instruments etc. etc. hang up in various parts of the room. He shewed me Oliver Cromwell's own regimental trumpet which is very small, much carved, bears several mottos and is curiously mounted with silver. To day he promised to aid my county history greatly and to give me four engravings for it.

About 12 o'clock, the nets and men being ready, we attacked one of his large ponds; the number of fish taken was greater than I could have imagined but they were nearly all exceeding small: five pike and one perch only were kept, all the rest, some thousands of small, were thrown in again, the Col. declaring that he would not have any of us imagine that he would injure Lord Stourton's property in any shape.²⁴⁰

To day at dinner Thornton observed and I believe with truth that he never undertook any thing he did not succeed in. A singular circumstance occurred to me after dinner this day: being called on for a song, and I never felt more inclined in my life to sing, when I attempted I found my voice utterly gone, and after many attempts, for the first time in my life, I felt unable to perform my will.

An extraordinary incident happened this night after all the inhabitants of the house had retired to rest. A strange and horrible noise betwixt the howling of a dog and crying of a cat but much louder was heard by Thornton echoing through all the house and passages, sometimes moaning, sometimes screaming, exactly resembling the noise mentioned in the story of the Flagellator.²⁴¹ Thornton got up and calling upon the honorable Mr. Probe they went together through all the house and into every room with candles but could discover nothing. I was so sound asleep that I heard nothing of it, though they visited my room for a candle. The dog kennels were too distant to allow of a supposition that the noise came from thence and no dogs were allowed to sleep in the house.

221st. DAY. DEC^r. 25.

At breakfast this morning the Col. seemed uneasy at the strange noise on the preceeding night. He ordered all the servants up one after another to interrogate them but none of

them knew any thing at all about the matter; when one of the company observed that it must have been the Devil, at this the Col. turned pale and dropped the subject intoto [*sic*].

After breakfast I played at Billiards with the Hon. Mr. Probè 'till the hour came appointed to hunt deer when the horses were brought to the door. I rode a chesnut stallion got by Coriander, so extremely vicious that it had worried a horse only a fortnight before, had not been out of the stable for near a month and was one of the most headstrong and unmanageable horses I ever rode. After much hard riding we were unsuccessful in taking any but I was much delighted today by hearing Thornton [utter] every kind of holloa used in every kind of sport in the field and that in the highest style of excellence. Before dinner I had a good deal of conversation with him respecting my work when he promised me much assistance and said that he would give me several excellent plates for it: I wish he may but keep his word which I much doubt. This day he lent me the Siberian ear'd Owl shot at Thornville and described in my book of Zoological comments but I will take care that he gives it to me.

Mr. Burton son of Genl. Burton was here today and it is evident Thornton is pigeoning him as much as possible; he has already sold him pictures, books, guns etc. to the amount of at least £20,000. Being Christmas Day and resolved to gull Burton as much as possible, to make him drunk by a vast variety of wines they visit the wine cellars; and as I wished to be a witness of what I expected would be a curious scene I undertook the office of candle-bearer. Could it have been possible to have noted down the conversation exactly as it took place in the different cellars and to have drawn the Colonel's face at certain intervals what could have been more amusing: [he] first took one old, mouldy bottle and then another: 'Ah! now here's Ale brewed by my great Grandfather 100 years old this day; what say you Burton to a bottle or two of that by way of taste and relish'. Going a little further and looking into a bin covered over with black mould he paused awhile in an attitude of thought, then exclaimed: 'Zounds Burton we shall have to dig here for Burgundy that belonged to Louis XVIth of France'. So saying he began to dig with all his might and at last brought up a two gallon bottle of old burgundy: the next was a bin of Port 40 years old; in short to enumerate all the wines with their ages and the celebrated

people of different European nations to whom they belonged would be an endless task. Old hock, hermitage, champagne, madeira, sack – in short not only every kind of wine I have heard named but many more were rum[m]aged and brought out of their dark retreat: at dinner we had 15 different kinds of wine on the table at once and he declared we drank none under 30 years old but many 60 years. It is a certain fact that his store of wines was most wonderful; he has been drinking them ever since his arrival at Thornville and has bought none since that purchase 15 years ago, and I suppose his consumption on a moderate calculation would be 1 Dozen per day. Burton and he supposed that at his departure there might be 40 Dozen remaining. Burton bought the stock at that calculation for a great sum, but what was Thornton's and his own astonishment when on counting the bottles out, 180 Dozen were found. Thornton received all or the greater part of his stock of wines with the purchase of the estate but he said Lord Stourton should not have a drop because he believed him to be mean and stingey. A Decanter holding thirteen bottles (quarts) was upon the table filled with the best Port wine 40 years old: this was sent round 'till emptied and there was only one person – Mr. Snowden – besides myself that could lift and use it with one hand when full as a common bottle.

Thornton still kept hinting at the horror of death and uncertainty of life, telling Burton he would freely give half his property to be as young as he, B, was; and frequently after a long pause he would exclaim as it were to himself: 'Ah! my course is nearly run; I must soon make way for some one else' etc.²⁴²

A circumstance of some singularity occurred when his present mistress first came to Thornville. She came by a London coach and alighted at some short distance from Thornville where William Fisher was waiting by Thornton's direction to escort her to the house. As they entered the Park they met Thornton, who was on the lookout for them and he had a gun in his hand: after he had welcomed her very warmly to Thornville and as they were walking together, a crow happened to fly over them. Perceiving it, Thornton exclaimed 'Now my dear you shall see what an excellent shot I am': so saying he presented his piece and shot the crow dead instantaneously. Mrs. Meynel cried: 'Oh God Col. when I die I should wish to die just like that crow'. 'My dear girl,' say he

seizing her in his arms, 'Just so do I pray by heavens': what a scene.

There is one excellent trait in the Colonel's character which I should not forget to note and that is his constant employment of poor people: whenever he found any of the lower classes out of work any where about his estate he would say 'what, have you no work! why are you idle . . .

*[Manuscript breaks off]*²⁴³

233rd. DAY. JAN: 6, 1806.

Employed myself this morning in preparing for my departure on a visit to Bolton Castle. As I was on the point of setting out after dinner Dr. George Birbeck came in.²⁴⁴ He is esteemed a man of extraordinary talent, particularly as a lecturer: as to his sense I know little about it except that Gough of Kendal told Fryer that he esteemed him a good chymist but he thought that he was superficial in every other branch of knowledge: his manners I cannot bear, they are too precise, formal, prudent and worldly for me.

My brother conducted me with Rosalinde as far as the four mile house where we stopped to have two quarts of ale. Here we parted and I proceeded forwards. This was the day Thornton had fixed for his final quittal of Thornville Royal and I met his hounds and a very large troop of his servants and horses. He and his company passed through Green Hammer-ton whilst I was at tea about 6 o'clock. It must have been a melancholy day for him if he really has any feeling; besides, leaving a place and particularly such a place as that in the dark makes such [a] circumstance additionally gloomy.

Though it was dirty under foot I had a pleasant walk by moonlight to Boroughbridge employed [in] deep thought of the future: some faint flashings from a very remote Aurora Borealis had a fine effect in the Northern heavens. According to my custom I put up at Fretwells which is a good though an expensive house and I supped with the Glasgow mail company. About 11 o'clock I got into an heavy coach paying 9/2 for my fare to Catterick where I arrived about 3 o'clock in the morning and soon after went to bed in the Angel inn.

234th. DAY. JAN^y. 7.

I did not rise today 'till after 1 o'clock: it was raining; I would not run the risk of getting additional cold, and finding that if I

sat out I could not arrive at Bolton Castle in so reasonable a time as I could wish I resolved to remain where I was all night the more especially as the sweet and amorous looking Barbara was in the case. After breakfast I went to call on Ridsdale but I found that he was painting at Hornby Castle. I next walked into the church yard which, being elevated, commands a sweet view over the surrounding level contry. I also walked onto the summit of the large tumulus behind the church and next by the banks of the Swale which is extremely rapid even in this level district.

Returned to my inn I was obliged to sit with some sensible though smoaking farmers which filled the room with an air so vile as well nigh to stifle me: as a recompence however I learnt the following facts which had not before occurred to me. Though a light, sandy or gravelly soil is generally and wisely enough considered as the best for the cultivation of turnips yet there is a material disadvantage attending it, which, perhaps, can only be effectually remedied by eating off the crop early; before the high winds set in, say about March, before which they should certainly be eat off: the reason is: such quantities of du[st?] are blown into the shells that many sheep will sooner pine away and die sooner than eat them in that state. In some places a remedy for this, when the mischief is done, is found in hoeing; that is, by turning every shell so dirtied topsy turvy 'till the dust is out and the sheep begin ag[ain] as at fresh turnips; but this is an expensive trouble and not always effective. Turnips though an highly useful are a nasty crop that requires care in the management to prevent great waste.

I was glad to hear a fact so strongly corroborative of my favourite mode of keeping horses. A Mr. Cuss of Danby Swinton²⁴⁵ who formerly kept hounds, if the weather was fine, always turned his hunters out the day following the sport, taking them up at night: sometimes, indeed generally, he would suffer them to remain out until the next hunting day, allowing them to tumble and roll about as they thought proper: by this means tho' their coats were not so fine as other horses in condition, they were kept in such an excellent state of health, bottom and hardy condition that no horses in the contry could match them in the field. An eye witness of their powers told me this circumstance.

235th. DAY. JAN^y. 8.

Soon after a late breakfast I proceeded leisurely towards Richmond where I arrived to dinner: dined with some

pompous consequential travellers whom I heard assert things I did not choose to contradict with two young men apparently first ushering [*sic*] into the world. After dinner took a chaise to Bolton Castle, my thought as I went on the manner I should conduct myself when there, the importance of the step I was about to take and the critical manner in which I should be obliged to act. The ride was rather gloomy.

Arrived there, the whole family was out on a visit in the neighbourhood. I sat up 'till after eleven alone in painful expectation, busy in thought and sometimes amusing myself in looking over Bessy's music. I should not forget that I took a chaise merely to appear in due style at the Castle and behold nobody was *there to behold it*. Went to bed without seeing them.

236th. DAY.

Greeted this morning by old Tennant as warmly as I could expect but no Bessy and I soon had the mortification to find that she was on a visit at Woodhall. I remained all this day in the house with old T and Rebecca talking on matters not altogether agreeable to me. In the evening however Ottovell Tennant came to [*illeg.*] the monotony a little. He is one of those I can make neither head nor tail of.

237th. DAY.

Soon after breakfast, though an extremely stormy day with snow and hail, Ottovell and I went out a shooting. We hunted a Woodcock in a fine rocky gill for some hours; at length after shooting at it twice I had the good fortune to kill it. We returned to a three o'clock dinner when I had the happiness to find the lovely Bess dressed in white and appearing extremely lovely. Our meeting after what had passed was as might be expected: modest and backward on one part and eager and anxious on the other. Old T witnessed the meeting and I saw him smile. I had no doubt but he had sent for her home. In the evening we play'd at Cards.

The whole visit of a fortnight at Bolton Castle was spent not by any means as I wished, in shooting, playing at cards, a little visiting and in small, miserable conversation. I had so few and so short opportunities of being alone with the object of my attachment that I did very little and I too soon discovered

that she had not that feeling and susceptibility which at first I thought she had: my disappointment therefore prevented my making that impression I might have done. She also hinted that I was so general a lover and admirer of the sex that she could not know how to depend upon me. Somebody I found had injured me. I look back with both regret and pleasure on this visit and still love her but I think not so warmly as I am capable of.

On my return I met my brother according to appointment at Richmond and we came to York together. At Catterick we spent a curious afternoon and evening. Ridsdale, Gordon of Gilling and two travellers were of the company. All got pretty well intoxicated, my brother especially, except Gordon and myself; my brother harangued at a great rate which had its effect. I was not backward that way myself on Politics because there was one or two ill-informed and consequently ill-affected persons present and I have lately been convinced of the great good that may be done by individual exertion in times of public distress, crisis or danger even by word.

My brother by the wine he had taken and the compliments we received got very drunk and fired by the ardour of enterprise insisted on prosecuting his journey that evening though late. In the state he was in I could not suffer him to go alone and, much against my inclination, I was obliged to change quarters; when he is determined nothing can stop him: my stratagem to make him mount his horse; runs first into one ditch and then into another: he is very sick.

At length get to a private ale house by the road side; will hardly take us in: there is a feast in the house amongst the neighbours; they soon like us much; declare our being 'a bit of bonny company as onny christian would w[ish] to sit in'. Much singing and [*illeg.*] arguing; the women and children sit up 'till 4 o'clock in the morning; two suppers; capital [*illeg.*] wealth of the contry: our endeavours to make them contented and happy very successful; their loyalty; so[rry] to part with us.

Next morning sat out to ride and tie along Leeming lane; dine at York gates. Bye the bye I should not forget to notice that a man of Bolton as old Mr. Ten[n]ant assures me was famous at the second sight and used to see all the neighbourhood before they died. He was however mistaken in respect to old T himself. Drank tea at Green Hammerton with Green the

famous Grazier of Skipton. He mentioned something not altogether agreeable respecting the Bolton Castle family which I was glad my brother did not hear.

I was glad to hear him say, as it confirms an old opinion of mine, that the goodness of stock (cattle) depends almost entirely on the quality of the land and that the best land lies adjacent to rivers. He said that he had great success in buying stock from the first because he always observed one grand secret in travelling to purchase stock which no other grazier observed. This was to follow as near as possible the course of rivers and large streams. It is now generally known that Skipton is the best market for fat cattle in the Kingdom excepting Smithfield. It has only lately become so and Green has the honour with other two principal graziers of making it so.

Most of that part of the contry belongs to his Grace of Devonshire and he mentioned a circumstance, another proof of the impropriety of large farms. A man whom he knew held a farm of choice land of between 200 and 300 acres with a good dwelling house and all necessary offices for little more than £50 per annum; the consequence of this was that the man being a blockhead contented himself with what the land produced without management and sat himself down in idleness, suffering the land to run to ruin whereas he presently might make a large fortune. Green had often told the man he would give him 1000 guineas down for his take. Such are no unusual consequences on the estates of the Great.

My brother pursued his way to York the same evening but I remained all night at Green Hammerton and walked to York on the following morning.

APPENDIX I

Additions to my Account of the Population of Swaledale mentioned at P. 263 made from the book of the district.²⁴⁶

My statement of Reeth comprises the town of Healah and the Hamlets of Stangside also.

Reeth			
Inhabited houses	119		
Number of Families	153		
Number of Males	324	}	678
Number of Females	354		
Stangside			
Inhabited houses	9		
Number of families	13		
Number of Males	29	}	65
Number of Females	36		
Healah			
Inhabited houses	42		
Number of families	46		
Number of Males	102	}	212
Number of Females	110		
			<hr/> Total 955

Compared with my other account there is one inhabitant too little: this is correct.

	Employments		
	Agriculture	Trade and manufacture	other: chiefly mining
Reeth	9	110	559
Stangside	5	1	59
Healah	5	8	199
	19	119	817
	19	119	817
Uninhabited houses in Reeth			6
in Stangside			4
in Healah			5

Addition to Fremington

		Employments	
		trade etc.	other
Agriculture			
	7	22	144
Uninhabited houses	5		

APPENDIX II

The following unaddressed communication in the back of FP, vol. 11, is almost certainly a draft of CF's letter to Elizabeth Tennant (see above, page 218).

Whatever may be the result of the freedom which I am now using my present and future happiness is so nearly concerned that I cannot longer delay opening my heart to you on a subject that too nearly concerns my repose and throwing myself entirely on your mercy. Yes, my dear, my lovely girl, whatever may be the result, let me beg, nay let me conjure you to listen with approbation to my tale, and, whatever you decide, not to trifle with me but ease my present anxiety by as early a reply as possible for I shall know of no peace of mind 'till I hear from you. You will doubtless be surprised on the perusal of these lines; but, my dear girl, the ardour of youthful and sincere passion is too violent to be constrained in any ordinary bounds. From the first moment in which I beheld your charms and sweet disposition my heart experienced sensations to which it was before a stranger. I felt new affections called into birth and I no longer had the wonted command over my inclinations: when absent from you I sought in vain to derive happiness from surrounding objects; my imagination constantly brought me again into your lovely presence where alone my happiness was absolute. Be propitious to my prayer: I love you and that with no common ardour and affection and I feel that I cannot be happy without you will consent that I devote all my future days to labour for your happiness. I offer you my hand and with it my fortunes and a heart which I trust was never yet dishonoured by any base passion. If I thought myself unworthy or incapable of promoting your happiness by the warmth of my affection and the strongest passion I would sooner have consented to be for ever unhappy than have disturbed your repose. Unskilled in the usual cold forms and etiquette generally observed in overtures of this kind I confess that I knew not how to act otherwise than I now do; but I knew that I could not mistake your sweet disposition and that at least you would forgive any apparent precipitancy on my part. You will probably say [*crossed out*] It may perhaps be said that you have known me so short a time that you cannot estimate my pretensions to so

much happiness as the possession of your person. I would that it had pleased God we had known each other longer. Grant me but permission to solicit leave of your father to hasten to your presence; allow me to state my family pretensions to his notice and at least permit me to make you better acquainted with an heart that throbs with so violent an affection: however few my own qualifications may be I have at least full confidence in assuring you that my family are such as to be deserving of your warmest attachment if I have the transporting fortune of gaining your hand. My fortune I have no doubt will be fully sufficient for our comfort and happiness. Once more my dear, my beloved girl let me conjure you to write to me immediately; consider that my happiness is at stake: if you do not write within a week after the date of these lines I shall have left Reeth for York, where after that time – but I earnestly hope you will write before – your letter must be directed for me at York.

APPENDIX III

A partial list of subscribers to Fothergill's projected history of Yorkshire, including those gained on his walking tour.

The Revd. Robert Darley Waddilove, Dean of Ripon

William Fothergill Esqr., Carr End, Wensleydale

Timothy Hutton Esqr., Clifton Castle, near Masham

John Clairvaux Chaytor Esqr., Spennithorne, Wensleydale

The Revd. John Metcalfe, Ashes, near Hawes, Wensleydale

John Whaley Esqr., Fell-side, near Ulverstone, Lancashire and
Butterside, Yorks.

The Revd. Geoffrey Wood, M.A., Burton in Bishopdale

The Revd. Caleb Readshaw, M.A., Richmond²⁴⁷

Christopher Clarkson Esqr., Richmond²⁴⁸

The Revd. Milbanke Junr.

B. Bunbury Esqr., Cope Hall, near Newbury, Berkshire

J. Ryder Wood Esqr., Bolton Castle and Woodhall, Wens-
leydale

Miss Carter, Richmond

William Chaytor Junr., Esqr., Croft Hall, Yorkshire

Mr. Thomas Ridsdale, Catterick

Sir John Lawson, Bart., Brough hall, near Catterick, Yorks.

Revd. F. Blackburn Junr., Richmond

Revd. Thomas Wilson Morley, Easby House, near Richmond

Revd. Moseley Atkinson, Croft, near Darlington

APPENDIX IV

Lists of 'provincialisms' in fly-leaves of Fothergill's 'Itinerary to York and Flamborough' and 'Itinerary to the North-Western Dales'

Din: noise

Loaning: a lane

Doff: put off

Gradely (generally *grāādely*): he's a gradely fellow, i.e. he's a good kind of fellow

Gay: great, good etc. – it's a gay bit off etc.

Gliff: a glance

Tenting: Tending or attending

Graave: to dig, stut etc.

Caliver: strange uncouth or ridiculous motions – when a man's drunk, seether hoo that fellow calivers – from the French

Benni: a corruption for Bennison – clap Benni honey to children

Lili: little; also *lartle*

Yark: a sudden or great pull

Conny: pretty

Fash: 'you'll never fash to wed me.'

Girn: to grin

Dree: vary [*sic*] dree is varry [*sic*] tedious

Holling, or *hilling*: throwing or pouring out

Nieve, or *nief*: fish

Stall'd: tired

Aumbry: meaning Almry or place for the reception of Alms such as broken victuals etc.

Carl: rude, large, rough, etc. – a very barbarous fellow is called a carl; the large stone at the foot of Semmerwater is called the Carl stone.

Mauk: a maggot

Rip: a profligate, rascally fellow

Fend: from defend – 'thoo maks nae fend'

Tiny: little

Coul: a bruise or swelling

Bleb: a sore blister

Plitch: a sore blister

Swig: a swig of ale, a good swig – a good draught

Duds: garments – 'doff yer duds,' put off yer clothes – and sometimes for good

Dub: a deep hole full of water

Clarty: sticky

Ram: offensive or rancid smell

Lishly: for lightly or neatly or tightly – ‘ye gae lishly,’ you go nicely and lightly

Holm: a flowry vale – pure Scotch – heard it frequently at the upper end of Teesdale

Maddle: I suppose from madden; ‘I shall maddle thee’ means I shall bother or interrupt or confuse thee.

Slavver and *Slavvering*: rheum, or a disagreeable slimy liquid such as drops from the jaws of dogs occasionally and also from certain ancient human beings. To illustrate by Spencer’s admirable description of a witch.²⁴⁹

Wath: a ford in a river; perhaps, tho’ not likely, from Wharf

Gettan: got (Saxon)

Sugh: (used in Wensleydale) a Scotch word where it is differently pronounced – it means a sudden gust of foul weather there; in Yorkshire it means a sudden gust or burst of sound only, as I believe.

Wick: alive, lively; I suppose from Quick

Rank: thickly set, gross etc.

Bunching: kicking

Poke: a sack

Yaad: a horse; in the North not frequent

Whye: a yearling cow, or one ’till she has had a calf

Lonnen, or *Loaning*: a lane or bye way

Lingy: slim, loose, elastic

Kytle: the shirt or jerkin worn by miners to preserve their cloaths

Shawl: I first observed this word in the dales by hearing the woody precipiece behind Wensley called Leyburn Shawl; ’tis indisputably derived from the Saxon shaw and hill – a woody hill.

Gavelock and *Gaveline*, or *Javeline* (G or J soft): Gavelock is the common term about Reeth for an iron crowe and the other word also. I suppose the term Gavelin [*sic*] to have arisen from the application of javelins [*sic*] as iron crowes before the latter were invented merely for the purpose of levers.

Sneck: latch of a door

Staithe: a wharf

Slot: the bolt of a door

Piggin: a small wooden milk measure, about a pint

Roaky: misty, chilly, raw – 'It's a roaky morning,' etc.

Brae: Hill side copse etc. from the Scotch

Footy: silly, foolish, absurd, ridiculous (York and the neighbourhood of Barnard Castle)

Scaaling, or *scāling*: It means throwing or squandering about – 'scāling fire': throwing fire

Sine: lang sine – long since

Stag: The North Riding of Yorkshire the only part where I have noticed this as a term for young horses 'till they are broke. It is sometimes used for sheep likewise.

Gulls: A kind of coarse hasty pudding or porridge; 'tis made of water salt and oatmeal: some water is put on the fire in an open kettle and as it boils a little salt is sprinkled in; then the meal is dropped in gradually stirring it the while with a stick or wooden spoon 'till of the proper consistency. A better kind is made of milk and then less meal is required.

Datal-man: day labourer

Teng: sting

Booke: size

Loother: Look ye

Fore elders: ancestors

Kite: a cow's ure

Elder: rather

Hell or *hull*: to pour out

Swelt: to melt

Naup: a blow

Wankle: wanton or wavering

Callit: scold

Mosslins: mostly

Scarcelins: scarcely

NOTES TO THE INTRODUCTION AND TEXT

- ¹ Published works about John Fothergill I and his descendants to the fifth generation include: John Fothergill, *An Account of the Life and Travels in the Work of the Ministry of John Fothergill* (1753); George Crossfield, *Memoirs of the Life and Gospel Labours of Samuel Fothergill* (1843); R. Hingston Fox, *Dr. John Fothergill and His Friends* (1919); Carl Van Doren, *Benjamin Franklin* (1938), cap 18; Betsy Corner and Christopher C. Booth, *Chain of Friendship: selected letters of Dr. John Fothergill of London, 1735–1780* (1971); Thistlethwaite, 141ff; *Yorkshire Village*, 105–18, and *passim*.
- ² See Hugh S. Gladstone, 'The Fothergill Family as Ornithologists', *The Naturalist* (1922), 149–52, 189–92, where William's son, Dr. John Fothergill (1785–1858) is correctly identified as the 'ingenious surgeon of Askrigg' who supplied the bird list in Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 415–16. He was, then, the grandson of Alexander Fothergill II, not the son as stated in *Yorkshire Village*, 142. Some correspondence of William Fothergill and CF is published in *The Naturalist*, 4 (1854), 143–6, 167–8. Other is in FP (Fothergill Papers).
- ³ *DNB*, *sv* Forbes, James.
- ⁴ For Charles Fothergill's life and family, see Paul Romney, 'A Man Out of Place: the Life of Charles Fothergill, Naturalist, Businessman, Journalist, Politician, 1782–1840', PhD thesis, University of Toronto, 1981; James L. Baillie, 'Charles Fothergill, 1782–1840', *Canadian Historical Review*, 25 (1944).
- ⁵ *Sport Mag*, 32 (1808), 191; *ibid*, 34 (1809), 172.
- ⁶ *DNB*, Supplement, *sv* Belcher, James (1781–1811); John Ford, *Prizefighting: the Age of Regency Boximania* (1971).
- ⁷ *Dictionary of American Biography*; *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography*, VII, 446–7.
- ⁸ *DNB*, *sv*.
- ⁹ FP, vol 19, pp 158–9.
- ¹⁰ *Gent Mag*, 1802, 702–3. Townson was the author of *Tracts in Natural History* (8 vols, 1799).
- ¹¹ FP, vols 5, 6 and 7, are three of his research notebooks.
- ¹² *Ornithologia Britannica* (York, 1799); *The Wanderer* (2 vols, London, 1803). The British Library Catalogue confuses CF with Charles Fothergill of Salisbury, author of *The British Bird-Fancier*.
- ¹³ *Gent Mag*, 1804, 1188.
- ¹⁴ See below, pp 195–6.
- ¹⁵ Senior partner in the firm of Nevins and Gatcliff: *The Leeds Directory for the Year 1798*, 38; Derek Fraser, ed, *A History of Modern Leeds* (1980), 144, 146; W. B. Crump, *The Leeds Woollen Industry, 1780–1820* (Thoresby Society Publications 32, 1929), 192, 219.
- ¹⁶ CF did manage to publish the short *Essay on the Philosophy, Study, and Use of Natural History* (London, 1813).
- ¹⁷ The allusions here are to John Fothergill, Sr (1743–1807); John Fothergill, Jr (1774–1823); John Alexander Fothergill (1804–26): see Thistlethwaite, 144–6.
- ¹⁸ Thomas Lister, 1st baron Ribblesdale (1752–1826): Foster I, *sv* Lister; John Hely-Hutchinson (1757–1832), Baron Hutchinson, later 2nd earl of Donoughmore: *DNB*.
- ¹⁹ John F, Sr, married (2nd) Susannah Reynolds (1765–1807) of Clapham Common in 1803: Thistlethwaite, 145. Mary Ann (later Marianne) F. (b 1786) was the third daughter of John F, Sr: *ibid*, 146.
- ²⁰ Perhaps a reference to an entomological collection or figure by CF.
- ²¹ John F, Jr, married Rebecca Bott, a dentist's daughter of Nottingham: see Thistlethwaite.

- ²² Lazenby, of a family long established in Huntington, had been CF's landlord there: *VCH(NR)* II, 145n, 146.
- ²³ Hambletonian was one of the leading race and stud horses of the time: Sir Theodore Andrea Cook, *A History of the English Turf* (3 vols, 1901-04), II, 320.
- ²⁴ Baines, II, 98, mentions Misses Julia and Maria Salmond, gentlewomen, of Minster Yard. CF's uncle, James Forbes, lived at Stanmore, Middlesex.
- ²⁵ CF's other sisters were Elizabeth (1777-1856) and Margaret (1785-1822): Thistlethwaite, 145, 160-1.
- ²⁶ Samuel F, MD (1780-1822), CF's brother: *ibid*, 148-9.
- ²⁷ Lumley Kettlewell (1751-1820), of Clementhorpe, a noted eccentric: Edwin Peck, *A Sketch of the Life and Eccentricities of the Late Mr Lumley Kettlewell, of York* (1821); R. V. Taylor, *Yorkshire Anecdotes*, 2nd series (1887), 177-9; John Orton, *Turf Annals of York and Doncaster* (1844), 245n. CF gives an account of him in FP, vol 25, pp 392-405.
- ²⁸ John Kilby, brewer, Lord Mayor of York, 1804: Wm Hargrove, *History and Description of the Ancient City of York* (2 vols, 1818), I, 331.
- ²⁹ CF had visited the fall, in Inverness-shire, in 1800.
- ³⁰ Michael Fryer (1774-1844), author of (1) *An Introduction to the Geometrical Analysis of the Ancients* (1811); (2) the 5th, enlarged edition of William Ludlam, *Rudiments of Mathematics* (1809); (3) *The Trial and Life of Eugene Aram* (1832).
- ³¹ Francis Drake, *Eboracum; or, the History and Antiquities of York* (1st edn 1736). George Todd (d. 1829), bookseller and publisher: Sheahan and Whellan, I, 638.
- ³² *The History of the World, commonly called the Naturall Historie of C. Plinius Secundus*, trans Philemon Holland (1st edn 1601); Aylett Sammes, *Britannia Antiqua Illustrata: or, the Antiquities of Ancient Britain* (1676); 'The Earthstopper', etching by George Morland (1763-1804) *DNB*, and Thomas Girtin (1775-1802) *DNB*, in *Sport Mag* 26 (1805), 271. 'Gent's Portrait' may have been one of the mezzotints of Thomas Gent (1693-1778), the York author and printer.
- ³³ The *Belcher*, or *yellowman*, a yellow handkerchief, took its name from CF's friend, Jem Belcher: Ford, *Prizefighting*, 107-9. Cf *OED*.
- ³⁴ Mary Anne Forbes (b. 1747) and Alexander Fothergill (b. 1776) both d. Jan 1797: Thistlethwaite, 144-5.
- ³⁵ Major Robert Dennison (d. 1829), of Kildwick or Kilnwick Percy, commanded the Pocklington Volunteers and was later Lt-Col, 1st Batt East Riding Local Militia: Sheahan and Whellan, II, 566; Baines, II, 377, 597; R. W. S. Norfolk, *Militia, Yeomanry and Volunteer Forces of the East Riding, 1689-1908* (East Yorkshire Local History Series 19, 1965), 25, 48, 52.
- ³⁶ Major Edward Topham (c 1750-1820), of Wold Cottage, Thwing: Frederick Ross, *Celebrities of the Yorkshire Wolds* (1878), 163-6; *Sport Mag*, 25 (1804-5), 82-8.
- ³⁷ Bridlington was 'more frequently called Burlington': J. Thompson, *Historical Sketches of Bridlington* (1821), 121.
- ³⁸ 8th bart (1777-1832): Carus Vale Collier, *An Account of the Boynton Family and the Family Seat of Burton Agnes* (1914), 35; Foster II, *sv* Boynton, of Barmston, etc.
- ³⁹ For comments on the Driffield Volunteers, see Frederick Ross, *Contributions towards a History of Driffield* (1898), 30, 91; Norfolk, *Militia*, 47.
- ⁴⁰ *Paradise Lost*, book 4, line 196.
- ⁴¹ Baines, II, 179.
- ⁴² For Lt-Col John Pitts, see Norfolk, *Militia*, 46, 51. The 'old engineer' may have been Major David Taylor: *ibid*, 50.
- ⁴³ This is FP, vol 12, which contains CF's zoological notes for 1805-06.

- ⁴⁴ CF later decided it was a hen of the common Sanderling: *ibid*, p 9.
- ⁴⁵ In FP, vol 4, pp 34–5, CF excerpts an article about burial garlands in *Gent Mag*, 1747, 264–5.
- ⁴⁶ Benjamin Milne (1751–1819): Thompson, *Historical Sketches of Bridlington*, 159–60n; Baines, II, 173–4; *VCH(ER)* III, 153.
- ⁴⁷ Perhaps James Stephenson, who issued a shilling silver token in 1811: *Old Yorkshire*, ns, 3 (1891), 148; Baines, II, 177.
- ⁴⁸ The Rev. George Smith was named perpetual curate of Bridlington in 1809: Baines, II, 171, 181.
- ⁴⁹ Sir Mark Masterman Sykes (1771–1823), 3rd bart; MP for York, 1807–20; bibliophile: *see DNB*.
- ⁵⁰ Baines, II, shows no one of that name in Pocklington, but a Robert Boulton, attorney, at Great Driffield (p 195).
- ⁵¹ William Fothergill (1748–1837) married Hannah Robinson (d. 1836), of Semerdale; their daughters were Margaret F (1789–c 1880) and Jane F (1793–c 1883): Thistlethwaite, 161.
- ⁵² The Quaker lunatic asylum in Heslington Road: Samuel Tuke, *Description of the Retreat* (1813; new edn 1964); *A New Description of York*, 11th edn (1825), 95–6; Sheahan and Whellan, I, 611–12.
- ⁵³ Richard Gough, *Anecdotes of British Topography* (1768); William Camden's *Magna Britannia*.
- ⁵⁴ There is no evidence whether this was Nevins's daughter Charlotte, who married CF in 1811: *see above*, p 8.
- ⁵⁵ Raw belonged to the prominent Quaker family that founded a school at Reeth: R. Fieldhouse and B. Jennings, *A History of Richmond and Swaledale* (1978), 369; Harry Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire* (1897), 240–1. Middlebrooke was a marital connection of the Thistlethwaites, cousins of the Fothergills: Thistlethwaite, 217–19.
- ⁵⁶ William Brunton (1775–1806). FP, vol 4, unpag, cites an obituary of him by Sir J. E. Smith in vol 24, p 1709 of James Sowerby, *English Botany* (37 vols, 1790–1814).
- ⁵⁷ Drake, *Eboracum*, I, opp p 24.
- ⁵⁸ *See Hargrove*, 4th edn, 254.
- ⁵⁹ *Ibid*, 253.
- ⁶⁰ Drake, *Eboracum*, *loc cit*.
- ⁶¹ William Farrer, *The History of Ripon* (1801). Farrer (1774–1865) was twice mayor of Ripon: *Ripon Millenary* (1892), pt II, 125, 130.
- ⁶² Robert Darley Waddilove (1736–1828) dean of Ripon: *DNB*; *Ripon Millenary*, pt II, 133–4.
- ⁶³ William Emerson (1701–82): *DNB*; E. G. R. Taylor, *The Mathematical Practitioners of Hanoverian England, 1714–1840* (1966), 157.
- ⁶⁴ Mrs. Emerson was in fact the niece, not the daughter, of Dr. Johnson, rector of Hurworth: *see DNB*.
- ⁶⁵ Timothy Hutton (1779–1863), brother of John H (*see below*, pp 158–9). Hutton's seat near Masham was *Clifton Castle*, not *Skelton Castle*, which is near Guisborough. For the Hutton family, *see James Raine, Marske, in Swaledale* (1880).
- ⁶⁶ The Flintoffs had a museum of natural history and antiquities at Boroughbridge. CF mentions it frequently in his zoological notebook (FP, vol 12), but the only other contemporary reference seems to be in *Hargrove, York*, II, 359. Baines, I, 146, lists James Flintoff, brandy merchant, and Jeremiah F, thread manufacturer, but does not mention a museum. T. S. Turner, *History of Aldborough and Boroughbridge* (1853), does not mention the Flintoffs.
- ⁶⁷ Thomas Thornton (1757–1823), sportsman: *DNB*. *See also below*, pp 237–42.

- ⁶⁸ (1704–59), robber and murderer: *DNB*; Colin Wilson and Pat Pitman, *An Encyclopaedia of Murder* (1961), 53–4.
- ⁶⁹ 5th edn, 83–4.
- ⁷⁰ *Ibid.*, 76–83.
- ⁷¹ Mary Wollstonecraft, *Letters written during a Short Residence in Sweden, Norway and Denmark*, letter XVII.
- ⁷² 5th edn, 71–4.
- ⁷³ Salvator Rosa (1615–73), Italian painter. Baines, I, 229 lists a John Steel, shopkeeper.
- ⁷⁴ 6th edn, 92–3; Harry Speight, *Upper Nidderdale, with the Forest of Knaresborough* (1906), 63–4.
- ⁷⁵ 4th edn, 49.
- ⁷⁶ Reputed prophetess, perhaps wholly mythical: *DNB*.
- ⁷⁷ John Hatfield (1758?–1803), forger and con man: *DNB*.
- ⁷⁸ Sir John Ingilby (1757–1815): Foster I, *sv* Ingleby; *Gent Mag*, 1815, I, 568.
- ⁷⁹ 4th edn 274–5. The village is nowadays called Burnt Yates.
- ⁸⁰ Rear Admiral Robert Long (d. 1771): *Gent Mag*, 1771, 335; *VCH(Yorks)*, I, 500; *Old Yorkshire*, I (1881), 95.
- ⁸¹ 5th edn, 320–3.
- ⁸² *Ibid.*
- ⁸³ Gilbert White, *The Natural History of Selborne*, letters XXVI, XXXI.
- ⁸⁴ 5th edn, 324.
- ⁸⁵ James Beattie, *The Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius. A Poem* (2 vols, 1771–74), book I, stanza XXII.
- ⁸⁶ William Thornton (d. 1769), MP for York, 1747–54, 1758–61; father of Col Thomas Thornton: *DNB*, *sv* Thornton, Thomas (1757–1823).
- ⁸⁷ For John Yorke (1732–1813) see Christopher Clarkson *The History and Antiquities of Richmond* (1821), at 332–3; Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, II, 111–13; Foster I, *sv* Yorke; Fieldhouse and Jennings, *History of Richmond and Swaledale*, 413–18.
- ⁸⁸ *The Poems and Songs of Robert Burns*, ed James Kinsley (3 vols, 1968), I, 4, n 3; *ibid.*, III, 1573.
- ⁸⁹ 2nd baron (1741–1822): Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, II, at 182–3; Foster I, *sv* Norton; *DNB*, *sv* Norton, Fletcher, 1st baron Grantley.
- ⁹⁰ This appears to be a reference to Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1st edn (1577), I, 211, which is excerpted in FP, vol 6, p 55.
- ⁹¹ 5th edn, 205–06.
- ⁹² Perhaps Bernard Hague (1782–1817): *Gent Mag*, 1817, II, 566.
- ⁹³ Elizabeth Allanson (1726–1808), of Studley Royal, daughter of William Aislabie (1700–81), MP for Ripon, 1721–81, and widow of Charles Allanson (d. 1775), MP for Ripon, 1768–75, and mayor, 1771–72: J. R. Walbran, *Memorials of the Abbey of St Mary of Fountains*, vol 2 (Surtees Society Publications 67, 1876), 341–4; Thomas Pennant, *A Tour from Alston Moor to Harrogate, and Brimham Rocks* (1804), 73; *Ripon Millenary*, pt II, 93–4, 106; *ibid.*, Appendix xvii, xviii; *DNB*, *sv* Aislabie, John (1670–1742).
- ⁹⁴ Pp 159–86. Most of the features in the Fountains Abbey Chapter House (not of course the cemetery) described by CF still survive.
- ⁹⁵ 5th edn, 219–21.
- ⁹⁶ James Thomson, *The Seasons*: 'Autumn', line 519.
- ⁹⁷ Thomas Philip de Grey (born Robinson, later Weddell), 2nd earl de Grey and 3rd baron Grantham (1781–1859): *DNB*; Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, II, at 122–3.
- ⁹⁸ John Dalton, Sr (1726–1811), defender of Trichinopoly: *DNB*. John D, Jr (1758–1841). See also Foster I, *sv* Dalton, of Sleningsford.
- ⁹⁹ 5th edn, 230–1.

- ¹⁰⁰ Simon Thomas Scrope, of Danby House (d. 1838): Foster II, *sv* Scrope; *VCH(NR)*, I, 267.
- ¹⁰¹ John Breare (1748–1830), of Middleham Hall, attorney and land agent: *Gent Mag*, 1830, I, 574; William Atthill, *Documents relating to the Foundation and Antiquities of the Collegiate Church of Middleham* (Camden Society Publications, 38, 1847), xv, 42; Baines, II, 489. CF identifies Breare as the author of the celebrated epitaph on John Pratt of Askrigg: FP, vol 4, p 112. Marwood Turner Van Straubenzee (d. 1823), of Spennithorne: Foster II, *sv* Van Straubenzee; *DNB*, *sv* Van Straubenzee, Sir Charles Thomas.
- ¹⁰² Edward Lister (1751–1808): H. L. L. Denny, *Memorials of an Ancient House: a History of the Family of Lister or Lyster* (1913), 297.
- ¹⁰³ Interlinear interpolation: ‘For a fine remark on this head see Johnson’s *Rasselas* in the adventures of Lady Pekuah’. The reference is to cap 38, last paragraph.
- ¹⁰⁴ Joseph Halfpenny (1748–1811), topographical draughtsman and engraver: *DNB*.
- ¹⁰⁵ John Anderson (d. 1803), of Swinethwaite: *PR Wensley*, 106; Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 426.
- ¹⁰⁶ Alexander Fothergill (1788–1843): Thistlethwaite, 167–170.
- ¹⁰⁷ Sir Christopher Metcalfe (1513–74) was high sheriff in 1555; James I’s reputed host was his grandson, Sir Thomas M (1579–1655): Metcalfe and Metcalfe, liii–lv, 78–112, 134–209.
- ¹⁰⁸ Thomas Bewick, *History of British Birds* (2 vols, 1797–1804), II, 16–18.
- ¹⁰⁹ William Camden attributed the introduction of crayfish to Sir Christopher M: *Britain*, trans Philemon Holland (1637), 729. See also Metcalfe and Metcalfe, xxxvi–xxxvii.
- ¹¹⁰ Sydenham Edwards (1769?–1819), natural history draughtsman: *DNB*. James Bolton (fl 1775–95), naturalist and illustrator: *DNB*.
- ¹¹¹ This is probably a reference to Alexander F’s diary, once thought lost, which was an important source for *Yorkshire Village*.
- ¹¹² James Boswell, *The Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides* (Tuesday, 7 September).
- ¹¹³ George Dinsdale (d. 1775) and his son John (d. 1797) both farmed at Nappa; John’s son, George, d. 1847: Metcalfe and Metcalfe, xxxviii; Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 468, 470n; *Yorkshire Village*, 116, 132–4.
- ¹¹⁴ Marginal annotation: ‘Whitefell 60 feet’.
- ¹¹⁵ *Natural History of Selborne*, letter II.
- ¹¹⁶ Edward Wortley Montagu (1680–1762) and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (1689–1763): *DNB*, *sv* Montagu, Lady Mary Wortley.
- ¹¹⁷ William White, FAS: *Eboracum; or, the History and Antiquities of the City of York* (2 vols, 1788), I, 45; *Sotheran’s York Guide* (1796), 71n.
- ¹¹⁸ James Metcalfe (1389–1471?) probably fought at Agincourt: Metcalfe and Metcalfe, 1–20.
- ¹¹⁹ John Pratt (d. 1785): Clarkson, *Richmond*, 284–7; Orton, *Turf Annals*, 153–5n; *Yorkshire Village*, 122–5. Pratt sold the horse Rockingham for 700 guineas to Sir Peregrine Wentworth, who later sold it to the Prince of Wales (later George IV) for 2000 gns.
- ¹²⁰ This is CF’s great-uncle, Samuel F (1715–72): *DNB*, and refs above, n 1.
- ¹²¹ This happened to be the day of the first boundary-riding of the manor of Askrigg since 1778. That event had been managed by CF’s grandfather Alexander. There is a detailed account of it, copied from Alexander’s diary, in FP, vol 4, unpag.
- ¹²² James Tate (1771–1843), schoolmaster and author: *DNB*: L. P. Wenham, ed, *Letters of James Tate* (YAS Record Series 128, 1965); L. P. Wenham, *The History of Richmond School, Yorkshire* (1958); Raine, *Marske*, 25–8.

- ¹²³ Sir Robert Darcy Hildyard (1743–1814): Foster I, *sv* Hildyard. Rev. John Headlam (1768–1853), later archdeacon of Richmond: *DNB*, *sv* Headlam, Thomas Emerson.
- ¹²⁴ One William Ward was deputy registrar of Richmond, 1791–1809: Clarkson, *Richmond*, lxxvi.
- ¹²⁵ Probably Charles Le Brun (1619–90), French historical painter.
- ¹²⁶ William Chaytor (1732–1819), recorder of Richmond, 1792–1811; Sir William C, Bart (1771–1847); John Clervaux C (1789–1839); Matthew C (d. 1825): Foster, II, *sv* Chaytor, of Croft Hall; Clarkson, *Richmond*, xlviii. William C, Sr, married Jane Lee, of Appleby (d. 1825). Their eldest daughter, Elizabeth, had married Timothy Hutton (*see above*, p 66) in 1804; the others died unmarried. A note at the back of FP, vol 11: 'To send a number of new Prospectus's to William Chaytor Junr Esq Croft Hall who will disperse them.'
- ¹²⁷ George Edward Dinsdale owned the famous race and stud horse Beningbrough: Baines, II, 489; *Sport Mag*, 31 (1807–08), 303; *ibid*, 34 (1809), 173.
- ¹²⁸ Thomas Pennant, *Arctic Zoology* (2 vols, 1792), I, 245. This is the *falco furcatus* mentioned in Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 415–16.
- ¹²⁹ See the superb engraving, after Turner, in Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, opp p 412.
- ¹³⁰ *See above*, p 108.
- ¹³¹ *See* W. G. M. Jones Barker, *Historical and Topographical Account of Wensleydale* (1856), 238.
- ¹³² Richard Thistlethwaite (c 1742–1820), farmer; nephew by marriage of CF's grandfather Alexander: Thistlethwaite, 79–80.
- ¹³³ Sir Richard Scrope enfeoffed James Metcalfe with Nappa about the time of Agincourt: Metcalfe and Metcalfe, 1–20.
- ¹³⁴ The Rev. Thomas Edmundson, listed as the current incumbent in Baines, II, 444.
- ¹³⁵ William Hillary (1771–1847), of Rigg House, later 1st bart; founder of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution: *DNB* Supplement; Edmund Lodge, *The Genealogy of the Existing British Peerage and Baronetage* (1859), 715.
- ¹³⁶ John Dawson (1734–1820), surgeon and mathematician: *DNB*.
- ¹³⁷ Lady Ann Clifford (1590–1676): *see DNB*; R. T. Spence, 'Lady Ann Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke and Montgomery (1590–1676): A Re-appraisal', *Northern History*, 15 (1979), 43–65.
- ¹³⁸ *See below*, n 218.
- ¹³⁹ Richard Thistlethwaite, Jr (1797–1864), tea dealer; and either Jane Fothergill (*see above*, n 51) or Jane Thistlethwaite (1783–1847): Thistlethwaite, 120, 135–7.
- ¹⁴⁰ Henry Peirse (1754–1824), MP for Northallerton, 1775–1824: Foster II, *sv* Peirse.
- ¹⁴¹ Thomas Metcalfe (1687–1756): *Yorkshire Village*, 98–9, 114, 117; Foster II, *sv* Metcalfe.
- ¹⁴² Formerly Jane Hammond, daughter of William Hammond, of Naburn: *see* Christopher Whaley, *The Parish of Askrigg . . . including Low Abbotside and Bainbridge* (1890), 18; Orton, *Turf Annals*, 153n.
- ¹⁴³ George Winn: Metcalfe and Metcalfe, xxxlx, xlii; *Yorkshire Village*, 142.
- ¹⁴⁴ William Weddell (d. 1792), born Elcock, from whom Grantham inherited: *see* Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, II, at 122–3, and n 97 above.
- ¹⁴⁵ Thomas Maude (1718–98), surgeon and man of letters; author of *Wensleydale; or, Rural Contemplations: a Poem* (3rd edn 1780): *DNB*.
- ¹⁴⁶ Thomas Maude (d. 1809): *PR Wensley*, 113. CF later borrowed the letters in question from Maude (*see below*, p 221). There is an incomplete catalogue of them in FP, vol 4, unpag, which does not mention a letter from Queen Mary

and thereby leaves the problem of her visit to Nappa unsolved. The catalogue ends in mid-word at the bottom of a page, but there is no evidence that any succeeding page or pages are missing (the notebook in question is bound in signatures).

- ¹⁴⁷ I have not identified this reference, nor found any other reference to such a tradition. It might refer to Sir Henry Slingsby (d. 1658: *DNB*), brother-in-law of Sir Thomas Metcalfe. A recent short biography of Slingsby does not mention it: Geoffrey Ridsdill Smith, *Without Touch of Dishonour: the Life and Death of Sir Henry Slingsby, 1602–1658* (1968).
- ¹⁴⁸ Ambrose Batty: *Sotheran's York Guide*, 76.
- ¹⁴⁹ Jane Harker (1735–1820), daughter of Alexander Fothergill, CF's grandfather, by his first wife, Jane Blakey (d. 1735): see Thistlethwaite, 143, and chart VII; Corner and Booth, ed, *Chain of Friendship*, 509.
- ¹⁵⁰ 'Corn Rigs are Bonie': *Poems and Songs of Robert Burns*, ed Kinsley, no 8.
- ¹⁵¹ John Thompson (1781–1865), hosiery manufacturer, married Jane Thistlethwaite (1783–1847) in 1806: Thistlethwaite, 120.
- ¹⁵² For Alexander Fothergill (1788–1843) see Thistlethwaite, 167–70. John Humphrey, gentleman (Baines, II, 571; *PR Wensley*, 182, 184, 187, 189) is no doubt the John H mentioned in Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 416, as having shot in April 1807 'the *rallus pusillus*, a bird so scarce as to be unknown to Linne'. Whitaker notes this as the only sighting in Britain known to him. Humphrey's prize no doubt served as CF's model for his drawing of 'The Little Rail of Wensley', which he sent to Thomas Bewick to be engraved for his 'Illustrations of British Zoology'. Two copies of the end product, aquatinted by F. C. Lewis, are in FP.
- ¹⁵³ John Fothergill (1785–1858): see Thistlethwaite, 161; and also above, n 2. Alexander F went bankrupt and had to sell Carr End; John prospered as a physician at Darlington.
- ¹⁵⁴ (1774–1841): Raine, *Marske*, 93; Foster II, *sv* Hutton, of Marske; Wenham, ed, *Letters of James Tate*, *passim*.
- ¹⁵⁵ Perhaps a kinsman of James Gordon of Gilling (d 1837, *aet* 34), author of a *Guide to Croft, Dinsdale, Darlington, &c*, solicitor at Richmond, who was associated with the Surtees Society in its first years: *Gent. Mag*, 1837, I, 670; *ibid*, 1838, II, 556; Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 177.
- ¹⁵⁶ John Hutton (1730–82) married Anne (d. 1828), daughter of Richard Ling, of Appleby.
- ¹⁵⁷ It was Hutton's grandfather, John H (1691–1768) who was the horse-breeder. His most famous horse was Marske, the sire of the great Eclipse: Sir Theodore Andrea Cook, *Eclipse and O'Kelly* (1907); see Cook, *History of the Turf*, I, 216–18; Raine, *Marske*, 85–93.
- ¹⁵⁸ Mary Fenton (d. 1823), owner of the rectory of Grinton, married Sir William Wake, 8th bart, in 1765: Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 311; *Burke's Peerage*, 105th edn (1970), 2725. Solomon Swale (d. 1678): Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 315; *VCH(NR)*, I, 239–40; Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 225–30, 234.
- ¹⁵⁹ If 'here' is York, the reference may be to Thorp Perrow, seat of William Milbank (1768–1802) and his son Mark (1795–1881): Foster II, *sv* Milbanke; *VCH(NR)*, I, 351–2. If 'here' is Fremington, the reference must be to Halnaby, the seat of Sir Ralph Milbanke (see below, n 215).
- ¹⁶⁰ See below, Appendix 1.
- ¹⁶¹ But cf pp 209–11 below, where CF concludes it is not a Roman but a British relic.
- ¹⁶² See above, p 123.
- ¹⁶³ In FP, vol 10, p 340, CF notes: 'Fryer supposes that the Marchioness of Winchester who lies interred in Wensley church is the same that was celebrated by Milton.' The reference is to Milton's 'Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester', but the supposition is wrong. Milton's subject

was Jane Savage, first wife of the 5th marquis of Winchester. The remains in Wensley church are those of Maria, second wife of the 6th marquis, later 1st duke of Bolton. See *DNB*, *sv* Paulet or Powlett, Charles, first duke of Bolton, and Paulet, John, fifth marquis of Winchester.

¹⁶⁴ John Latham, *Index Ornithologicus* (2 vols, 1790).

¹⁶⁵ William Sadler, Jr. His father and he were successively stewards to Lord and Lady Bolton: *PR Wensley*, 112, 153, 174; Baines, II, 571.

¹⁶⁶ Bay Bolton lived 1705–36: Cook, *History of the Turf*, I, 133. Since the third duke succeeded the second in 1722, the horse cannot have won the estate back for the duke who buried him: *DNB*, *sv* Paulet or Powlett, Charles, second duke of Bolton, and Paulet or Powlett, Charles, third duke of Bolton.

¹⁶⁷ *Leland's Itinerary in England and Wales*, ed Lucy Toulmin Smith (5 vols, 1907–10), V, 134.

¹⁶⁸ John Rider Wood (d. 1817, *aet* 60), a partner in the Richmond and Leyburn banks: *PR Wensley*, 206; *Gent Mag*, 1817, II, 636. A note at the back of FP, vol 10, reads: 'To send Mr J. Wood of Bolton Castle a Dozen of my Prospectus's when published as he makes no doubt of procuring me a number of subscribers'. Mrs. Wood d. 1811: *PR Wensley*, 115.

¹⁶⁹ Lady Mary Paulet (d. 1779), who later married John Montagu, 5th earl of Sandwich: *Collins's Peerage of England* (1812), III, 472.

¹⁷⁰ Francis Grose, *The Antiquities of England and Wales* (4 vols, 1773–76), IV, 20–2. Grose says the tower fell in November 1761.

¹⁷¹ James Wood may still have been living in the early 1850s: Barker, *Wensleydale*, 224.

¹⁷² Photograph in Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 445; see also Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 400.

¹⁷³ Maude, *Wensleydale*, 34n, 50.

¹⁷⁴ Ottivel Wood, of Gale-bank, 'Farmer' and 'Gent': *PR Wensley*, 175, 176, 179.

¹⁷⁵ This might be John Disney (1779–1857), collector of classical antiquities and founder of the chair of archaeology at Cambridge: *DNB*.

¹⁷⁶ Jeffrey or Jeffery Wood: *PR Wensley*, 179.

¹⁷⁷ Elizabeth Anna Anderson, born Pratt (d. 1837, *aet* 70), married John Anderson of Swinethwaite in 1790: *PR Wensley*, 140, 218. See also Orton, *Turf Annals*, 154n.

¹⁷⁸ Edward Tennant (d. 1817, *aet* 73), married Rebecca Bailey, of Aysgarth, 1770: *Gent Mag*, 1817, I, 379; *PR Wensley*, 47, 129, 206.

¹⁷⁹ This story is garbled. The 'mad' duke of Bolton was Charles Paulet (1625–99), 1st duke: *DNB*. The one court-martialled was Harry Paulet (1719–94), 6th duke: *DNB*. See also *DNB*, *sv* Maude, Thomas (1718–98).

¹⁸⁰ [Charles Johnston] *Chrysal; or, The Adventures of a Guinea* (4 vols, 1794), I, 63–80.

¹⁸¹ Edward Tennant, Jr (d. 1860, *aet* 84): Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 389.

¹⁸² See above, n 157.

¹⁸³ Samuel Chiffney (1753?–1807): *DNB*; Cook, *History of the Turf*, II, 357–62, 365–6.

¹⁸⁴ William Fletcher of Boroughbridge bought the castle and parks of Ravensworth in 1787; his son Humphrey sold them in 1821: Clarkson, *Richmond*, 56n, 437. Baines, I, 146 lists Fletcher, Stubbs, Dew, and Stott, bankers; *ibid*, 653, lists Humphrey F as chief constable of Claro wapentake. Henry Mellish (1780–1817), of Blyth, Notts: J. S. Fletcher, *The History of the St. Leger Stakes, 1776–1901* (1902), 181–90; *Familiae minorum gentium*, ed John W. Clay, vol III (Harleian Society Publications 39, 1894), 978; Cook, *History of the Turf*, II, 443–4. He lost to Sir Francis Boynton the main of cocks noted by CF above, p 56: *Sport Mag*, 26 (1805), 53, 116. See also *ibid*, 273, and 27 (1805–06), 3.

- ¹⁸⁵ John Bacon Sawrey Morritt (1772?–1843), of Rokeby Park, traveller and classical scholar: *DNB*; I. P. Pressly, *York Miscellany II* (nd), 27–39.
- ¹⁸⁶ [Richard Garland] *A Tour in Teesdale* (1st edn 1803, 2nd edn 1813).
- ¹⁸⁷ John Ray (1627–1705), naturalist: *DNB*.
- ¹⁸⁸ Francis Blackburn (d. 1816): Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 194. He was the son of Francis B (1705–87), archdeacon of Richmond (*DNB*) and cousin of John Disney (see above, n 175).
- ¹⁸⁹ He is identified as ‘Ralph Johnson, of Brignall near Greta’, in *Proceedings of the Yorkshire Philosophical Society* (1928), 4–7.
- ¹⁹⁰ *Tour in Teesdale*, 1st edn, 19.
- ¹⁹¹ *Ibid*, 2nd edn, 50.
- ¹⁹² *Ibid*, 51–2.
- ¹⁹³ William Hutchinson, *The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham* (3 vols, 1785–94), III, 248–50, and plate opp p 243.
- ¹⁹⁴ (1732–1814), topographer: *DNB*.
- ¹⁹⁵ George Allan (1736–1800), antiquary and topographer: *DNB*; Foster II, *sv* Allan.
- ¹⁹⁶ Henry Maire (1750–1834), born Lawson, took the surname and arms of Maire pursuant to the will and testament of John Maire (d. 1771) of Lartington. He re-took the surname Lawson when he succeeded his brother, Sir John L, Bart, (1744–1811), of Brough Hall: Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 132, 140; *ibid*, II, at 36–7; Foster II, *sv* Lawson.
- ¹⁹⁷ Cf Pennant, *Tour from Alston Moor*, 35–6, and Garland, *Tour in Teesdale*, 2nd edn, 63; and see the plate in Hutchinson, *Durham*, III, opp p 279.
- ¹⁹⁸ *Tour in Teesdale*, 2nd edn, 64.
- ¹⁹⁹ Cf *ibid*, 1st edn, 31, and Hutchinson, *Durham*, III, 280.
- ²⁰⁰ James Bruce, *Travels to Discover the Source of the Nile* (5 vols, 1790).
- ²⁰¹ Cf Hutchinson, *Durham*, III, 280–1, and Pennant, *Tour from Alston Moor*, 36–7.
- ²⁰² John Ledyard’s *Journey through Russia and Siberia, 1787–1788: the Journal and Selected Letters*, ed Stephen D. Watrous (1966), 183–4. Ledyard’s journal remained unpublished until 1966, but his eulogy on women was published shortly after his death and quickly became famous: *Proceedings of the Association for Promoting the Discovery of the Interior Parts of Africa* (1791), 65–7; Jared Sparks, *The Life of John Ledyard, the American Traveller* (1828), 263–5; Helen Augur, *Passage to Glory: John Ledyard’s America* (1946), 240–1.
- ²⁰³ ‘The Cotter’s Saturday Night’, stanza X.
- ²⁰⁴ *Gent Mag*, 1790, 617.
- ²⁰⁵ See above, n 3.
- ²⁰⁶ David Mallet, *Edwin and Emma* (1760), esp pp 13–14; *Tour in Teesdale*, 1st edn, 45; Edmund Bogg, *Richmondshire* (1908), 333–5, 338.
- ²⁰⁷ This probably refers to Michael Errington, Esq (d. 1801, *aet* 75), of Carlton in Coverdale, who married Tabitha, daughter of John Watson of Carlton: Raine, *Marske*, 103–4, 107; Foster I, *sv* Stapleton; *DNB*, *sv* Errington, George (1804–66).
- ²⁰⁸ Ottivell Tennant (d. 1863, *aet* 82): Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 389; *VCH(Hunts)*, III, 96.
- ²⁰⁹ Baines, II, 517, lists ‘Ward, John and Charles, Market pl’ under *Chemists and Druggists*.
- ²¹⁰ Henry Chaytor (1765–1824), married Jane (d. 1809), daughter of William Marriott, Esq: Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, at 240–1; Foster II, *sv* Chaytor, of Croft Hall.
- ²¹¹ Missing here is the conjugate leaf of that missing at p 225.
- ²¹² Cf Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 238, and *VCH(NR)*, I, 171.
- ²¹³ Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 238, and *VCH(NR)*, I, 170, agree that this monument is of the late seventeenth century, which means that it cannot

- commemorate the first Sir Ralph Milbanke (4th bart, d. 1748). Whitaker ascribes it to the memory of 'Mrs Dorothy Milbanke' – perhaps the mother (d. 1686) of Sir Mark M (d. 1690), 1st bart.
- ²¹⁴ Thomas Banks (1735–1805), sculptor: *DNB*. John Milbanke (d. 1800), brother of Sir Ralph M, 6th bart. The monument was in fact erected by John M in memory of his wife Cornelia (d. 1795): Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 238. Whitaker ascribes it to John Bacon (1740–99), sculptor: *DNB*.
- ²¹⁵ Sir Ralph Milbanke, 6th bart (d. 1825), MP for Co Durham, father-in-law of Lord Byron: Foster II, *sv* Milbanke. George Vertue (1684–1756), engraver and antiquary: *DNB*. John Vanderbank (1694?–1739), portrait painter: *DNB*. Giovanni Francesco Barbieri, called Guercino (1591–1666): *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers*, rev. George C. Williamson (5 vols, 1903–04).
- ²¹⁶ Either John Gough (1721–91), quaker: *DNB*, or John G (1757–1825), scientific writer: *DNB*.
- ²¹⁷ John Heysham (1753–1834), physician and statistician: *DNB*. His Catalogue is in vol I of William Hutchinson, *The History of the County of Cumberland* (2 vols, 1794).
- ²¹⁸ Probably the Joshua Blakey of York whose son Thomas married CF's sister Margaret in 1812: Thistlethwaite, 143, 160–1. At the back of FP, vol II, unpag, CF notes: 'In conversing with Joshua Blakey I find there are farms in Wensleydale particularly near Worton near Bainbridge that produce 30 hundredweight in a year and that too from not more than a dozen or 14 cows. It also appears that much depends upon the time of year they begin to make cheese. The usual best time is in May 'till Christmas. The present price from good Dairies is from £3 3s to £3 6s per cwt. Nov 6, 1805.'
- ²¹⁹ The Rev. Dr. Jacob Custobadie (or Custabodie, Costabadie), Jr, rector of Wensley, 1803–28: *Familiae minorum gentium*, vol 3, 991; H. B. McCall, *Richmondshire Churches* (1910), 185.
- ²²⁰ See below, Appendix II.
- ²²¹ John Clarkson, Lt, North Yorks Militia, lived at 'Catteral': Baines, II, 586; Speight, *Romantic Richmondshire*, 413; Ella Pontefract and Marie Hartley, *Wensleydale* (1936), 201; Robert Bell Turton, *The History of the North Yorks Militia* (1907), 194.
- ²²² John Latham, *A General History of British Birds* (11 vols, 1821–28), I, 273.
- ²²³ See above, p 148.
- ²²⁴ *Gent. Mag*, 1787, 1059.
- ²²⁵ Frederick Hall, of Easterby, Hall & Co: Arthur Raistrick and Bernard Jennings, *A History of Lead Mining in the Pennines* (1965), 156.
- ²²⁶ It has been previously thought that the Octagon Mill possessed only four hearths (although six flues have been counted) and that it was built about 1700. CF's account obviously calls these beliefs in question. See Robert T. Clough, *The Lead Smelting Mills of the Yorkshire Dales* (1962), 134–9; Raistrick and Jennings, *History of Lead Mining*, 156; Arthur Raistrick, *The Lead Industry of Wensleydale and Swaledale* (2 vols, 1975), II, 87–90.
- ²²⁷ Bruce's *Travels*: see above, n 200; Cook's & Hawksworth's *Voyages*: probably John Hawkesworth, *An Account of the Voyages Undertaken . . . for Making Discoveries in the Southern Hemisphere* (several edns before 1805); *Ordinary*: probably an edition of the religious tract published by Wynkyn de Worde (d. c1534: *DNB*); *Iconologie*: unidentified; Matthew Consett, *A Tour through Sweden, Swedish Lapland, Finland, and Denmark* (1789); Arthur Phillip, *The Voyage of Governor Phillip to Botany Bay* (1st edn, 1789).
- ²²⁸ Thomas Ridsdale: see below, p 251.
- ²²⁹ Henry Jenkins (1501?–1670): Clarkson, *Richmond*, 396–9, cxvii–cxix; Robert Bell Turton, 'Henry Jenkins of Ellerton-on-Swale', *YAJ*, 26 (1920–22).
- ²³⁰ See above, n 196. The bracketed interpolations supply incomplete or missing words.

- ²³¹ Giles Hussey (1710–88), painter: *DNB*.
- ²³² Perhaps Thomas Strickland (later Strickland Standish) ofSizergh, Westmoreland (1763–1813), son-in-law of Sir John Lawson: Foster II, *sv* Lawson; Daniel Scott, *The Stricklands of Sizergh Castle* (1908), 201–2, 207.
- ²³³ Fryer's melancholy financial state persisted. FP, William Fothergill to CF, 8 Jan 1807, reported: 'Poor Michael Fryer's affairs have been in a sad state of disorder this Summer, which has broke up his School, and oblig'd him to hide himself from his creditors. I saw him a few days ago, he told me his affairs he then hop'd were in a train to be settled, and that he intended soon to open a School at Richmond.' Same to same, 22 Feb 1807, noted that Fryer's affairs were still in acute disorder. At some point, John Hutton of Marske took on Fryer as his librarian. In 1830, James Tate, Fryer's old pedagogical rival, noted that Hutton and Fryer 'live very much of their time in Mathematics at Marske'. Eugene Aram's plan for a lexicon, which Fryer published in his book on the murderer in 1832, was lent him by Tate for that purpose. In 1837, Tate urged Hutton to provide for Fryer in his will, lest the latter be left 'in a state of want and of inability to work, far worse now, than when you took him to the Hall as Literary Agent and Librarian.' Wenham, ed, *Letters of James Tate*, 81, 101; Fryer, *Eugene Aram*, iii. James Raine writes: 'Mr Fryer lived for a long time at Reeth, spending a great portion of his time at Marske. He was a distinguished mathematician, and well versed in antiquities. . . . Mr Fryer died at Newcastle about 1840.' Raine, 'Marske, in Swaledale', *YAJ*, 6 (1880–81), 217n.
- ²³⁴ The sum of £2500 is nonsense, and it is hard to believe that CF put it in his letter to Tennant; £250 is more likely. The figure comes at the end of a line on a verso page, leaving no space for the next word but enough (if CF *did* write £250) for the later insertion of a second nought – perhaps by CF himself in a rather pathetic fit of fancy. The present figure, '£2500', is definitely not a slip of the pen. See Romney, 'A Man Out of Place', 196–8.
- ²³⁵ Arthur Strickland (1784–1863), third son of Sir William S, 6th bart (1753–1834) and his wife Henrietta (1760–1827), daughter of Nathaniel Cholmley (1721–91) of Whitby by his second wife: Foster II, *sv* Strickland, of Boynton.
- ²³⁶ George Strickland, later Sir George Cholmley, Bart (1782–1874).
- ²³⁷ Probably George Cholmley (1781–1855), a grandson of Nathaniel C of Whitby by his first wife: Foster II, *sv* Cholmley.
- ²³⁸ Thornton's financial difficulties had forced him to sell the house and part of the estate of Thornville Royal: *Sport Mag*, 25 (1804–05), 227, 292, 341–2; *ibid*, 26 (1805), 241–2; *ibid*, 29 (1806–07), 154; *ibid*, 31 (1807–08), 80. Four men named Fisher (George, Samuel, Henry and William) haunt CF's diary for Apr 1804 to May 1805 (FP, vols 1, 19) as boon companions in Yorkshire and London. I am inclined to link them (though I have no evidence) with the Rev. Henry Fisher of Kirk Hammerton, with whom CF later had dealings as a horse breeder. The proximity of Kirk Hammerton to Thornville Royal strengthens this inclination.
- ²³⁹ 'Mrs. Thornton . . . was, in fact, the "*Chère Amie*" of the celebrated colonel, her real name being Alicia Meynell, the daughter of a respectable watchmaker, of the city of Norwich, and was then about 22 years of age, very handsome, fair complexion, light hair, blue eyes, and very fascinating.' (Orton, *Turf Annals*, 276–7n). See also *Sport Mag*, 24 (1804), 227–9, 244–6, 282–4; *ibid*, 26 (1805), 234–5. If 'Mrs. Probè' was the Hon Mr. Probè's *chère amie*, and not his wife, he may have been Granville Leveson Proby (1781–1868), 3rd earl of Carysfort: *DNB*.
- ²⁴⁰ Charles Philip Stourton (1752–1816), 16th baron, purchaser of Thornville Royal: Foster I, *sv* Stourton; *Gent Mag*, 1816, I, 567.
- ²⁴¹ I have been unable to identify this reference.

- ²⁴² Maj-Gen Napier Christie Burton (1758–1835), MP for Beverley, 1796–99, 1802–06; born Christie, married Mary, daughter of Maj-Gen Ralph Burton (d. 1768), and took her name. The son was Robert Christie Burton (1784–1822), MP for Beverley, 1818–20: George Oliver, *The History and Antiquities of Beverley* (1829), 384–5; *Burke's Landed Gentry*, 15th edn (1937), 406; *VCH(ER)*, III, 69; *Sport Mag*, 29 (1806–07), 139–43. Young Burton, who had just come of age and come into a considerable property, was indeed 'pigeoned' by Thornton, and when he sought to escape from the bargain the affair ended up in court: *Sport Mag*, 27 (1805–06), 43; *ibid*, 28 (1806), 91–3; *Calumny Combated: a Complete Vindication of Col. Thornton's Conduct in his Transactions with Mr. Burton*, 2nd edn (1806). Gen N. C. Burton was never lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, as stated in George Poulson, *Beverlac; or, the Antiquities and History of the Town of Beverley* (1829), I, 396, n 2; nor did he hold administrative office in Lower Canada, though he served there and inherited several seignories from his father, Maj-Gen Gabriel Christie (1722–99). His wife's father, however, was lieutenant-governor in the province of Quebec, 1759–66: Hilda Neatby, 'Burton, Ralph', in *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*, III, 88–90; Fernand Ouellet, 'Christie, Gabriel', in *ibid*, IV, 149–51.
- ²⁴³ This break occurs at the end of FP, vol II.
- ²⁴⁴ George Birkbeck (1776–1841), physician, educator, founder of mechanics' institutes: *DNB*.
- ²⁴⁵ Perhaps the Rev. William Cust, born Peacock, of Danby Wiske (d. 1811): Whitaker, *Richmondshire*, I, 256.
- ²⁴⁶ See above, pp 167–8.
- ²⁴⁷ Vicar of Easby, 1795–1838: Wenham, ed, *Letters of James Tate*, x.
- ²⁴⁸ (d. 1833, aet 75), author of *The History and Antiquities of Richmond: Speight, Romantic Richmondshire*, 85.
- ²⁴⁹ *The Faerie Queene*, book V, canto XII, stanza XXIX.

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